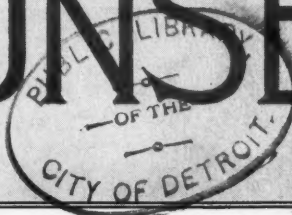


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THE MUNSEY



The Billion-Dollar Steel Trust And The Men Who Made It

The Story of a Thousand Millionaires, and the romance of the marvelous development of steel and iron in America. The last thirty years have produced more steel and iron than all the previous years of known history. The molding and shaping of iron makes men—strong men. George Washington's father and Abraham Lincoln's great-great-grandfather were ironmasters.

The Irish in America

Also in this number—the most picturesque and dramatic of the great series of Race Articles now appearing in this magazine.

APRIL



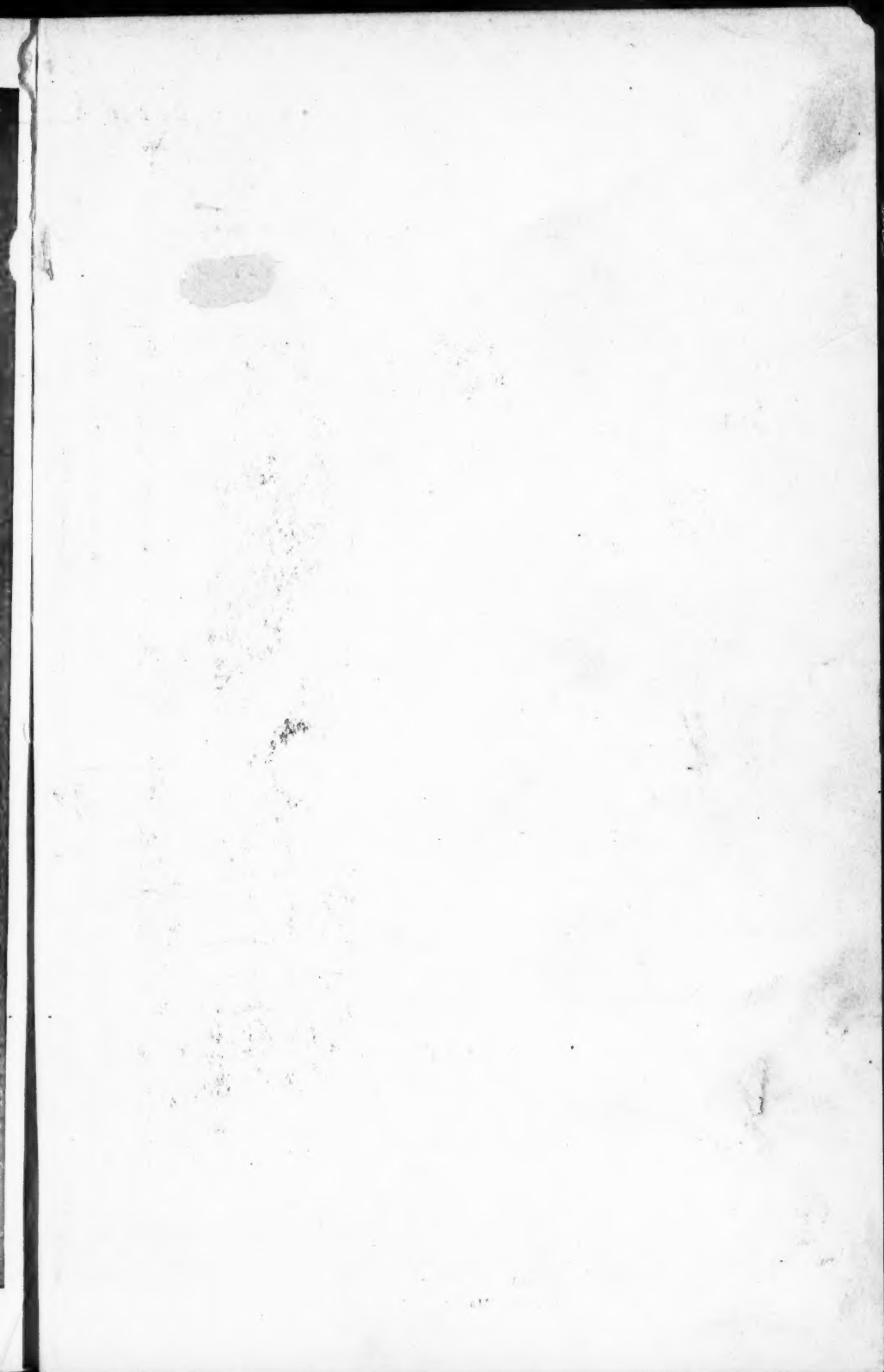
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"NO, WAIT! YET ONCE AGAIN SHALL YOU BEHOLD YOUR EVIL WORK!"
[See story, "The Mallet's Masterpiece," page 76]

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxv.

April, 1906

Number I

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA—THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES, AND A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR STEEL TRUST

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE TREMENDOUS MODERN EXPANSION OF THE IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY
WHICH BEGAN WITH THE INVENTION OF THE BESSEMER PROCESS —
THE FIRST ARTICLE OF THE PRESENT SERIES TELLS HOW KELLY
IN AMERICA AND BESSEMER IN ENGLAND EVOLVED THEIR
EPOCH-MAKING DISCOVERY, AND SKETCHES THE BIG
MEN WHO TOOK THE LEAD IN DEVELOPING IT

THE dramatic and sensational development of the steel and iron industry in America, in its broadest sweep, is bounded by forty years. More progress has been made within this space than in all our earlier colonial and national life. Indeed, the last thirty years have turned out more iron and steel, the world over, than was produced in all the previous centuries of known history.

Naturally, those who have produced this vast supply of an indispensable metal have become the masters of incredible wealth. The biggest business fact in the world is the United States Steel Corporation. It has more stockholders than the population of Nevada; more employees than there are voters in Maine; more profits, in a good year,

than the revenue of the city of New York. Above all ordinary corporations it towers like the Great Pyramid of Cheops above the sand mounds of the desert. Yet, vast as it is, it represents less than two-thirds of the American iron and steel industry. It would be a two-billion dollar corporation if it included the whole trade.

If this unparalleled development had been the result of centuries, it would still be wonderful enough; but it is practically the harvest of one generation's sowing. There is not a chapter of ancient history in the Story of Steel. Any one who visits the little Pennsylvania town of Bethlehem may still see John Fritz, who might almost be called the Father of the Steel-mill. In Louisville still lives a white-haired old lady,

wife of William Kelly, the original inventor of what is called Bessemer steel. In Chicago any visitor may see Bob Hunt, whose personal reminiscences reach back to the earliest dawn of the steel era. And the masterful Scot who

helped to rock the steel giant in his cradle are still to be found in the mills and offices of Pittsburgh. In Johnstown may be seen the first tilting converter that Kelly used in making Bessemer steel; and the boy who helped the in-



KELLY'S FIRST TILTING CONVERTER, WHICH HE USED IN HIS EXPERIMENTS AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, IN 1857—IT IS STILL PRESERVED AT THE CAMBRIA WORKS IN JOHNSTOWN, AND IS PROBABLY THE MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL RELIC IN THE AMERICAN STEEL TRADE

rescued our steel business from periodic bankruptcy, and won for it the commercial supremacy of the world, is still flitting between New York and Skibo and thinking more of the future than of the past.

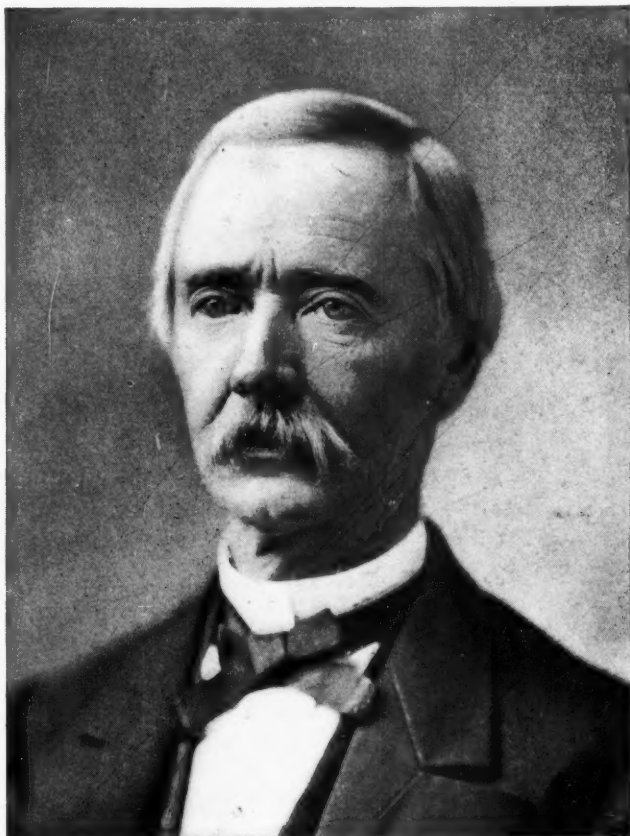
Even our younger steel kings—Frick, Schwab, Corey, Morrison, Dinkey, Jones, and the rest—can remember the early period of small sales and petty economies. Hundreds of men who

ventor with his experiments is still employed in the Cambria mills. In fact, the whole steel industry is so young that nine-tenths of the information in this series of articles was obtained, not from libraries, but from the men and women who have seen it grow out of feeble infancy into its golden age.

On that bleak November day when Andrew Carnegie was born in a Scottish cottage, the iron and steel makers of

America had no more thought of millions than of castles in Spain. Steel sold for twenty-five cents a pound. The ironmasters mined little coal and baked no coke. Not an ounce of iron had been made in Wheeling, Youngs-

War, what was called a first-class furnace would cost about fifty thousand dollars, employ seventy men, and produce a thousand tons of iron a year. The business was conducted, not by corporations, but by individual ironmasters,



WILLIAM KELLY, THE AMERICAN IRONMASTER AND INVENTOR WHO FIRST DISCOVERED THE SO-CALLED BESSEMER PROCESS, WHICH HAS ENTIRELY REVOLUTIONIZED THE STEEL INDUSTRY

From the only photograph of Mr. Kelly now in existence, representing him in his later life

town, Cleveland, or Chicago—the latter being a fur-trading village, without harbor or railroad. Birmingham, Alabama, was not on the map until two-score years later. There was not a foot of railroad near Pittsburgh, and not one rail, either of iron or steel, had been produced in any part of the country. And the total American output of iron in that year was less than we make now in four days.

As late as the beginning of the Civil

who ruled in a truly feudal way over their small communities. There were no millionaires, and what little money an iron-maker had was liable to become waste paper at any moment by the collapse of a rickety bank. Four furnaces out of five were haunted by the specter of debt; and in a bad year, like 1837 or 1857, scores of furnaces were blown out. The tariff, too, was even more variable than the currency. It was raised

and lowered by the fitful gusts of politics until 1861, when the Morrill tariff first gave some chance of stability to the unfortunate industry.

With the Civil War came the first large orders and continuous business. Every plant was run night and day. The output of iron nearly doubled, and the price jumped from \$18.60 to as high as \$73.60 per ton. Of the three billion dollars that the war cost the Federal government, a goodly share went to the iron-men. Uncle Sam was the best customer they had ever known.

They had a surplus in the bank, at last—a store of capital which enabled them to do business on a larger scale. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, Captain Eber B. Ward, of Detroit, loomed up as the first of the iron kings, with several millions to his credit and three flourishing plants, in Chicago, Detroit, and Milwaukee.

The marvelous modern expansion of the iron and steel industry was now about to begin. The germ of its stupendous growth lay in the invention of the Bessemer process. It is necessary, there-



SIR HENRY BESSEMER, THE ENGLISH ENGINEER AND INVENTOR, WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE MOST USEFUL METAL IN THE WORLD OF COMMERCE—THE EARLY SUPREMACY OF ENGLAND AS A STEEL-MAKING NATION WAS MAINLY DUE TO HIS GENIUS

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

fore, that this article should describe that wonderful discovery—what it is, and how and when and by whom it was invented.

THE DEMAND FOR CHEAP STEEL

When there arises a demand for something that shall play a vital part in our national and social development—a demand which is earnest and universal—science is pretty sure to meet it. Even nature must yield when the human race centers its brain-force, with white-hot energy, upon a certain point of attack. It was so in the cases of electricity, railroads, cables, the telegraph, and the telephone; and fifty years ago the most pressing need of the civilized world was a new metal—one that would be as strong as steel and as cheap as iron. This was more than a trade problem. The railroads were using iron rails, which wore out in less than two years. The largest locomotive of that time would to-day be considered little more than a toy. There were no skyscrapers and no subways, and stages were practically the only street-cars. Neither wood nor iron was fit for the new uses of the growing republic; and the high cost of steel made it almost as much out of the question as silver. The greatest need of the world was *cheap steel*.

At this juncture an answer to the universal demand was voiced by the inventive genius of two men—William Kelly, a Pittsburgh Irish-American, and Sir Henry Bessemer, an Englishman of French descent. They devised a new way to refine iron, which has since been known as the Bessemer process. Their discovery was an entirely new idea, and one which at first seemed absurd to every other steel-maker; but within a few



DANIEL J. MORRELL, THE GREAT IRONMASTER OF JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, WHOSE ABILITY PLACED THE CAMBRIA WORKS IN THE FRONT RANK—HE WAS THE PATRON OF WILLIAM KELLY, THE INSTRUCTOR OF CAPTAIN JONES, AND ONE OF THE FIRST MAKERS OF CHEAP STEEL

years it was universally adopted, revolutionizing the iron and steel trade, and providing the world with a cheap and abundant supply of its most useful metal. It expanded the industry with almost the suddenness of an explosion, and for the first time in the long history of steel-making the steel-smiths were fairly swept off their feet by a flood of riches. Hundreds of individuals were picked up—by merit, by luck, or by chance—and flung upon the golden thrones of an international empire of steel.

In 1846 William Kelly and his brother bought the Suwanee Iron Works, near Eddyville, Kentucky. Kelly's father was a well-to-do landowner in Pittsburgh, where it is said that he erected the first two brick houses in the city. At the time when William Kelly

began to make iron, he was thirty-six years old—a tall, well-set-up, muscular, energetic man, with blue eyes and close-cropped beard. In inventiveness his brain ranked high; in business ability, low. He had left a commission business and become an iron-maker mainly to carry out a process which he had invented, by which larger sugar-kettles were to be made. The "Kelly kettles" became well known among the Southern farmers.

He had married Miss Mildred A. Gracy, of Eddyville, and secured the financial backing of his wealthy father-in-law. His iron plant was a refined in what was called a "finery fire"—a small furnace in which about

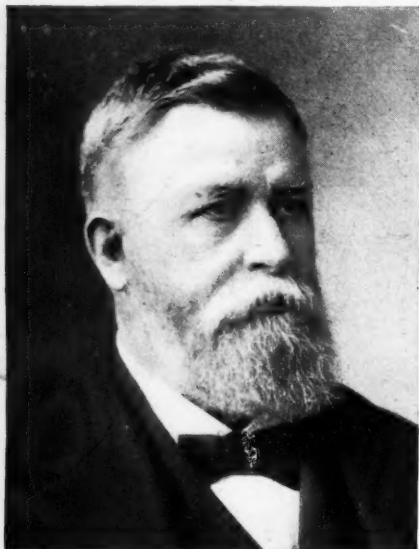
fairly good one, close to high-grade ore, and needing the work of about three hundred negro slaves. Mr. Kelly was strongly opposed to slavery, and tried to escape being a slave-holder by importing Chinese. He was the first employer in this country to make this experiment, and found it successful; but international complications prevented him from putting it into practice on a larger scale.

Kelly's first aim was to make good wrought iron, for his kettles and for customers in Cincinnati. His iron was



ALEXANDER LYMAN HOLLEY, THE GREATEST
BUILDER OF AMERICAN STEEL PLANTS

From the bust in Washington Square, New York



WILLIAM FRANKLIN DUFEE, WHO WAS THE FIRST
TO MAKE STEEL AS A COMMERCIAL COMMODITY
BY THE KELLY-MUSHET PROCESS

From a photograph by Brown, Detroit



ZOHETH SHEARMAN DUFEE, A NEW BEDFORD
CAPITALIST WHO PURCHASED THE KELLY
AND MUSHET PATENTS

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

fifteen hundred pounds of pig iron was placed between two layers of charcoal. The charcoal was set on fire, the blast was turned on, and more charcoal was added until the iron was thoroughly refined—a slow, old-fashioned process which used up quantities of charcoal.

In a year all the wood near the fur-

to his feet with a shout, and rushed to the furnace. At one edge he saw a white-hot spot in the yellow mass of molten metal. The iron at this spot was incandescent. It was almost gaseous. Yet there was no charcoal—nothing but the steady blast of air. Why didn't the air chill the metal? Every iron-maker since



CAPTAIN EBER B. WARD, OF DETROIT, THE FIRST MILLIONAIRE OF THE AMERICAN STEEL TRADE

nace had been burned, and the nearest available source of supply was seven miles distant—a fact with which the unbusinesslike Kelly had not reckoned. To cart his charcoal seven miles meant bankruptcy, unless—he could invent a way to save fuel.

KELLY'S EPOCH-MAKING DISCOVERY

One day he was sitting in front of the "finery fire" when he suddenly sprang

Tubal Cain had believed that cold air would chill hot iron. But Kelly was more than an iron-maker. He was a student of metallurgy, and he knew that carbon and oxygen had an affinity for each other. He knew what air was and what iron was, and like a flash the idea leaped into his excited brain—*there is no need of charcoal. Air alone is fuel.*

It was as simple as breathing and very similar, but no human mind had thought

of it before. When the air is blown into the molten metal, the oxygen unites with the impurities of the iron and leaves the pure iron behind. Oxygen—that mysterious element which gives life to all creatures, yet which burns up and destroys

Only three listened with interest and sympathy—two English iron-workers and the village doctor.

At first Kelly snapped his fingers at opposition. "I'll prove it publicly," he said. At his invitation a number of jest-



CAPTAIN WILLIAM R. JONES, BETTER KNOWN AS BILL JONES, THE FAMOUS MANAGER OF THE BRADDOCK WORKS, WHOSE MECHANICAL SKILL AND WONDERFUL DRIVING POWER FIRST BROUGHT TO THE UNITED STATES SUPREMACY AS A STEEL-MAKING COUNTRY

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

all things; oxygen, which may be had without money in infinite quantities—was now to become the creator of cheap steel.

Kelly was carried away by the magnitude of his idea. His unrestrained delight, after months of depression, amazed every one in the little hamlet. Most of his neighbors thought him crazy.

ing iron-makers from western Kentucky gathered around his furnace the following week, and Kelly, caring nothing for patents, explained his idea and gave a demonstration of it. Air was blown through some melted pig iron, agitating it into a white heat, to the amazement of the brawny onlookers. A blacksmith seized a piece of the refined iron, cooled

it, and with his hammer produced in twenty minutes a perfect horseshoe. He flung it at the feet of the iron-men, who could not believe their eyesight, and, seizing a second scrap of the iron, made nails and fastened the shoe to the foot of a near-by horse. Pig iron, which cannot be hammered into anything, had been changed into malleable iron, or something very much like it, without the use of an ounce of fuel.

Surely, the thing was too absurd. Seeing was not believing. "Some crank'll be burnin' ice next," said one. The iron-men shook their heads and went home to boast in after years that they had seen the first public production of "Bessemer" steel in the world.

Kelly called his invention the "pneumatic process," but it became locally known as "Kelly's air-boiling process." He proceeded at once to refine his iron by this method. He sent his steel, or refined iron, or whatever it was, to Cincinnati, and no flaws were found in it. Years before Mr. Bessemer had made any experiments with iron, there were steamboats on the Ohio River with boilers made of iron that had been refined by Kelly's process.

KELLY'S APPARENT FAILURE

But now came a form of opposition that Kelly could not defy. His father-in-law said: "Quit this foolishness or repay the capital I have advanced." His Cincinnati customers wrote: "We understand that you have adopted a new-fangled way of refining your iron. Is this so? We want our iron made in the regular way or not at all."

About the same time, Kelly's ore gave out. New mines had to be dug. Instead of making ten tons a day, he made two.

He surrendered. He became outwardly a level-headed, practical, conservative iron-maker, and won back the confidence of his partners and customers. Then one night he took his "pneumatic process" machinery three miles back into a secluded part of the forest and set it up. Like Galileo, he said: "Nevertheless, air is fuel!" No one knew of this secret spot except the two English iron-workers whom he brought out frequently to help him.

Under such conditions progress was slow. By 1851 his first converter was built—a square, brick structure, four feet high, with a cylindrical chamber. The bottom was perforated for the blast. He would first turn on the blast, and then put in melted pig iron with a ladle. About three times out of five he succeeded. The greatest difficulty was to have the blast strong enough; otherwise the iron flowed through the air-holes and clogged them up.

His second converter was made with holes in the side, and worked better. He discovered that he could do ninety minutes' work in ten, and save further expense in fuel. One improvement followed another. In all, he built seven converters in his backwoods hiding-place.

In 1856 Kelly was told that Henry Bessemer, an Englishman, had taken out a United States patent for the "pneumatic process." This aroused Kelly's national pride more than his desire for a monopoly, and he at once filed in the patent office his claims to priority of invention. The patent office was convinced and granted him United States Patent No. 17,628, declaring him to have been the original inventor.

Then came the panic of 1857, and Kelly was one of the thousands who toppled over into bankruptcy. To get some ready money, he sold his patent to his father for a thousand dollars. Not long afterwards, the elder Kelly died, and willed his rights to his daughters, who were shrewd, businesslike women. They regarded their brother William as a child in financial matters, and refused to give him his patent. After several years of unjustifiable delay, they transferred it to Kelly's children. And so, between his relations and his creditors, Kelly was brought to a standstill.

KELLY'S FIRST TILTING CONVERTER

But even at the lowest point of defeat and poverty, he persevered. Without wasting a day in self-pity, he went at once to the Cambria Iron Works, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and secured permission from Daniel J. Morrell, the general superintendent, to make experiments there.

"I'll give you that corner of the yard

and young Geer here to help you," said Morrell.

In a short time Kelly had built his eighth converter—the first that really deserved the name—and was ready to make a public demonstration. About two hundred shopmen gathered around his queer-looking apparatus. Many of them were puddlers, whose occupation would be gone if Kelly succeeded. It is often fear that makes men scoff, and the puddlers were invariably the loudest in ridiculing the "Irish crank."

"I want the strongest blast you can blow," said Kelly to Leibfreit, the old German engineer.

"All right," answered Leibfreit. "I gif you blenty!"

Partly to oblige and partly for a joke, Leibfreit goaded his blowing engine to do its best, hung a weight on the safety-valve, and blew such a blast that the whole contents of the converter went flying out in a tornado of sparks. The air, it must be remembered, will take away, first, the impurities in the iron, and, second, the iron itself, if it is too strong or too long continued. This spectacular failure filled the two hundred shopmen with delight. For days you could hear in all parts of the works roars of laughter at "Kelly's fireworks." In fact, it was a ten years' joke in the iron trade.

In a few days Kelly was ready for a second trial, this time with less blast. The process lasted more than half an hour, and was thoroughly unique. To every practical iron-maker, it was the height of absurdity. Kelly stood coatless and absorbed beside his converter, an anvil by his side and a small hammer in his hand. When the sparks began to fly, he ran here and there, picking them up and hammering them upon his anvil. For half an hour every spark crumbled under the blow. Then came one that flattened out, like dough—proving that the impurities had blown out. Immediately he tilted the converter and poured out the contents. Taking a small piece, he cooled it and hammered it into a thin plate on his anvil, proving that it was not cast iron.

He had once more shown that cold air does not chill molten iron, but refines it with amazing rapidity if blown through it for the proper length of time.

His process was not complete, as we shall see later, but subsequent improvements were comparatively easy to make. Bessemer, by his own efforts, did not get any better "steel" in 1855 than Kelly had made in 1847.

For this exact account of Kelly's achievements, I am indebted to Mr. J. H. Geer, who was his helper at Johnstown, and to others who were eyewitnesses of his earlier success in western Kentucky.

KELLY'S LATER CAREER

Kelly remained at Johnstown for five years. By this time he had conquered. His patent was restored to him, and Mr. Morrell and others bought a controlling interest in it. He was now honored and rewarded. The "crank" suddenly became a recognized genius. By 1870 he had received thirty thousand dollars in royalties; and after his patent was renewed he received about four hundred and fifty thousand more. After his process had been improved and widely adopted, Kelly spent no time claiming the credit or basking in the glory of his success. No man was ever more undaunted in failure and more modest in victory. He at once gave all his attention to manufacturing high-grade axes in Louisville, and founded a business which is to-day being carried on at Charleston, West Virginia, by his sons.

When more than seventy years of age, he retired and spent his last days at Louisville. Few who saw the quiet, pleasant-faced old gentleman in his daily walks knew who he was or what he had accomplished. Yet, in 1888, when he died, it was largely by reason of his process that the United States had become the supreme steel-making nation in the world. He was buried in the Louisville cemetery. His wife is still living.

MUSHET PERFECTS THE NEW PROCESS

The new process was perfected by a third inventor, Robert F. Mushet, a Scotsman. He solved a problem which had baffled both Kelly and Bessemer—how to leave just enough carbon in the molten metal to harden it into the required quality of steel. Instead of frantically endeavoring to stop the process at

exactly the right moment, Mushet asked:

"Why not first burn out *all* the carbon, and then pour back the exact quantity that you need?"

This, too, was a simple device, but no one had thought of it before. Since then other improvements have been added by Holley, W. R. Jones, Reese, Gilchrist, and Thomas.

The new metal was soon called by the name of "Bessemer steel." Strictly speaking, it was not steel in the original use of the word. It was a new substance very much like wrought iron. It was not hard enough to serve for all purposes. For knives, for springs, for hammers, for a thousand finer uses, steel must still be made by slower and more careful methods. The Bessemer product does the rougher work, where quantity and cheapness are essential. In an ax, for instance, the cutting edge is made of crucible steel and the rest of Bessemer steel. All the steel rails, the great beams and girders that make our skyscrapers and bridges, the plates of steamships, the wire, nails, tubes, freight-cars, and innumerable things great and small, are made of the new metal that was first produced less than sixty years ago.

It is probable that one reason for the naming of Bessemer steel was the fact that true steel was then selling at three hundred dollars a ton. The new metal might have been less highly esteemed had it been announced merely as a modified form of iron.

THE FIGHT FOR STEEL PATENTS

In 1870, both Kelly and Bessemer applied to the United States Patent Office to have their patents renewed. The commissioner of patents refused to extend Bessemer's, stating that he had no right to a patent in the first place, but Kelly's was extended for seven years, on the ground that he had not yet received sufficient remuneration for his invention. As soon as it was known that Kelly's patent was to be renewed, the patent office was fairly mobbed by objectors. Never before had there been such opposition to the renewal of a patent. The steel-makers and the railroad men united in a chorus of protest. The dread of

paying higher royalties drove them to attack Kelly's claims. Bessemer, whose right to royalties was now at an end, was lauded as the original inventor, while Kelly was vilified as an interloper. Out of this opposition sprang the exaltation of Bessemer and the belittling of Kelly, which deprived America of the credit for one of the world's greatest inventions.

Kelly's claim is supported, not only by the United States Patent Office, but by the most eminent authorities. "Kelly in America, Bessemer, Mushet, and Goransson in Europe, discovered and developed the pneumatic process of treating pig iron," says Robert W. Hunt, the veteran steel expert of Chicago. James Park, one of the Pittsburgh "fathers of steel," declared that "the world will some day learn the truth, and in ages to come a wreath of fame will crown William Kelly, the true inventor of the Bessemer process." Even an English writer, Zerah Colburn, records that "the first experiments in the conversion of melted cast iron into malleable steel were made in 1847 by William Kelly." And the greatest living authority on the history of American iron and steel—James M. Swank, who has been the secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association for a generation—says:

"Mr. Kelly claims the discovery of the pneumatic principle of the Bessemer process several years before it dawned upon the mind of Mr. Bessemer, and the validity of this claim cannot be impeached."

And so, Henry Bessemer, who was second in the race, received ten million dollars, world-wide fame, and knighthood; while William Kelly, who was first, received half a million dollars and comparative oblivion. Kelly was not to any degree embittered by his country's disregard of him. He had an unwavering conviction that everything would be made right. Shortly before his death he said to his children:

"The day will come when some one will do me justice."

Mushet fared even worse than Kelly. For him there was neither fame nor money. He lost his patent by failing to pay the necessary fees, and the steel-makers joyfully appropriated his in-

vention without any fear of a lawsuit. In his later years he received a pension of three hundred pounds annually from Bessemer, and a slight public acknowledgment of his work. Very little is known of Mushet. He will doubtless remain one of the world's unrecognized and unrewarded benefactors.

BESSEMER AND HIS INVENTIONS

As a matter of history, the names of Bessemer and Kelly should be linked together like those of Washington and Jefferson. The original idea first came from the brain of Kelly, but the commercial success of the new process was due to Bessemer's machinery, perfected for him by Galloway & Company, of Sheffield. Bessemer was one of England's greatest inventors, having one hundred and twenty patents to his credit. He was the son of an inventor—a Frenchman who had been driven to London by a social explosion in Paris. He began to earn his living by engraving labels for patent medicines. He invented a velvet machine, a sugar-making process, a glass-polisher, a ventilator, a bronze powder process, and so forth. His first invention, a method of stamping public documents, was—so he considered—stolen from him by the British government. He was very poor at the time, and this real or supposed injustice made an indelible mark upon his character. Henceforward he was bitterly aggressive in the protection of his rights.

Seven years after Kelly's success at Eddyville, Bessemer had a conversation with Napoleon III, newly become Emperor of France. The latter complained that the metal used in making cannon was of poor quality and expensive; and at his suggestion, Bessemer at once began experiments in London. "I had very little to unlearn" about the metallurgy of iron, he admits. After a few months he finished a toy cannon and sent it to the emperor. To use his own words, in 1855, "the idea struck me of making malleable iron by introducing air into the fluid metal." Later in life, he said that the idea was suggested to him by Nasmyth's process of blowing steam into molten metal. Bessemer was quite capable of originating the idea himself, but it would be strange if in eight years he had not

heard something of Kelly's "pneumatic process." It was well known in Cincinnati, and letters passed between the iron men of Cincinnati and England every week. It has been suggested—but apparently there is not a particle of evidence to substantiate the idea—that the two English iron-workers who helped Kelly at the Suwanee Works may have carried his secret across the Atlantic.

Bessemer met with as much opposition in England as Kelly had encountered in America. Like Kelly, he made nothing for years but "encouraging failures." At his first demonstration, the blast was so strong that it blew three-fourths of the iron out of the converter. When he read a paper before the British Association for the Advancement of Science on "The Manufacture of Malleable Iron and Steel Without Fuel," every British steel-maker roared with laughter at the "crazy Frenchman." It was voted not to mention his "silly" paper in the minutes of the association.

WHAT A MODERN CONVERTER IS

To-day there are more than a hundred Bessemer converters in the United States, breathing iron into steel at the rate of eighteen billion pounds a year. It is well worth a visit to Pittsburgh to see one of these tamed Etnas in full blast. Nothing else in the world is like it. As we shall see, one look at a converter transformed Andrew Carnegie from a company-promoter into a steel man for life.

To describe it in a few words, a converter is a huge iron pot twice as high as a man. It is swung on an axle, so that it can be tilted up and down. Although it weighs as much as a battalion of five hundred men, it can be handled by a boy. About thirty thousand pounds of molten iron are poured into it; and then, from two hundred little holes in the bottom, a strong blast of air is turned on, rushing like a tornado through the metal. Millions of red and yellow sparks fly a hundred feet into the air.

The converter roars like a volcano in eruption. It is the fiercest and most strenuous of all the inventions of man. The impurities in the iron—the phosphorus, sulphur, silicon, and carbon—

are being hurled out of the metal in this paroxysm of fury. The sparks change from red to yellow; then suddenly they become white.

"All right!" shouts the grimy workman in charge.

The great pot is tilted sideways, gasping and coughing like a monster in pain. A workman feeds it with several hundred pounds of a carbon mixture, to restore a necessary element that has been blown out. Then it is tilted still farther; its lake of white fire is poured into a swinging ladle and slopped from the ladle into a train of huge clay pots, pushed into place by a little locomotive. The converter then swings up another fifteen tons of molten metal, the whole process having taken only a quarter of an hour.

THE TITANS OF THE STEEL INDUSTRY

The iron and steel business has always developed big men; and the adoption of the Bessemer process for the first time made it possible for big men to do big work. It ushered in the Titanic Period of the steel trade. The men and the opportunity arrived together. Foremost among these Titans were Captain Eber B. Ward, Abram S. Hewitt, Dr. C. G. Hussey, Daniel J. Morrell, John Fritz, Henry Chisholm, Alexander L. Holley, Captain William R. Jones, B. F. Jones, and Andrew Carnegie. It was this group of men who began with thousands and left hundreds of millions—who found feebleness and left strength—who took a fourth-rate steel business and raised it to international supremacy. They were the foundation stones upon which the whole massive structure rests.

The first capitalist to appreciate the Bessemer process was Captain Eber B. Ward. This extraordinary man, whose life was a crescendo of self-help, may be called the pathfinder of the American steel trade. He made the first commercial Bessemer steel at his Detroit plant in 1864, and in the following year he produced the first steel rails in America at his rolling-mill in Chicago. Ward was the son of a poor lighthouse-keeper. When he was nine years of age, his mother died and he was set to work as cabin-boy in a shabby little schooner.

By the time he was full grown he knew everything about a ship from keel to flag, and had bought a small vessel of his own. For years he continued to buy ships, or build them, until he became the steamship king of the Great Lakes. Then, in middle life, he suddenly flung aside his prestige, sold most of his fleet, built furnaces and rolling-mills, and became the first of the steel kings.

WARD, THE FIRST STEEL MILLIONAIRE

No sooner had Ward begun to make and sell Bessemer steel than he found himself plunged into a patent war. He had bought the Kelly and Mushet patents, but the complete Bessemer process was threefold. It involved, first, the use of air as fuel, originated by Kelly; second, the addition of a carbon mixture, originated by Mushet; and, third, the use of a tilting converter and casting ladle, originated by Bessemer. Ward had two-thirds of the patents, and was opposed by Alexander L. Holley, who had bought the Bessemer rights. Neither could make steel satisfactorily without infringing on the legal rights of the other. Each man had his partners. With Ward were Zoheth S. Durfee, of New Bedford, and Daniel J. Morrell, of Johnstown. With Holley were John F. Winslow and John A. Griswold, of Troy.

Here we tilt against one of the most puzzling mysteries in the story of steel. Ward and Durfee were both shrewd, self-made, aggressive, wealthy men. They possessed a two-thirds control of a process which has since that time produced more than three billion dollars' worth of steel. The Kelly patent, which they owned completely, did not expire until 1878. It was not likely that the American courts would uphold the claims of Bessemer. Kelly had already beaten him in the patent office, and did so again in 1871. Yet at the close of a year's wrangling and legal cannonading, the Ward forces suddenly flew the white flag, and surrendered all their patents to Holley in return for a thirty per cent interest in the consolidation. It was apparently a case of the dog swallowing the alligator.

To account for the fact that Ward allowed the scepter of the steel empire to

be snatched from his hand, the only reasons that the Detroit men can suggest are these:

First, the heavy expense and partial failure of his Detroit steel plant. It is known that a few years afterwards he was nearly a million dollars in debt, with payment overdue and no ready money available.

Second, the fact that about this time he became influenced, and even guided in his business affairs, by spiritualistic mediums.

Mr. Swank suggests that Ward and his partners were obliged to sell out for the reason that the Troy capitalists controlled the Bessemer machinery, without which the Kelly and Mushet patents were of little value. But this explanation does not clear up the mystery. It was the only instance in his long career in which Ward made such a disastrous bargain.

By a master effort Ward overcame his monetary difficulties, and when he died of apoplexy in 1875 his estate was valued at \$5,335,000. But he had years before lost his chance of being the czar of steel. He was a man of strange extremes—self-controlled and passionate; shrewd and credulous; persistent and changeable. President Grant wished him to become Secretary of the Treasury, but Ward found it impossible to disentangle himself from his business affairs. The bulk of his great fortune went to his wife and to Clara Ward, his daughter, widely known as the *Princesse de Chimay*.

THE SUCCESSORS OF CAPTAIN WARD

Winslow, Griswold, and Morrell now became the "big three" of the American steel business. They had a monopoly much more complete than that possessed to-day by the United States Steel Corporation. Troy, like Detroit, had for a short time the hope of being what Pittsburgh now is—the greatest steel city of the world. It produced Bessemer steel ten years before Pittsburgh, and Winslow and Griswold were men of enterprise and capital.

As for Morrell, he deserves to be called the founder of the Johnstown steel business, which has since become world famous. "The Cambria Works

have produced more great steel-makers than any other works in the United States," said Mr. Carnegie generously. Morrell was a man who wonderfully blended conservatism and progressiveness. When his directors opposed the adoption of the new steel process, he stood up in the meeting and said:

"Gentlemen, you may think me crazy, but if you will pay me the book value for my stock, I stand prepared to put every cent of it into a Kelly-Mushet steel plant."

It is said that in the earlier part of Mr. Carnegie's career, he proposed to make Morrell one of his partners, but could not obtain the latter's consent.

"You are too flighty," said the older man to the younger.

THE WORK OF ALEXANDER L. HOLLEY

But there was a young man of thirty-four who stood behind the "big three"—a young man with no capital except his genius, who becomes at this point the central figure in the steel drama, Alexander L. Holley. To describe Holley fairly requires not only words, but music and painting and sculpture. Handsome as a Greek god, with the brain of an engineer, the heart of a woman, and the soul of a poet, Holley won a larger share of the love and respect of both the American and European steel-makers than any other individual has received, before or since. There was nothing local about his work. He was as ubiquitous as a spirit, erecting steel plants at Troy, Chicago, Joliet, Pittsburgh, Braddock, Johnstown, Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Scranton, and St. Louis. He went from works to works as a bishop travels his diocese, suggesting, correcting, and always improving.

It was Holley who made the Bessemer process easy and swift. It was he who made possible that immense production which has amazed the world and clogged Pittsburgh with millions. When the river of gold that flowed into the steel trade's treasury suddenly became wider and deeper, it was because Holley had been at work enlarging the channel. He worked out what we may rightfully call the American plan of steel-making. He made war on clumsiness. He taught the steel-men what they had never known be-

fore—the value of a second. His personal magnetism, his eloquent tongue, and his ready pen made him an ideal instructor. He became the leader and inspirer of a body of young men, among whom were Robert Forsyth, John E. Fry, George Fritz, Robert W. Hunt, Owen Leibert, P. Barnes, D. N. Jones, and William R. Jones. Holley's one thought was that "America must be first," and the building of steel-mills was to him more a matter of patriotism than of business.

For two decades Great Britain led the world in the making of Bessemer steel. Then, exactly twenty-five years ago, the United States forged ahead and in a short time outclassed all competitors. The scepter of power passed from Troy to Pittsburgh, and from the "big three" to an unknown young Scotchman who had been a clerk in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Dear iron had been replaced by cheap steel. Orrin W. Potter and William Chisholm were building up the steel trade in Chicago; Henry Chisholm had established it in Cleveland; Abram S. Hewitt was making structural steel at Trenton; Captain "Bill" Jones was beating the world's records in rail-making at Braddock; and the American iron and steel trade was at last upon a solid footing, after more than two centuries of struggle and disaster.

"BILL" JONES STEPS UPON THE STAGE

At this point in the drama of steel there steps upon the stage perhaps the most interesting figure of all who have played a part in it—Captain William R. Jones. It was "Bill" Jones who took the invention of Kelly and Bessemer into his strong hands and developed it into one of the wonders of the world. It was his work that gave the Carnegie company its first uplift from among a mob of competitors. It was his amazing record that first startled England and left it far in the rear.

As the manager of a steel plant, as the leader of a vast body of workmen, and as a mechanical genius, it is safe to say that Captain Jones has never had a superior. If he had not hammered down the cost of steel rails with mighty blows, the golden stream of profits might never have been widened into the Lake of

Billions. From the time when he wrecked the Catasauqua schoolhouse, because the teacher had unjustly whipped one of his boy chums, until the moment of his tragic death, the life of Bill Jones was packed with adventure and romance; yet the full story of his career is here made public for the first time.

His father was a poor Welsh pattern-maker, the religious and intellectual leader of the Welsh in the village of Catasauqua, Pennsylvania. The cottage in which he lived is still standing, No. 315 in a row of "company houses." The principal man in the village was David Thomas, who has justly been called "the father of the American iron trade." It was he who successfully introduced into this country the manufacture of pig iron with anthracite coal, and the "hot blast" furnace—the latter being an idea which originated with the Scottish engineer Neilson, and which, with its great saving of fuel in the smelting of ore, marked an advance in the making of pig iron comparable in importance to Kelly's invention in the field of steel. Thomas built big furnaces, instead of little ones; and worked powerfully to put the iron trade upon a solid footing with the new fuel. In 1849 he became the employer of "Billy" Jones, who was then a ten-year-old youngster, with a local reputation for recklessness and mischievousness.

Among the men who knew Captain Jones in his later years only, it has always been more or less of a mystery how he acquired his unusual command of language and knowledge of classic literature, without any sort of regular education. The mystery is made clear by the fact that, like Mr. Carnegie, Captain Jones had access to a library and made good use of it. His father had a hundred and fifty volumes—the largest collection in the village. They were mainly historical books, such as Plutarch and Josephus, with Shakespeare and other miscellaneous classics. Billy, when not robbing hens' nests or pelting stones at the Irish boys at the other end of the hamlet, was lying prone on the uncarpeted floor of the wooden cottage, wrestling with the long words in one of his father's precious books. Shakespeare was his favorite author—a taste which he shared with

General Nathanael Greene, the iron-maker patriot of the Revolution.

THE PERSONALITY OF "BILL" JONES

From boyhood Captain Jones was absolutely indifferent to danger or pain. Ethan Allen, who sat in a dentist's chair and had a good tooth extracted, merely to give encouragement to a timid old lady; Paul Kruger, who amputated one of his own thumbs with a jack-knife; and Captain Jones, who when a boy cut his finger-nail open to see what was underneath—these three may be compared as types of recklessness and hardihood. During the Civil War, in which he fought at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the storming of Fort Fisher, his regiment came, on one occasion, to a river that had to be crossed by a pontoon bridge.

"Hanged if I'll wait for a bridge!" shouted Jones, plunging into the muddy water head first.

After the splash, he found himself in about two feet of water, with his nose split from top to tip. Never possessing the slightest degree of caution, he had leaped into the river without thinking of its depth. To him the only consideration was to get across.

When he was eighteen, he ran away from Cetasauqua, and tramped about the country, finally landing in Chattanooga, where he met Miss Harriet Lloyd, wooed her fervently, and won her. His first job after marriage was in the Cambria Works, at Johnstown. He was taken on at two dollars a day, and soon promoted. He and William Kelly arrived in Johnstown about the same time, but knew little of each other. At that period there seemed nothing in common between the quiet, thoughtful Kelly and the roistering Jones, yet without both types of men there would have been no billion-dollar steel corporation.

For sixteen years Jones remained at Johnstown, gaining little except the reputation of being the most popular sub-boss in town. Often he would stop work and take all his men to a baseball game or a horse-race. Fun and frolic seemed, until he was thirty-four, to be the only aim of his life. Morrell, his Quaker employer, would have discharged him if it had not been for the undeniable

fact that Jones could get more work out of a gang of men than any other boss in the iron business.

When George Fritz, manager of the Cambria Works, died suddenly in 1873, Jones stood next in line for the position; but Morrell considered him too frolicsome and irresponsible, and promoted Daniel N. Jones over the captain's head. Both Joneses had been Cetasauqua boys, and the two were good friends. Bill heard the news first, and told Dan.

"I'm surprised," said Dan; "I was sure that you would get the place."

"So was I, but it seems not," replied Bill.

Dan hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Well, you are entitled to it, Bill, and I won't take it."

"Yes, you must take it," answered Bill. "The company wants you, not me, and it's a great chance for you. As for me, I'm going to straighten up, go somewhere else, and show them what I can do."

It proved to be the turning-point in Captain Jones' career. From that moment he was no longer an irresponsible youth, but a man of conscious power and purpose.

JONES GOES TO THE BRADDOCK WORKS

At this juncture Andrew Carnegie enters for the first time into the story of steel. It was the terrible panic year, and he was struggling successfully to avert bankruptcy and to build his first steel plant. Up to this date he had made iron, but not a pound of steel. Instead of being the first maker of Bessemer steel, as is often alleged, the fact is that Mr. Carnegie was the eleventh, and did not join the procession until nearly twenty years after the process was patented by Kelly and Bessemer.

Hearing that Captain Jones had resigned, Carnegie not only hired him as superintendent of the new works at Braddock, near Pittsburgh, but also used him as a bell-wether to attract scores of the highly skilled steel-workers of Johnstown. This was a master-stroke, as skilled Bessemer steel-makers were scarcer at that time than four-leaved clovers. In 1875, surrounded by his faithful men from Johnstown, Jones began to show the world how to make steel.

Full credit must be given to the English steel-makers for creating a market for steel rails by fairly forcing them on the railroads. Practically the whole of the pioneer educational work among American railroad men was done by English drummers. In 1861, for instance, a Sheffield agent tried to sell steel rails to the president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford road. One of the principal directors was sitting in the room, reading a newspaper. He looked up, and with a gesture of supreme contempt, exclaimed:

"Steel rails! Bosh! Stuff! Nonsense! Humbug!"

This was at first the universal reception of the steel rail agents. Steel rails meant a larger outlay for equipment, and, for a time, smaller dividends. However, eight years afterward, more than fifty different American railroads were using steel rails, mainly made in England, the Pennsylvania being the first to try a few hundred tons.

When Captain Jones "straightened up" and joined the Carnegie forces, the United States was a buyer, not a seller, of steel. England made as much iron and steel in four months as America did in a year. Steel rails sold for one hundred and twenty dollars a ton. England appreciated the Bessemer process ten years sooner than the United States. She was compelled to do so by the commercial enterprise of Sir Henry Bessemer, who started a plant of his own and cut prices. Great Britain was supposed to have as complete control of the steel trade as she has to-day of the shipping. She was the iron and steel "workshop of the world," and she continued to be—until Bill Jones straightened up.

HOW JONES BROKE ALL THE RECORDS

In his first fifteen weeks of steel-making, Jones turned out nearly twice as much as any one had made before with a similar equipment. This was well enough, but a year later he made more steel in a week than the average plant had been producing in six weeks. While every one in the steel world was gasping at the news, Jones took a fresh grip and once more doubled his output, bringing it up to thirty-three hundred tons a week.

Several years before, John A. Gris-

wold had made a bet with Holley that the Troy plant could not produce fifteen hundred tons a month. He lost his money, but it is certain that even Holley would not have wagered that any one could make fourteen thousand tons a month, as Jones did with a plant of equal size. Holley had accomplished the impossible at Troy; but Jones had done nearly ten times as much. He had in one day poured out from his sputtering converters six hundred and twenty-three tons—more than thirty thousand dollars' worth. The river of gold was knee-deep and rising like a flood.

Back in Baron Stiegel's day, twenty-five tons of pig iron in a week was satisfactory production; but now this wizard, Jones, was making twenty-five tons of steel every hour of the day and night. And on every ton there was from ten to fifty dollars of clear profit. At that time the public was not permitted to know the low cost of making Bessemer steel; but the profits, exact or closely estimated, made by the Braddock plant under the management of Captain Jones, were as follows:

1875 (three months)	\$41,970.06
1876	\$181,007.18
1877	\$190,379.33
1878	\$250,000.00
1879	\$401,800.00
1880	\$1,625,000.00

In these figures we have the beginning—the small beginning, as we shall see later—of the immense Carnegie fortune and the fivefold greater affluence of the Steel Trust.

As for Bill Jones, the man behind the profits, he cared little for the shower of checks that fell from the railroad offices into the Carnegie treasury. The millions meant no more to him than the stakes to a Kentucky thoroughbred. What he loved was the race. He was making good. He was beating Jack Fry and Bob Hunt and Dan Jones, his old-time Johnstown chums, who were now managing rival steel plants. He was smashing down the idea that the steel trade of the world belonged to England. His day of triumph came when Morrell, his former Johnstown employer, visited Braddock and said:

"Well, Bill, I see that I hired the wrong Jones."

Jones had the knack of imparting his

sporting instinct to his workmen. Every man strove to win the championship in his class. Jones got a huge broom, and gave it as a trophy of victory to which ever gang of men had made a clean sweep of the world's records. This was kept up for several years, until the records were beaten so often that the men had no time to remove the broom.

When England heard the story of Jones it seemed like a fairy tale. "Preposterous!" said the men of Sheffield and Newcastle. "Almost incredible!" said E. Windsor Richards. "A physical impossibility!" said Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell. But it would have been wonderful indeed if they had not been incredulous. Imagine the unbelief of the sporting world if a horseman in Brazil announced that he had trained a horse to trot a mile in fifteen seconds, or the skepticism of railroad men who were told that an engineer in Denmark had made a locomotive that ran six hundred miles an hour!

HOW AMERICA PASSED ENGLAND

When the British Iron and Steel Institute met in 1881, a paper written by Captain Jones was read by its secretary. This paper marked an epoch as distinctly as did Darwin's famous announcement of the theory of evolution, twenty-three years before. It was America's industrial Declaration of Independence. Although England had sold seventy-one million dollars' worth of iron and steel to the United States during the previous year, Jones' paper coolly told them that England was now second to America in the production of Bessemer steel and far behind in methods of manufacture. Jones modestly ascribed his success to the following five causes:

First, the employment of men who were young and ambitious.

Second, the "strong but pleasant rivalry" between different plants.

Third, the employment of mixed nationalities.

Fourth, the eight-hour day. "Flesh and blood cannot stand twelve hours' continuous work," he said.

Fifth, the use of the most up-to-date machinery.

The veteran steel-makers of England listened to the paper in dignified si-

lence. At its close the president, Mr. J. T. Smith, rose slowly to his feet.

"Of course," said he, "when this man speaks of making one hundred and twenty-three thousand tons in ten months, he means a net ton of two thousand pounds."

"No," replied the secretary. "He means a gross ton of twenty-two hundred and forty pounds. I have also received a letter from Captain Jones, saying that since this paper was written he has beaten his record by thirty-three tons a week."

Again there was silence; then another member rose.

"Working with such reckless haste," he said, "his steel is certain to be variable and inferior."

"On the contrary," replied the secretary, "Mr. Jones says that the average variation is not more than one degree from the quality aimed at."

There was nothing more to be said, and the meeting adjourned.

Six months later the steel-makers of England met again, and a second paper from Captain Jones was read. Sir Henry Bessemer was present, but made no comment on Jones' announcement that Braddock was making steel faster than ever. Holley opened the discussion, and in a friendly way put the British ironmasters on the gridiron for fifteen minutes. He pointed out that the average British iron-worker produced four hundred and twenty tons of iron a year, while the American worker produced five hundred and fifty-five.

"Our steel, made quickly," said he, "is the same quality as your steel, made slowly. You increase your output by making more machinery of the same kind, while we increase ours by making a new machine. Of course," continued Holley, smiling, "as my capital is invested in America, and not in England, I regard these English habits with resignation, even with cheerfulness." His genial criticism was received in silence. No one answered. It was unanswerable. The star of the steel empire had moved westward.

JONES AND HIS "BIG SALARY"

Among all the partners and employees of the Carnegie Company, Jones earned

the most and received the least. This was largely his own fault, as he refused to be a shareholder.

"No, Mr. Carnegie, I'm much obliged," said he when he was offered a partnership. "I don't know anything about business, and I don't want to be bothered with it. I've got trouble enough here in these works. I'll tell you what you can do"—these were his exact words—"you can give me a hell of a big salary."

"After this, captain," replied Carnegie, "you shall have the salary of the President of the United States—twenty-five thousand dollars." This sounded well, but in a short time the President's salary was scarcely pin-money compared to the amounts that were yearly shoveled into each shareholder's pocket.

When the writer asked for an estimate of Jones' work from James Gayley, the first vice-president of the Steel Trust, Mr. Gayley replied emphatically:

"You can say that Captain Jones, through his mechanical contributions to the development of the steel-making industry, accomplished fully as much as Mushet or Sir Henry Bessemer."

The famous "scrap-heap" policy was originated by Jones. He did not believe in waiting until his machinery was worn out. The moment that an improvement was invented, the old machinery was dragged to the scrap-heap, and the latest devices put in its place. He made the shareholders gasp on several occasions by asking permission to smash up half a million dollars' worth of machinery that was as good as new, but outgrown. They were wise enough to give him a free hand, and to buy him whatever he ordered.

Practical suggestions flashed from Jones like sparks from his converters.

"See here, why can't we armor-plate that hose?" he asked one day. "Get a coil of wire and wind it around the hose to keep it from bursting."

This idea, which has been generally adopted, was simple enough; but millions of people had looked at hose without thinking of it.

His greatest invention is known by the name of the Jones mixer. This is a monster iron box, brick-lined, capable

of holding half a million pounds of melted metal. Into it is poured the molten iron from different furnaces, so that it may be mixed and made uniform in quality. A train of small iron cars, or ladles, steams up alongside of the mixer, each ladle full of sparkling, splashing metal. The mixer lies lower than the track, and the cars, one by one, are tipped over so that they spill their load into its wide mouth. Then it is rocked to and fro, like the cradle of a sun god, until its contents are thoroughly homogeneous, when they are sent on their turbulent way to the converter.

"The Jones mixer was, and still is, invaluable to us," said James Gayley—a fact which was shown two years ago, when the Steel Trust secured an injunction to prevent one of its competitors from using the device.

JONES AS A LEADER OF MEN

Kelly lived in a world of ideas; Ward, in a world of money; Holley, in a world of scientific knowledge; and Jones, in a world of *men*. Iron and human nature were his raw materials. He put the two together and made steel.

"It wasn't the chemists and the scientists, mainly, who developed the steel business," said the veteran John Fritz to the writer. "It was the practical man who stood among his workmen and hammered everything out inch by inch in the shops."

Cromwell showed no greater generalship in handling his invincible Ironsides than Captain Jones displayed in drilling his iron-workers. He was an absolute monarch of his big steel works, but a just monarch, who rewarded only the good and punished only the bad.

Nothing escaped his notice. Every day, as he stormed up and down the shops, his talk ran on in this fashion:

"Do you get enough fresh air in that corner, Joe? I'll have a window put in for you."

"See here, Smith! If you don't pay your honest debts you can't work for me any longer. You go and settle up with that grocer, or I'll find out why!"

"Shove 'er along, boys! All together! Do you want to get licked by those Joliet farmers?"

"Say, Jim! When you're goin' home

to-night, take this piece of paper and give it to Jack Sullivan's wife. Jack died in the hospital last night, and, confound it, she's got five children!"

The "piece of paper" would usually be a deed to the cottage in which the bereaved family lived.

"There are many Braddock widows that don't forget Captain Jones," said the old doorkeeper.

He scattered his thousands with a free hand among his men and their families, and accumulated comparatively little for himself. He was, in short, an ideal captain of industry, leading his men on to victory after victory. He was hot-tempered and rough. Under the excitement of the moment, he would often sweep down upon everything in his way with the velocity of a tornado, discharging his best men, and hurling anathemas right and left. But the sky soon cleared. The discharged men would be put back. Jones was as transparent as the day, and as ready to end a quarrel as to begin one.

On the day after the Johnstown flood, he took three hundred of his men and at his own expense brought them to the wrecked city, where they worked for two weeks to restore the property that had been destroyed. Others sent money and sympathy, but Jones gave himself. That was his way.

He was as quick to resent as he was to forgive. "I carried a revolver for two years to protect myself from Bill Jones," admitted a wealthy coal operator—one of Pittsburgh's foremost Presbyterians. "It was this way," he continued. "Carnegie was the first man to start Sunday work in this region. I was opposed to it, and told Jones so. We quarreled. Soon afterward I heard that he had threatened to 'put a head' on me the next time we met. He was much stronger than I was, so I carried a revolver to defend myself. Nine months before his death, he came to me one morning and said frankly: 'Well, you were right and I was wrong about

that Sunday work. If I had my life to live over again, I wouldn't run a mill on Sunday.' Several times after that he came to the little Sunday school of which I was the superintendent, and always left a five-dollar or ten-dollar bill on the collection plate."

Jones' blue eyes looked every man and every difficulty full in the face. Sham, trickery, and meanness he despised.

HOW JONES MET HIS DEATH

Jones died as he had lived—in the midst of an industrial battle, at the head of his men. He was killed on the firing-line. In 1889, one of the Braddock furnaces had been working badly. Its contents had "bridged," just as a raft of logs will jam in a narrow part of a river. A squad of men were trying to break the "bridge," Jones, as always, being in front. Suddenly it broke, and the fiery contents crashed through the outer wall of the furnace, falling directly on the head and shoulders of Captain Jones. He sprang forcibly backward and fell into a pit, striking his head upon the iron edge of a car. One of his workmen, a Hungarian, fell beside him and was instantly killed.

The next day Jones died in the hospital, having never regained consciousness. His burns were severe, but probably would not have caused his death, as he was a man of amazing vitality. Mr. Gayley, from whom this account of Captain Jones' death has been obtained, stood at his side when the treacherous furnace broke, and narrowly escaped.

The five thousand workmen at Braddock were frantic with grief. Never before or since has the iron and steel world had so great a sorrow. Carnegie, looking upon poor Jones as he lay in the hospital, sobbed like a child. Ten thousand wet-eyed men marched with him to his grave, and to-day the veteran steel-maker's most precious memory is:

"I worked with Bill Jones."

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles will continue for about a year. Before passing on to Andrew Carnegie and the formation of the billion-dollar Steel Trust, next month's instalment will review the early days of the American iron trade. It will tell how kings and queens made iron in the American colonies, and how George Washington was born and bred in the industry. It will portray the achievements of the iron-making generals during the Revolution, and the heroic adventures of the three men who discovered the great ore ranges of Lake Superior.

THE DECENNIAL OF THE BLACK SHEEP

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "FOLLANSBEE'S PLAY," "MRS. ALLENGATE'S TIP," ETC.

A BIG score-board hung outside the newspaper office, and a knot of spectators overflowed the curbstone to the asphalt of Broadway. Blanchard joined it, as if to watch the numerals which an artist with a paint-brush was inscribing on the board.

Blanchard, however, was too busy with his thoughts to read the baseball bulletin. He was a lonely man, and lonely men have a private spiritual searchlight, which they turn upon themselves remorselessly, and which is, perhaps, the reason of their loneliness.

To-day Blanchard's self-analysis seemed to reveal contentment, but he was so unused to it that he suspected its reality. Within a month he had become a canvasser for an advertising agency, and during the past fortnight his success had amazed him. The cashier of the establishment had been startled visibly that morning by Blanchard's vouchers. The landlady of his shabby New York boarding-house had been similarly moved by the payment of Blanchard's indebtedness.

Even Blanchard's physical being, freshly attired, shared in the general surprise. He stroked incredulous fingers over his new suit of cheap serge. His blood warmed in astonished anticipation of a dinner and a pint of red wine in the little French restaurant to which he had been long a stranger. He glanced down, somewhat skeptically, toward the pocket where his money nestled. Nineteen dollars was a great deal of money to Blanchard.

A humorist in overalls shouted excitedly to the painter at the score-board.

"Hey, cut it out, you!" he yelled. "Give us th' Pittsboigh game! Don't bodder wid no baby-garten! I got me

automobile bet on th' Pittsboighs. Cut out th' baby-garten!"

There was a snicker of applause, and Blanchard looked up. The man at the bulletin was elaborating the curve of a figure which indicated the progress of a baseball game between two colleges. Blanchard had been graduated from one of them, ten years ago.

"That's the class-day game, isn't it?" asked Blanchard of himself. "Of course it is. We—our—the nine ought to win, on its home grounds. Yes—four to nothing!"

He crossed the street to a bench in the square. Over the grumble of traffic he seemed to hear the eager volley of a college cheer, with its undaunted, happy note of youth. Beyond the dusty foliage he could almost see brave bunting, and flower-like banks of girls, and swirling, laughing crowds of hearty men. Blanchard's smile was rather timid. For years he had taken a certain satisfaction in concealing the fact that he was college-bred. Although he had never seen the class record, he knew the formula printed therein after his name. "The secretary can obtain no information about Blanchard." It is a grim formula, not without its pathos.

Blanchard's mind ran back reminiscently. Seven years ago, on the day when his class was meeting for its triennial reunion, Blanchard, a homeless vagabond, was sweeping out a billiard-room in Galveston for the privilege of a night's sleep on a pool-table. Three years later, he had celebrated his sexennial in a prison infirmary at Havana. He stretched himself luxuriously on the bench.

"Decennial's different," said Blanchard. "I'll have a good decennial to-

dây;" and he glanced with impatience at an immense clock over the door of a neighboring building.

By chance the number on the door stirred Blanchard's recollection. The building had recently become notorious, for in it were the headquarters of a land syndicate which was said to have bought the courts and Governor of a Western State, stolen millions of money, and met the storm of public denunciation with cynical indifference. A prominent officer of the thieving syndicate was young Elliot Mossop, a classmate of Blanchard's.

"Yes, sir," muttered Blanchard. "I can have as good a decennial dinner as Mossop, the richest man in the class—as good as Mossop, or Leslie, or Jimmy Hallam, or anybody!"

It was not yet six, but there was no fashionable dining-hour in the basement café. Perhaps Blanchard had an extra pint of the red wine. At any rate, he dined well, and then he returned to the street, puffing at a black cigar. He had completely lost his distrust in the smiling prospects which the future offered him.

"Too early for a show," he reflected. "And what good is a show, anyway, on a fellow's decennial night?"

An open car glided by, and Blanchard swung into a rear seat. He smoked comfortably, allowing himself to be amused by the humors of the sidewalk. For the first time in years he was in a mood to hail an acquaintance gladly. To-night he was prosperous; he was on his feet; he could ask and answer questions. To-night he could greet a friend without morbid fear of pity, without fear that the friend was in dread of a story of hard luck. He felt an irresistible longing to talk to his kind again, straight-eyed and unashamed.

The trolley car slowed down at a railroad terminal. The college town, where Blanchard's classmates were assembled, was distant less than two hours' ride. The men between whom Blanchard had been sitting winked at each other after he jumped off the car.

"Crazy!" said one. "Did you hear that laugh? Crazy!"

Indeed, as Blanchard shoved his money through the ticket-window, he was not quite sure himself of his sanity. But there was no time to hesitate. He was

just on the minute for an express. From his seat in the smoker, he mentally addressed the dusky, light-dotted landscape as it scurried by the car-window.

"They'll be through dinner when I get there," he said. "They'll be singing, and making speeches, and they won't pay any attention to me. I'll be back here before midnight. What's the harm?"

All the way Blanchard nursed the flame of his enthusiasm. He realized vaguely the truth that if he could take his place to-night among his classmates, it would mean the restoration of his self-respect. It would signalize a new start; it would be an inspiration for years to come.

But the outlines of the familiar station at the university town dampened Blanchard's spirit oddly. He drew a long breath before he disembarked. He hurried by the line of cab-drivers, fearful that he might be recognized, unable to escape the absurd fancy that even the hackmen knew the disgraceful failure of his career.

Pausing at a street corner, he was bewildered by the sight of his class numerals suspended over the entrance of a wide hallway. The windows of the spacious room adjoining it were open and blazing with light. Suddenly a deafening noise burst forth—a terrific compound of the blare of a brass band and the sound of a music-hall jingle of the forgotten past roared out by scores of hilarious men.

Blanchard chuckled. Then he became grave. He would not have another chance like this. It was now or never, and he strode toward the door, squaring his shoulders. The noise ceased before he reached the threshold. Blanchard stopped. His sensitive dread and shame overcame him. He could not enter the room. He could not face the reunion, hear the buzz of comment, see the significant nudges travel around the long table.

"A weak-kneed, sentimental fool!" said Blanchard. "That's what I am!"

He crossed the street and sat down on some dark steps opposite. Another man who was sitting there shifted irritably to make room for him. The stranger scrutinized Blanchard, extended his hand for the fraction of an instant, withdrew it, and concluded with a brief and unpleasant laugh.

"Come," he said, "don't pretend you don't know me, Blanchard."

"Why, Mossop!" faltered Blanchard. "How are you?"

"How are you?" grunted Mossop, but he did not offer his hand again. "Haven't seen you since, have I?"

The young master of stolen millions was fashionably dressed. His keen, restless eyes studied Blanchard without a spark of personal interest. Mossop's face was strongly marked; his thin mouth made the straight base of a curiously well-defined triangle. Blanchard was greatly troubled. Recognized by Mossop, how could he now avoid joining the reunion?

"Well," said Mossop, "we've neither of us changed much, Blanchard. But what's the matter? Have you come out for a breath of air? Game too hot over yonder?"

Blanchard gasped surreptitiously and nodded. He could think of nothing else to do. Mossop lit a cigarette, and the flare of the match revealed a disagreeable sneer on his lips.

"I dare say, Blanchard," he pursued, "that you'll tell 'em, when you go back to the table, how you found me eaves-dropping. But you can tell 'em, too, that I haven't heard any of the knocks they've been giving me. And if I had, I wouldn't care. The newspapers have one virtue—they harden a man's skin."

"But I don't understand," said Blanchard. "Haven't you been—didn't you go——" He pointed helplessly toward the hall where the turmoil was resumed.

"Go nothing," snapped Mossop. "I've never been to a reunion, and you know it."

He tossed away his cigarette spitefully, and Blanchard blinked at him in growing surprise.

"Triennial time was when we made the copper deal," said Mossop, "and at sexennial—after that investigation—oh, well, I wouldn't have come then, anyway. I wouldn't be here now if I wasn't a fool. I've hardly spoken to a man in the class since we graduated. I don't believe a man in the class would speak to me, unless he had to. I don't blame 'em. I don't belong any more. I haven't got the nerve to show myself in there." He turned on Blanchard abruptly. "And why the

devil I should tell you so," he added, "I can't imagine!"

"Perhaps," ventured Blanchard, "it's because I haven't got the nerve, either."

"You?" exclaimed Mossop. "What reason have you to stay away?"

"None," replied Blanchard, with a nervous laugh.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Mossop said stiffly. "Didn't know you were guying me."

Blanchard laid a very timid hand on the other's shoulder.

"I'm not guying you, Mossop," he murmured. "God knows I can't guy a fellow who thinks he has no right in the old class!"

"Listen!" said Mossop. "There's Leslie singing 'Comrades.' Remember?"

Blanchard nodded. Mossop beat time with his finger and hummed the doggerel softly. Across the street the crowd swung noisily into the refrain, lingering with wild delight on its commonplace harmony. A tempest of cheering ensued. The two exiles on the steps grinned shamefacedly.

"Never expected to hear that moss-covered chestnut again," sighed Mossop. "Recollect the night he sang it from a box at Koster & Bial's after the Thanksgiving game?"

"There's Jimmy Hallam calling for order," Blanchard observed.

"Jimmy?" queried Mossop. "I had a notion Jimmy Hallam died at Montauk."

"He's the toast-master," said Blanchard. "Hear him?"

"He's introducing McKenna," Mossop announced, straining his ears. "I shouldn't wonder if Mac does that imitation of the President. I'd like to——"

"Well, let's go closer," suggested Blanchard eagerly, and half arose; but Mossop restrained him.

"No," said Mossop. "It's a speech. I think I know what Mac's speech is about."

The reunion was quiet now, but Blanchard could not make out the speaker's words. His tones were low, and his talk earnest, punctuated by sharp storms of hearty applause. When he finished, he was greeted by a moment's absolute silence. The hush was broken by the scraping sound of many chair-legs.

"All up!" whispered Mossop.

Then a mighty song burst through the windows. It was the song of the college, an anthem hallowed by tradition. The manly chorus, raised by a hundred loyal voices, brought a tingle to Blanchard's cheeks. He stood up involuntarily, and his fingers strayed to the brim of his hat. When he glanced bashfully around, he saw that his companion was standing also. Mossop pretended that he had risen to brush his coat.

"Well, I'll have to be moving," he said gruffly. "I told 'em to put my car on the nine-fifty. I suppose you want to go back to the dinner, Blanchard, before they all march to the campus for the fireworks."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," Blanchard answered.

Mossop looked down at the glove that he had been buttoning with elaborate precision.

"I—I'm much obliged to you for keeping me company, and all that sort of thing," said he. "Hope I haven't bothered you. A fellow's tongue gets away with him, sometimes. And—by the way—hold on a minute." Mossop fumbled hurriedly in his pocket and extracted a long envelope, unsealed. "Give that to Jimmy Hallam, will you, Blanchard?" he continued. "It's a little money for the class memorial to Mayne, the missionary chap who was killed by the Boxers. That's what McKenna's speech was about. But mind, don't say where this thousand came from."

He thrust the envelope into Blanchard's hand.

"But why not?" stammered Blanchard. "And why don't you—"

"I've lost my nerve," Mossop said wearily, and moved away. "You've heard this foolishness about tainted money, haven't you? Well, I can't tell how many fools there are over there, can I? Let me know if there's anything I can do for you, old man. What are you in? Advertising, eh? Maybe—yes, you call

at my office to-morrow. I can put you next to a pretty good job in that line, if you want it. So long. No—much obliged, Blanchard," and he disappeared in the darkness at a pace which was almost a run.

Blanchard stared blankly at the envelope, fingering it so that the crisp banknotes rustled. An expression of comic perplexity stole over his face.

"The most successful black sheep of the class," he soliloquized, "seems to have the least successful black sheep in a hole. And yet—I don't know—we're both in the same sort of a hole, after all, aren't we?" He laughed outright. "I'll get a messenger, somehow," he went on. "I'll send this by—"

Suddenly the big doors opposite were flung open with a bang. The stream of light was focused on Blanchard. Before he could dodge into a shadow, out trooped the column of jubilant men, six abreast. One of the leaders peered at Blanchard, yelled his name thunderously, darted across the street, and pounced upon him like a panther. In an instant he was at the center of a human whirlpool. There was an ear-splitting riot of voices.

"Who? Who is it?"

"Cliff Blanchard!"

"Get out! Who?"

"Sure—it's Blanchard—Cliff Blanchard!"

"Up! Up! Put him up!"

A dozen hands seemed to be gripping his at once.

"Lord bless you, Cliff, you old son of a gun!" cried Jimmy Hallam. "Where in the world—"

"Put—him—up!"

He was lifted arm high. The college cheer rang out—beginning like a discharge of Gatlings, ending with a roar like the salute of a siege battery. Blanchard was breathless, trying hard to keep back the tears.

"Let me down, fellows," he implored. "It's all right! I've come back!"

LOVE'S RETURN

THE thorn beside the garden gate had stood all winter bare;
To-day, behold, the sudden green was all a-twitter there!

To-day I visited my heart—I'd left it stark and lorn—
And little throatle-throated joys were singing in the thorn!

Charlotte Wilson

LIGHT VERSE



COME thou hither, my muse, and lead me away
From the sorrow that holds me to-night;
From these lowering depths my spirit convey
To the cheer of thy glittering height.

COME and lead me away through halcyon groves,
Where ideals of life wander free,
Where each fanciful thought at liberty roves
And the sadness of earth cannot be.

IN thy garden of dreams the cares that beset
Cannot follow so close at my heels;
'Mid thy fancies and flowers my soul may forget
For a moment the yearning it feels.

Jean Rushmore

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized floral and vine motifs. At the top left is a large flower, and at the top right is a cluster of leaves and berries. The sides are decorated with repeating leaf patterns. At the bottom left and right are clusters of grapes and leaves respectively.

LASSIE AND LADDIE

WHEN ways were glad and grassy,
And buds were bright on bough,
Cried she—ah, winsome Lassie!—
“What cheer, O Laddie, now?”
And he—how brave his plaidie!—
With apple-bloom o’er ear;
“Fair faith, and all through thee, Lassie,
’Tis blithe and bonnie cheer!”

WHEN skies were hazed and brassy,
And drooped the red rose vine,
Cried she—ah, lovely Lassie!—
“What cheer, O Laddie mine?”
And he—how trim his plaidie!—
Made answer lyric clear;
“Fair faith, and all through thee, Lassie,
’Tis blithe and bonnie cheer!”

WHEN waters blue and glassy
Mirrored each leaf that fell,
Cried she—ah, longing Lassie!—
“What cheer, O Laddie? Tell!”
And he—how gay his plaidie!—
Plucking a last flower-spear;
“Fair faith, and all through thee, Lassie
’Tis blithe and bonnie cheer!”

WHEN clouds hung murk and massy
Above the chill white day,
Cried she—ah, eager Lassie!—
“What cheer, O Laddie? Say!”
And he—how warm his plaidie!—
Though drooped the wizened year;
“Fair faith, and all through thee, Lassie,
’Tis blithe and bonnie cheer!”

Clinton Scollard





SPRING SONG

A HYACINTHINE light lies over all,
And oh, the rippling rapture of that
tune
A wooer robin lovingly lets fall
Adown the long sweet slope of afternoon!

SOFT whispers, half articulate, fill the air—
Joy voices, as though grass and vine and
tree,
Released from thralldom, were intent to share
With one another their new ecstasy.

OPEN, my eyes, to all this wondrous scroll!
Open, my ears, to every sound a-wing!
That through the dark recesses of my soul
May surge the uplifting sweetness of the
spring!

Sennett Stephens

TO MY SUIT-CASE

COMRADE of a thousand jaunts—
 Cloudless skies or angry weather,
 Sandy wastes or rocky haunts—
 Rare old heart beneath the leather!

Friends are fickle, friends forget,
 Trusted props fall out from under;
 You alone stand by me yet—
 Such fidelity's a wonder!

I've abused you like a brute,
 Overburdened you and hurt you;
 Still you suffer, loyal, mute—
 Such rare patience is a virtue!

Once you nearly lost your way—
 I remember softly swearing,
 For I'd left with you that day
 All the clothes I wasn't wearing.

But you turned up just in time,
 As we struck the country station,
 Armed with candy, books of rhyme,
 Weapons of a tenth flirtation.

A flirtation? So I thought,
 Till the stars spun out their magic,
 Till the mischief that they wrought
 Grew quite comically tragic.

Comrade, grant me one more boon—
 Comrade that I've spurned and slighted!
 Join us on the honeymoon—
 Sure, the bride will be delighted!

Melville H. Cane



A CORNER IN FIANCÉS

BY GEORGE G. LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"JACK," said Frances Pierpont after a long silence—that is, long for her—"I want your advice."

"It's yours," replied Jack Hildreth, her brother-in-law. "You're a lucky girl," he added complacently.

"Don't be absurd, or I sha'n't tell you a thing!"

Jack held his peace. He knew better than to hurry a horse at a jump or a woman in a confession. The high trap sped along through the park. Impatiently Frances flicked a fly from the cob's back with a practised whip.

"Men are an awful nuisance," she said, drawing her arched eyebrows into a straight line.

"Really?" said Jack. "You surprise me!"

"Why can't they be sensible and not fall in love?"

"Why, indeed?"

"There are several who say they are in love with me. I'm sure I wish they were not."

"So do I," remarked Jack.

"What have you to do with it?" she retorted a trifle crossly.

"Nothing," he answered meekly.

"The worst of it is they will all be in Tuxedo while I am there—in fact, when I arrive to-morrow. They wrote me they would, you know. What am I to do, Jack?"

"It's not your move, is it? When I was young"—he is just past thirty—"the men always took the initiative."

"But, Jack, they expect—oh, men are such fools!"

"You are not engaged to them all, are you?" he asked in a scandalized tone.

"Certainly not," came the indignant reply. There was a moment's pause. Frances turned her head away, but Hildreth saw the color rise in her cheeks.

"But they think they are engaged to me. I never told them that I cared, really, Jack," she added swiftly.

Jack sneezed. It was all that saved the situation for him.

"How many?" he asked pointedly.

"Four," said Frances shamefacedly.

"Good heavens, child, you are worse than a Turk or a Mormon! And not one of them is above par?"

She shook her head.

"Tell me what to do, Jack. I really couldn't stand four scenes, one right after the other."

Jack was silent for a time. It was a puzzling proposition, especially for a man. Many women have been called upon to answer similar questions, and some of them have succeeded remarkably well. Presently he chuckled.

"You have cornered the market, child, and now you want to unload and don't know how. You are not the first, by any means, that has been in such a scrape. Corners are dangerous things whether they be on May wheat or moonlight yachts. Will you always take my advice if I help you this time?"

"Oh, yes, yes. Please hurry, Jack. If you only knew how I feel!"

"Here's my scheme, then. Hereafter it shall be called the first aid to the cornered maker of corners. I shall ask these four men—you must tell me their names—to dine with us to-morrow night without telling any one of them that the others are to be present. You must dine with us, too. Of course the men will all jump at the chance. Your first night at Tuxedo, and so forth. You probably understand that better than I do. The two luckiest will sit next you."

"There's nothing brilliant in that," Frances declared as Jack paused.

"Wait. When dessert is brought in I



ALL WAS CONFUSION, BETWEEN THE UNEXPECTED ANNOUNCEMENT OF HER ENGAGEMENT AND THE SUDDEN ARRIVAL OF LONG



"DO I LOOK AS IF CONGRATULATIONS WERE DUE?"

will play the ace of trumps, take all four Jacks in one trick, and save the queen." He bowed slightly to Frances. "I will rise and call upon the assembled company to drink the health of my fair sister-in-law—and her fiancé."

Frances gasped. "But I haven't any fiancé."

Jack waved his hand impatiently.

"What of it? Great minds rise above such trifles. We'll give him a name. A mere name will do the trick. You have

been away so long that no one will question it."

"Jack, you are positively a genius. If we weren't in a public park I should kiss you. Think of their faces when you say it!" She laughed as light-heartedly as a child now that she saw a way to dodge what she had thought an unavoidable nuisance, or worse. "What shall we call him—I mean the fiancé?"

"Oh, any name will do. What do you think of Bert Long?"

"Bert Long, Bert Long—yes, that will do. I rather like it. Mrs. Bert Long!" Frances laughed again. If she had not been so excited over the prospect of being free of her suitors at one fell swoop, she might have seen the shadow of a smile flit across Jack Hildreth's face.

II

FRANCES PIERPONT, a year younger than her sister, Helen Hildreth, had recently returned from Europe. She was staying a few days with her mother in New York before joining her sister at her home in Tuxedo. Frances had sailed for the other side in the early spring after a winter in New York and Washington, her first winter "out." It was the consensus of opinion among the men in both cities that she was a most lovable child. For child she seemed in spite of her slender height, and in spite of her *savoir faire* and her absolute fearlessness in ball-room and hunting-field. Among the girls she had firm friends and equally firm enemies, the latter because she was gifted—or perhaps afflicted—with a hit-or-miss frankness that sometimes struck home harder than she intended. Her friends called her a trump; her enemies said she was affected—it's a habit enemies have. They also said she was a flirt. She was, and, as Jack Hildreth said, "God bless her for it!"

When Frances Pierpont came into the drawing-room of the Hildreths' cottage—a cottage merely in name, a house in fact—on the edge of Tuxedo's beautiful lake, the evening after the unfolding of Jack's plan, at least four hearts in the room beat several points higher. They had cause. In a pink gown which vied with, though it could not rival, the delicate tint in her cheeks, with her beautiful dark brown hair, her graceful neck, and above all her wonderful eyes, Frances was more enchanting than even the dreams of her luckless suitors had pictured her.

She greeted them all as friends, nothing more; and none could say she showed the slightest preference. As she sat at dinner, chatting gaily, she thought over this "corner" of hers, as Jack had called it. Surely it was a strange combination. There was Count Lenoy, of the French embassy, the most popular diplomat in Washington, capable of making more

amusing mistakes in the use of the English language in an hour than the rest of the corps in a month, which is saying a good deal. Next there was Jimmy Martin, who had been in love with her ever since she wore pig-tails and short skirts, and he knickerbockers. John Corning, a rising young attorney of New York, was the third, and the fourth was Randolph Phillipse, a Washington beau of years' standing who had at last succumbed to Frances when all the world believed him a confirmed old bachelor.

Frances wondered how they would take the news of her supposed engagement, when Jack should hurl that bomb into their midst. She knew she ought to be sorry for them, and would be the next day, but just now she was too much keyed up with excitement. To be rid of them all at a single blow! Jack was certainly more clever than she had thought. But would he carry it off, after all? And what would Helen think? Frances had not breathed a word of the plot to her sister, for she feared that Helen might put her foot down and refuse to allow the fulfilment of such a scheme in her house.

Frances was at her best during this never-to-be-forgotten dinner. Count Lenoy and Jimmy Martin, who sat next her, enjoyed themselves immensely.

"Ah, but you are—how do you say it?—keen like a cat to-night, *mademoiselle*," said the Frenchman, and a laugh went up at his expense. He smiled good-naturally; he was used to being laughed at.

With the coming of dessert Frances' heart sank for a second, but she rallied gamely and shot a quick glance at Jack. He smiled back at her, and suddenly, to his wife's amazement—she knew that he despised after-dinner speeches as heartily as American champagne and French shoes—pushing back his chair, he rose to his feet, glass in hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Jack commenced. It was hardly an original opening, but any opening will do for an after-dinner speech. "Some are born with secrets, some achieve secrets, and some have secrets thrust upon them. I am in the last category, and this secret which has come to me is about to be thrust upon you. I will ask you to keep it a secret for a few days. It is a pleasant secret, and perhaps all the harder to keep on that ac-

count. Ladies and gentlemen, I call upon you one and all to drink the health of my sister-in-law, Frances Pierpont, and Bert Long, her fiancé."

For a second there was silence about the round table. Frances sat with averted head and flaming cheeks. The extent of her iniquity was dawning upon her. She heard Jimmy Martin swear softly to himself. "*Mon dieu!*" murmured the Frenchman on her other hand. She felt rather than saw the astonishment on her sister's face.

Perhaps it was only the fraction of a second that the spell lasted. At any rate, it was the Frenchman who first came back to earth. Seizing his wine-glass, he raised it high above his head, and, in a voice whose gaiety belied his real feelings admirably, he said:

"May you be for always as happy, *mademoiselle*, as we shall be miserable. To you I drink, and to M. Long!"

"Mr. Bert Long!"

Like a curiously distorted echo came the voice of the butler as he drew aside the portière which shut off the dining-room from the hall. A tall, bronzed man in gray traveling suit stepped quickly into the room. As in a dream Frances saw Jack hurry forward, shake the stranger by the hand, and clap him on the shoulder. All was confusion, between the unexpected announcement of her engagement and the sudden arrival of Long. Taking advantage of it, Frances fled from the room.

Sitting in the dimly lighted library, she saw it all—saw the whole scheme of that arch villain, Jack. How she would get even with him in the future! But what to do now? The man who had all unconsciously been claimed as her fiancé must not spoil the plot. And as for the other men, it would be unbearable if they learned the truth.

Frances heard the girls coming from the dining-room. In another minute they would find her, and the ordeal would begin. This part she minded little; in fact, she had expected and planned for it. It was what might happen afterward, when the men left their cigars and joined the ladies, that she feared. Knowing men pretty well, she was sure that their natural reticence would keep Bert Long—she was beginning to hate that name—

from learning anything from them. Quick as a flash she determined that she would monopolize Long the whole evening—who had a better right after that announcement, indeed?

In another minute she was surrounded by sympathetic femininity. Only her sister Helen held aloof, a puzzled expression on her pretty face. She knew that Jack and Frances together were capable of any mischief.

III

At last, when Frances had replied to at least a thousand questions telling where and when and how she had met Bert Long, and when she had come to the conclusion that the men would never leave the dining-room, but would be found ages afterward, half-smoked cigars in hand, like the bakers and their half-baked loaves in Pompeii, a group of black coats appeared at the door, a single gray one in their midst.

Quickly Frances rose, and, running lightly to the door, seized Bert Long's coat sleeve—seized is the only word for it, as Bert afterward declared—and led him quickly into the conservatory beyond the library. It was a toss-up whether he or Jack Hildreth was the more surprised—the former because, though Frances was known to him by reputation, he had hardly expected her to reach out and grasp him on such short notice; the latter because he knew of the trick, of which Bert was ignorant.

"I'm so glad to see you," said Frances, smiling up at the man who made her five feet six inches look very small. "Jack has told me so much about you." It is to be hoped that all Frances' fibs were not chalked up against her by the recording angel. "Why didn't you come earlier? We might have caught the same train out of town this afternoon. But then we shouldn't have known each other, should we?"

By this time Frances had ensconced herself on a comfortable bench, and, drawing her skirts aside, had made room for Long to sit down beside her. The windows of the conservatory were open. Only a few yards below lay the lake, shimmering in the light of the glorious harvest moon. A wonderful silver-gold pathway stretched across the still waters,

a fairy road that led upward to the mysterious star-specked sky.

"Shouldn't we?" said Long in reply to her question. "I am not so sure. There's only one you and only one me, you know. And I had seen you before."

The voice of the big, bronzed man was curiously low and gentle.

"Where?" asked Frances in surprise.

"Riding in the Bois last month. Your horse was an ugly brute. He bolted with you suddenly and made straight for a group of small children by the roadside. With a quick jerk of the reins you turned and cleared a fruit-cart standing near. It was well thought and bravely done, and—it probably saved the life of at least one of those children."

Frances remembered the incident perfectly, and how frightened she had been for those children. She felt herself blushing.

"Were you really there? But how did you know that it was I?"

"I asked," said Long, and it never occurred to Frances to wonder who could have given the desired information. The truth was, he had followed her all the way back to her hotel and had learned her name there. "When I discovered that it was Jack Hildreth's sister-in-law, I made up my mind that I would call the next day and claim acquaintance. Jack and I rowed in the same boat at college, you know, and that entitles us to many privileges."

She had not known, but she didn't say so.

"And we sailed the next afternoon, and that is the reason you missed me? What a near thing!"

"Wasn't it? And I took the next steamer home and cussed myself all the way across because I had not caught the one before," said Bert.

"Why did you come back?"

Frances could not resist the temptation to ask this question. She was curious to know whether he would pay her a silly compliment.

"Because I had been three years abroad knocking about the world, and because I wanted to tell you what I thought of that jump in the Bois," he answered without hesitation.

Again Frances was sure that her face was pink, but she said lightly:

"So you came here and told me! It was almost the first thing you said."

"I had waited a long time." There was silence a moment, and then Bert Long went on: "A strange thing happened a moment ago. As we were coming from the dining-room, that Frenchman, the count, shook hands with me. He congratulated me with all his heart, he said, though he hardly looked it. Why, I wonder! Do I look as if congratulations were due? It's not a birthday."

Frances' heart stood still.

"Haven't you just accomplished what you admit having waited a long time to do?" she asked.

He was sure she was laughing at him.

"Did Count Lenoy say anything else?" she continued calmly.

"No."

"And what did you say?"

"I? Oh, I thanked him. He evidently meant what he said, and I did not want to disappoint him."

Frances heaved a sigh of relief. Safe so far!

The next half hour passed quickly, as he told her of his life in the wilds, for he was one of the world's wanderers and fortunately had the money to gratify his tastes. And she talked to him of the places she, too, had seen and of the people they both knew. For a moment she forgot.

"Here, you good people, come in this minute! No more spooning in the moonlight. It's not proper. Any one would think that you had not met for the first time to-night."

It was Jack Hildreth's voice, and his last remark was greeted by a burst of laughter from inside. Then Helen said:

"How mean, Jack! How would you have liked it before we were married?"

There was another laugh, this time at Hildreth's expense. But for a second Frances felt that the slaughter of a sister was sometimes justifiable. She felt Bert Long's astonished gaze upon her.

"Do go away, Jack. We are coming soon," she said.

"I hope you have told Bert everything," said Jack *sotto voce*. "You know, you should have no secrets from him now."

Without deigning to reply, Frances turned appealingly to Long.

"Please wait for me here while I say good night to those people."

She did not wait for an answer, but vanished into the house. There each of the four down-hearted gentlemen who had come so hopefully to dinner said good-by to her and wished her joy in a characteristic manner.

"Ah, *mademoiselle*, you have given me a knock-in blow!" said Count Lenoy, laying his hand on his heart.

John Corning took his defeat, as he had taken others in his life, with the evident intention of starting again and never acknowledging that he was beaten.

"I am glad that you are to be happy, Miss Pierpont," said Randolph Phillipse. "The happiness of our women is what we care most for in our country."

Jimmy Martin merely squeezed her hand a little harder than usual and whispered:

"The best of luck to you, Frank!"

IV

WHEN the last had gone, Frances ran ahead of her sister and Hildreth to find Long in the conservatory. It was now or never.

"Mr. Long, will you do something for me?"

"Try me." His voice certainly sounded as if he might be depended on; still, as Frances thought, you never can tell.

"Even if what I ask seems very strange and rude?"

"Even so."

"Then please go away from here on the early morning train to-morrow."

"Eh?" ejaculated Bert.

"Oh, I wish—I wish I could explain, but I can't. It's not that I do not like you," she said desperately. "I do like you very much. Won't you trust me?"

A moment's pause, and then Long said:

"I shall take the morning train, of course, since you wish it."

"Thank you so much. And I'll drive you to the station—that is, if you care to have me," she added hesitatingly.

"I do care."

Perhaps there was more meaning in his tone than Long intended there should be.

"Do you really care? Well!" began Jack Hildreth's lazy voice; but what he was about to say is lost to history, for Frances interrupted him sharply.

"Jack, Mr. Long tells me that a pressing engagement calls him back to town on the early train to-morrow. Isn't it too bad?"

"Well, of all the——" Jack paused. "Frances, I know when I am beaten. You are too much for me. Bert, be careful what you do to this young lady. She's as unexpected as a snow-storm in July. Now run along to bed, child, and let me talk to this reprobate. I won't tell him a word, though you deserve it, on my honor. I suppose you are driving him to the station?"

When Frances and Bert Long sat down to breakfast early on Sunday morning the rest of the family had not appeared. She chatted merrily while Bert ate his eggs and drank his coffee in silence. There was too much about all this which he did not understand. Why was she in such a hurry to get rid of him? Had he told her too abruptly that he had followed her across an ocean? She was certainly the brightest, pluckiest girl in the world, but an enigma.

The drive to the station was all too short for Long. He could not help thinking that he would rather see Frances handle the reins than any whip he had seen in all his travels. As he stood by the wheel looking up into her eyes he felt a rash impulse to tell her she was the girl of all others. Instead, he said:

"I am doing a great deal more for you than you think, Miss Pierpont, in going away. You asked me to trust you, so I sha'n't ask any questions; but do you think I may come to see you?"

Her brown eyes held his for a second, and then dropped as that uncontrollable red mounted to her cheeks.

"I'm sure you may, and please come soon—Bert!"

He was gone, and Frances felt lonely for almost the first time in her life. As she turned her runabout toward home the crunch of wheels on the road told her that another carriage had driven up to the station. Looking back she saw Count Lenoy, Jimmy Martin, Phillipse, and Corning jump out and dash across the track just in time to catch the train. She smiled when she saw the last one swing aboard, and whispered to herself:

"The corner's broken in spite of Jack, and—Bert is coming back to me soon!"

IN FACE OF FACT

BY JOHNSON MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

"SHE went down to Joseph's this afternoon, but I guess she'll be back pretty soon. What is it you want, Milly?"

Bela Thomas spoke from the wide door of the wood-shed, where he stood rubbing his beard dry with a rough towel. The basin of foaming suds on the bench beside him told of a completed toilet. He buttoned the neck-band of his checked blue shirt, and rolled down his sleeves.

The woman before him, scarcely more than a girl, pulled nervously at her hands. Her mouth drooped, and her voice trembled anxiously.

"I don't feel as if I could wait, but I suppose I'll have to." She hesitated, and her eyes met his, irresolute, appealing. "It's the baby, Mr. Thomas. He's got something the matter with him, and I'm frightened. I wanted to call in Dr. Saunders—I wanted baby should have regular doctoring. I've just been down to his house, and he's gone to Rutland. Tom doesn't want him anyhow. He's set on having Lois give science treatment. I know it's good, and I promised, but it seems as though I just had to go for Dr. Saunders first! Tom's talked to me a lot. He's a believer. I guess, anyway, he'd think that what Lois did was about right."

She laughed drearily, but her voice sharpened as if vibrating, unconsciously, to some jarring personal note. Old Mr. Thomas tightened a loose suspender as he fixed his vague gaze on the girl.

"You ain't got a call to worry, Milly." The soft cadence of his voice was soothing. "You mustn't get excited. That's the worst thing you can do. Remember that there ain't no sickness and no death. Lois will be here in a minute, and she'll make everything right. Like as not she's sensed the trouble already," he added, touched by

the concentration of Milly's eyes. "Maybe she's giving an absent treatment now. She's wonderful that way, Lois is. You go home now, child, and don't worry. Just have faith, and I'll send her over the minute she gets back."

He stroked the girl's shoulder with clumsy tenderness and walked beside her a little before he turned in at the kitchen door.

Milly, herself, stopped at the gate. She leaned against it and glanced apprehensively at the small brown house further up the hillside. Smoke rose reassuringly from its chimney, and no cloth fluttered at the window, a prearranged signal in case the baby should grow worse.

Within her aching mother's heart a battle raged. Should she go back as the old man had bidden her, or should she stay here until Lois came? A strange instinct, that she could not describe, held her; a necessity for seeing Lois first before she took her to the baby.

"I'm sure I can tell if she can cure him," she thought, "and if she cannot, I shall know that, too, and she shall not see him."

She looked anxiously down the long stretch of road that fell to the village below. No one was in sight. She turned again, and saw the empty window; then she seated herself on the stone wall that framed the field, to wait.

Meanwhile, Lois Thomas and her sister-in-law were crossing the village common. Toinette's round figure and glowing face were in charming contrast to the other's pale slenderness. She was a young woman of French extraction, whom Joseph Thomas had met and married in Lowell, when he was learning the mill business there. Now, with their children, they lived in a big white house be-

side the woolen factory where Joseph was superintendent. His sister, too, had found life on the hillside farm unproductive, and had early gone away to school, where she earned her board and tuition by doing housework. Two years in a Boston hospital followed, with a nurse's career for a goal, and then, suddenly, she had come home.

About her return hung clouds of rumors that excited the village folk to futile discussion. Lois Thomas had left the hospital; she had become a Christian Scientist; she was staying with her father until fall, when she meant to open an office in Boston; meanwhile, she would be glad to give treatments to all who needed them. That old Mr. Thomas should at once become a convert caused no surprise. He was a gentle soul with a stifled imagination, who seized on every new doctrine. He believed in teetotalism, vegetarianism, the single tax, and woman suffrage. Indeed, in his youth, he had been an ardent Second Adventist, and had waited all through one chill and windy night on the roof of his uncle's barn, clad in the white robe of expectancy. Joseph, on the contrary, had condemned plainly what he called an aberration.

It was to speak of this that his wife had insisted on walking back with Lois. Toinette slipped her hand under the other's arm as they left the green level of the common and started to climb the hill. Now and then her slender fingers closed affectionately on her sister-in-law's sleeve.

"You must not avoid Joe," she was saying. Her English was without a trace of accent, but now and then some straying phrase, some sudden gesture, disclosed her ancestry. "And you must give him no chance to avoid you. Accustom him to the idea. Joe never likes what he does not think of first himself. You know that, I know it; it is a fact. Why, my Lois, he even thinks that he discovered me, but it was I who made him do it!"

She laughed comfortably at the remembrance. Lois Thomas smiled, but shook her head as they walked on together.

"I don't believe that you quite understand, Toinette dear, how little the fact of any one's disapproval means to me. That is nothing in comparison with the

unspeakable sense of security that my faith has brought to me. It has given me a new ideal of life. It has shown me the glorious responsibility that rests on me, because I am one with nature and the Infinite. I am full of such strength of truth and goodness and health, physical and spiritual, that I must give it out freely wherever there is need."

Toinette glanced at her curiously.

"But you had an enthusiasm," she interrupted sharply, "about your nursing, you remember. Is not that a helpful, a noble work?"

"Of course it is," Lois answered, "in so far as it carries out the intention to convey a benefit when there is a need; but it is based on a false foundation—the acknowledgment of illness and suffering as facts. It is limited, too, by bounds set by what men call science—the medical, a tentative and inexact science at that. In comparison with the other how base it seems! Of course, I liked it at first. I've always wanted to be useful, and I thought I saw my opportunity; but on that wonderful night, as I've told you, when by the merest chance I happened to hear this new religion expounded, there came to me like a vision a sudden recognition of what existence really meant. Then my old beliefs fell from me like a bandage that had blinded my eyes.

"Oh, Toinette," she went on with quickening eagerness, "the power of this religion of love! It makes us little children again, trusting, believing, potent through our simplicity to achieve anything on which we set our minds and hearts. We are ourselves self-poised, self-sufficient, aloof from everything save the great communion with nature and with God."

Lois' eyes burned with light, and her voice fell to the monotone of the enthusiast. To Toinette's mind there sprang an impression of some inspired saint, some pictured, passionless guardian of her childhood. The sense of a sudden loss of human sympathy brought quick tears under the black lashes and shamed the combative mood. Her arm around the other held her tight. Her tender lips pressed the hand she clasped.

"Oh, that is so cold, so cruel, my Lois! It is no real love that would make you feel like this. Look out, or I shall come to

hate the science! I shall want the old days back again. I shall wish that you had never gone away, but had stayed and married Tom Bowker. Couldn't you have done it? He did love you, Lois!"

The other made no reply. They had reached the break of the hill that brought the Thomas farmhouse into view. It rambled bleak and gray to the left. Toinette stopped suddenly.

"Why, there's some one waving to us," she exclaimed. "See, it's Milly Bowker! What can she want? I wonder if there's anything wrong?"

II

MILLY ran to meet them. Her cheeks were tear-stained and her eyes heavy. She ignored Toinette and seized Lois' hand, looking into her face searchingly before she spoke.

"Come!" she cried. "I've been waiting for you a long time. My baby's sick and I want you to make him well. I'm going to trust you. You can do it, can't you, Lois? You are quite sure?"

The other's smile was calm as she looked down at her.

"Yes," she answered simply.

They turned toward the little brown house farther up the hill. Some one within raised a window, and suddenly a large white cloth fluttered out. Milly screamed:

"Oh, my baby, he's worse, I tell you, he's worse! That's Tom's signal. Hurry, hurry—oh, I don't know!"

Her hand gripped Lois' and dragged her forward, forcing her, in spite of herself, to yield to the pressure of Milly's haste. They ran together to the house. Toinette saw them disappear into the doorway; then she turned, puzzled, unsatisfied, and walked slowly down the hill.

Toward midnight the baby grew restless. Against the monotone of the watcher's prayers, his fitful cries beat insistent. The small brown head rolled uncomfortably from side to side; the tiny hands clasped and unclasped themselves spasmodically, spots of red blazed in the pale cheeks.

For five hours Lois had been alone with the child. At first Milly refused to leave the room.

"He is my baby. I must know just what she is going to do to him. I shall not go, I tell you!"

She had struggled when Tom, with a mute appeal to Lois, took her gently by the arm. Then Lois spoke for the first time, with some severity:

"You must leave us alone, Milly, your baby and me. You must trust. You must be brave. Above everything, you must be silent. I forbid you to come back again. You may have perfect confidence in me. I tell you this once and for all."

The girl yielded wonderingly to the authority of her tone. Tom led her out, and the door closed behind them.

The child lay breathing heavily on the cool, fresh sheet that Lois had placed under him. She held her gaze fixed on his pinched little face, as she leaned forward from her chair at the bedside. She was concentrating every power of her mind on the thought of health, on the ideal of soundness and perfection, on a recognition of the vital force which is Absolute Goodness. Her prayers followed her thoughts; now quite unspoken, now murmured softly through parted lips, now rising steadily on the wings of her simple words.

Sometimes the baby opened his eyes. They shone in the dim glow of the shaded lamp, star-splendid—Tom's own eyes! They bore the look of confiding trust that the father's had never lost. This was Tom's child, and Tom had loved her! The sense of an unpaid debt of affection possessed her. If she had loved Tom, that child might have been her very own. Her heart warmed to the magic of the thought.

"Surely he shall come to the health that is his. He shall not stray from the goodness of which he is a part. The love which envelops him is all powerful. The life everlasting is his birthright!"

So the night grew. Outside, had she listened, she might have heard a whip-poorwill's soft cry and the pine-tree's melody, as the wind thrummed its branches. Had she looked, she might have seen the slow procession of the stars across the zenith, while a paling moon waned inverted to the valley.

Yet, beneath her concentration, Lois became acutely sensitive to the child's restlessness. Some disregarded instinct, poignant, aggressive, seemed ever tugging at her attention. Through her mind, making strange pathways in her conscious

thought, darted swift remembrances of similar situations, their treatments, their results. Before her eyes rose irrelevant pictures of herself, white-capped and aproned, in the long ward of the hospital. In her ears seemed to sound again the doctor's orders; they half awakened some impulse of obedience.

Then she would rouse herself with an effort, pushing back these outside fancies, forcing free her atmosphere from their crowding intrusions—free for the uninterrupted contemplation of the great realities—love and life. Her mood, steadied by the application of her will, soared aloft, exalted, rarefied. Her whole being seemed to fill itself with the great force which rules nature and, through nature, the individual. Subconsciously, she felt herself becoming not only the medium but the force itself. Her prayers rose again, heart-born, soul-lifted, ecstatic.

Suddenly the child's cries strengthened. His hands clutched the sheet desperately. The color in his cheeks, burned to dull crimson, suffused the whole face. Even as Lois' eyes, intent, despite her absorption, rested there, the change came—a fluttering sigh drawn through tightening lips, a stiffening of every muscle, an instant pallor, gray and chilling, that swept away the red, and then a long shudder that shook the little body in its grasp.

Her thoughts stopped midway. She seized the lamp from the stand and held it over the bed. She watched, in the glare of its yellow flame, every movement of the child. Through the mists of her theories and beliefs pierced a ray of mental light as strong as its physical counterpart showing a definite fact. The baby was in convulsions; for this there was one simple medical remedy. She knew it well. Her nurse's instinct, now thoroughly awakened to the consciousness that something must be done, struggled for action. Her faith held it back for a moment of breathless balance—then gave way at sight of the swiftly changing color of the child.

She put down the lamp, and opened the door into the next room. Tom stirred heavily as she touched him. He had been asleep on the lounge. At the sound of her voice he sat upright and asked anxiously:

"What is it, Lois? Is the baby——"

She interrupted him gently.

"The baby is very ill, Tom, and I want Milly to stay with him. Where is she? If she's gone to bed, won't you take my place for a moment while I go to the kitchen? Is there a fire there?"

She ran across the room as she spoke, and already her fingers touched the latch. Tom turned, his eyes held hers for an instant.

"Yes," he said, "there's a fire there, and Milly's there, too!"

A cloud of steam met her as she opened the door; through it she could make out a figure at the stove. It was Milly holding the cover of the tin boiler in her hand and peering into the bubbling water. Lois went forward and touched her shoulder.

"I want you to help me, Milly. I'm going to give the baby a hot bath. He is in a convulsion."

Milly did not look up, but shook off the other's hand. Her voice, as she answered, held a note of triumphant authority.

"I knew you'd come to it. I've been expecting you. I am ready. See, here is hot water! If you hadn't come to your senses, I'd have *made* you! I knew 'twould be a convulsion. I never trusted you! Quick!" she went on. "You pump that pail full of cold water and follow me with it. I'll take this in first."

She was dragging a heavy tub to the door.

"Can't I help you?" Lois began.

"Let me alone!" the other interrupted. She was half across the kitchen. "I don't trust you, Lois Thomas! You do just what I tell you; only hurry, hurry! I'll save my baby yet."

She was gone. Lois followed her with the cold water. Tom took the boiler from the stove. Together they prepared the bath in silence; but it was the mother, her eyes ablaze, her hands steady, who lifted the cramped little figure from the bed. Again and again she held her baby in the healing waters. Gradually his tense limbs relaxed, a natural color softened his rigid face, his breathing grew regular and gentle, and as Milly dried his body tenderly in her arms, he opened his eyes.

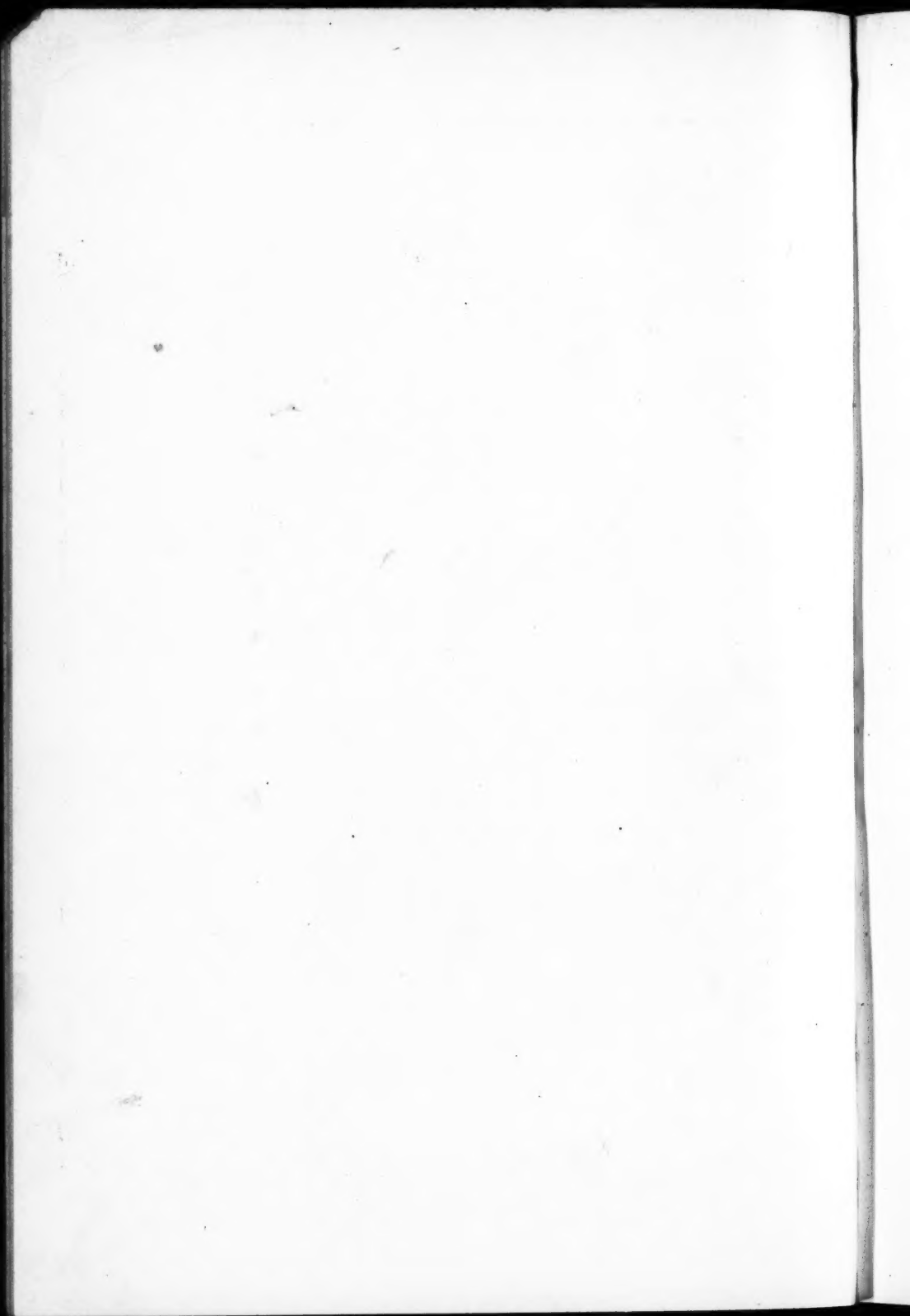
III

As soon as she could, Lois slipped away, running home across the fields and letting herself in at the unfastened door.



"OH, MY BABY, HE'S WORSE, I TELL YOU, HE'S WORSE!"

[See page 41]



The quiet of her own room was grateful. She drew down the shades, undressed hastily, and threw herself on the bed. A sense of physical relief belittled every other impression. It was enough to lie there in silence, breathing the fresh night air that came through the half-opened window; enough to feel the cool support of the pillow beneath her head, and to close her eyes in the soothing darkness. She was conscious of ignoring with an ease almost mechanical, the unceasing rotations of thought that wheeled vaguely through her brain; and in this restful state of suspended responsibility she fell asleep.

She awakened with a start, at the flapping of a window-shade, to a simultaneous realization of outer brightness and inner gloom. A cloud of mental depression fell about her, choking her with a sense of fierce regret, a conviction of failure. To lie still was impossible; the sudden activity of her brain demanded compensating movement from her body. She sprang from bed and hurried to the window.

The raising of the curtain showed a morning already advanced. There was heat in the sunshine that beat down on the flower borders. A flock of crows circled boldly over the deserted fields. Up from the village came faint, rhythmical notes of church-bells ringing. It was Sunday.

The sudden recognition of the day brought to Lois Thomas a remembrance of the last service that she had attended in Boston. She saw the crowd that filled the place; she heard the singing of familiar hymns, the reader's words that accented the listening silence. She recalled the state of mind in which she had left the church, like a young soldier eager for battle, trusting to his strength, sure of success! Ah, she had been too sure of herself. She had proved false to the ideals of her belief, she had swerved from the vital essentials of her creed, and she had failed!

She walked the room in noiseless grief; the restriction of four walls grew intolerable. She must get out of doors.

"I ought to give it all up," she decided. "I'll write to Boston and tell them just what I've done, and then I'll get some manual work to do, something that needs

no more than I have to give. I am not fit, not fit—I have failed!"

Every train of thought, whatever its starting-point, whatever its impulse, stopped at this same conclusion, which seemed to bound her mental horizon like a dark cloud-barrier.

Toinette was sitting in the kitchen when Lois opened the door. Her gloves and prayer-book lay on the window-sill beside her.

"Oh, you sleepy one!" she cried. "I've been waiting for you. I came up here straight from mass. I met your father on his way to church, and he told me the good news about the baby; but I wanted to hear it all from you, so behold me! See, I've made you some fresh coffee—I heard you getting up. But—why, my Lois!" She rose and hurried forward, drawn by the mute appeal of the other's face. "What is the matter? You are ill! Tell me; tell me!"

She held out her arms, and Lois, her eyes filling with tears, felt them close comfortingly around her. In another instant she was sobbing out her story on Toinette's breast.

IV

At noon the two women walked slowly toward the small brown house. Lois had regained her self-control. She held her head erect, and in her eyes burned anew the clear light of serenity. Only to Toinette's affectionate perception she seemed absorbed, preoccupied. The sunny midday was not more silent than their intimacy.

It was Lois who spoke first. She stopped at the gate and drew her arm from Toinette's.

"I want to ask you something, dear. I can't thank you enough for all you said to me an hour ago, for all the help you've given. Why have you never talked like this before to me, Toinette, and where did you get your beautiful ideas of life? You've not studied these things, as I have. You've never seemed to care for them really—forgive me!—and yet—"

Toinette interrupted with a flash of deprecating hands. As she spoke, the smile that curved her full red lips ended in a laugh.

"I study? Oh, no, no! Yes, my Lois, you are right. Such as I have, I never

got in that way!" Then she paused a moment, and looked into the other's eyes with a mother's searching tenderness. "I get it, I suppose, from the happiness in my life; out of all the love that I take and give. It is very simple. The world is beautiful, God is good, all is well; and I help just by trying to be good, too—and happy!"

Lois had bowed her head. Suddenly she raised it again.

"Toinette," she cried, "I believe you are a better Christian Scientist than I am!" Then she went on breathlessly: "Ever since you spoke to me of my error in forgetting that after all Tom's baby did not die, and showed me that what I called failure was really success by other means—ever since you told me that I ought to make that fact my starting-point, instead of the sordid one of my own distrust, I have felt it. Now I see how small and selfish and self-centered I have been, thinking more of my own credit than of the great principle for which I meant to work. Oh, Toinette, I have learned much of you!"

"Lois, do you mean to give up Christian Science?" Through the bluntness of Toinette's question there sounded a veiled anxiety, baffling in its purport.

"Never," Lois spoke gently, but conviction steadied her voice and colored her pale face. "I shall start afresh. If the baby had died, I don't know that I could

have said this; but now, with the fact that he got well to build on, I'm going to begin all over again. My faith is not shaken, dear Toinette; it is as strong as ever. It is *myself* that I must let go. I must learn anew."

They walked through straggling borders of purple phlox that sagged over the dusty path, and stood at last at the door. Lois' hand touched the latch.

"No!" She hesitated, as she spoke. "Do you knock, Toinette. I am almost afraid. I must say just a word to them both. You suppose all is right, don't you, Toinette, about the baby? I am getting superstitious almost; it means so much to me—so much!"

Toinette's fingers tapped the panel. Behind it came a sound of hurrying skirts, a footstep, then a whisper, hoarse, discernible. It was in Milly's voice.

"Tom, it's Lois. You go to the door. I won't see her, I tell you! Don't let her in; don't let her in!"

Tom opened the door. He closed it behind him silently, and stood on the porch beside the two women. His eyes looked beyond Lois, as she spoke to him. The light of their trustfulness had gone out; they were like an animal's in distress. He spoke dully:

"I guess you'd better not come in. The baby's had another bad turn. We're pretty worried about him. Dr. Saunders is here now."

THE RIVER OF MY BOYHOOD

Just enough of a river to please the heart of a boy;
With every season a new surprise, the thrill of a keener joy.
Islands in it, and woody shores—and sweet with the mystery
Of its far-off source in the unfound hills, and its goal in the unknown sea.

Out of the past comes calling its voice on the wind to-night,
Bidding us turn in our wandering back to the old delight
Of days that are lost forever save in the memories
Of its waters beaming brightly through the shadowy willow trees.

Again we seem beside it, where the grassy banks lean low
And the bushes hide the broad bayou where the white pond-lilies grow;
We drag from its bed in the rushes the old dugout canoe,
And paddle out among them just as we used to do;

Heap them in drifts about us—all that our arms can hold—
Bury our staggered senses deep in their hearts of gold;
Forget the world and its toiling in the happy song that thrills
With the warmth of the sun and the breath of the fields blown down
from the green-clad hills.

Oh, river of my boyhood! Flow soft through all my dreams,
And be their happiest fancies bright with your sun-caught beams;
Come in your song to gladden the heart that is far away,
And lead it back to the scenes it loves and is longing for to-day!

Charles Coleman Stoddard

THE DECADENCE OF POSITIVE AUTHORITY

BY CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D., LL.D.

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NATURE IS A SYSTEM ORDERED BY RIGID LAWS, BUT THE TENDENCY OF OUR MODERN CIVILIZATION IS TO RESENT ALL FORMS OF AUTHORITY—THE RESULT IS ANARCHY, DOMESTIC, EDUCATIONAL, AND POLITICAL

SENSE of competency creates sense of authority, and over against the theory that right makes might is set the practise that might makes right. It took people a great while to learn that the earth is a negligible fragment of the universe, and not its center; and it is a still harder lesson to learn that a man is not himself a system, but only an elementary member of a system; that his supreme prerogative lies in the recognition of authority, not in its exercise; and that what he rather ostentatiously calls self-government is the administration of himself by imported rather than by indigenous statutes. As the development of the individual proceeds, and his sense of faculty becomes correspondingly more pronounced, the lesson of subordination becomes in the same ratio more difficult, and anarchy, which is only another name for "every man a law to himself," is the natural issue of an advanced civilization.

The prevalence and invariability of law in the material world is a matter definitely understood. Nature is dependable. From the orbit of a star to the fall of a water-drop, events move upon a track inflexibly engineered and no derailment. Even what we know as miracles must be understood by us as comprised within a system of ordinance, even though that system be too broad to submit itself to human discovery and exploration. What we call the poetry of nature is but an esthetic euphemism for

the music made by its interacting energies harmonized with one another because all pitched to the keynote of an inelastic obligation.

Now the grandest and most complete conception we can have of the empire of moral event is one that is painted in colors copied from just such a representation of the material kingdom. The differences existing between the two régimes in no wise invalidate that feature of identity which is our only present interest and contention. In one case the subject may be conscious of the law, and in the other case not. In one case the subject may defy the law, and in the other case not; but conscious or unconscious, obedient or recalcitrant, nothing exists, personal or material, that is not created into distinct relation to authority; and no event transpires, whether in mineral, vegetable, animal, or personal life, that is not either on or off the line of duty definitely and unrepealably laid down for it.

THE REBELLION AGAINST AUTHORITY

This way of conceiving matters imparts to the human situation a quality of rigidity to which the instability and ethical incertitude at present existing in many quarters will be likely to take sharp exception, and it is just that fact which renders the present discussion timely. If there is any one thing that people, young and old, cordially agree in resenting it is the idea of doing as

somebody tells them, and it makes little difference who that somebody is. Positive authority is distasteful, and the appearance is that we are getting more and more out of conceit with it. We are becoming more and more competent to forecast the weather and to predict to the instant the eclipses and occultations of the heavenly bodies, but less and less able to foretell the conduct of man, woman, or child; and that is because, while the stars keep the commandments, and we are understanding better and better the decalogue that is legislated for the heavens, it is man only that is anarchical and more and more breaking down into ethical chaos, according as he gains an enlarging consciousness of his own smartness and sufficiency.

Therefore to know that every moral act that man or child can perform has a fixed statute definitely relevant to it is the very alphabet of ethics; and it is because so much of our home-training is skipping the alphabet that children are growing up without the ability to understand the paragraphs and chapters of the matter, and that the home becomes the nursery of adult anarchy. This does not mean that a child should be harnessed into the treadmill of continuous parental precept, and have no opportunity allowed him for the exercise of his own moral judgment—a policy that would leave unexploited some of the very finest faculties of the incipient soul; but it does mean that whether the child does as his parent tells him, or does as he tells himself, his doing is to square with something other than an inwardly contained authority. It means, furthermore, that what he does is not right because he decided to do it, is not right because he thinks it is right, but right because it is in the line of the supreme law legislated for man to obey and in force before there was any man or child here to obey it.

THE LACK OF HOME DISCIPLINE

It does not appear that to any considerable extent a foundation of behavior, as deep and solid as that, is at present being laid as part of the home discipline; and a prolific crop of miscellaneous lawlessness is the legitimate harvest that is being reaped from so irreso-

lute a system of seed-sowing. There is a great difference between coming up and being brought up, and, practically speaking, all the bringing up that a person gets is done and over with before he leaves home. That is to say, the foundation of character is laid then, and foundations must be laid at the start, or never.

That children are allowed, and even encouraged, to be the arbiters of their own conduct doubtless often proceeds from the very best of intentions on the part of the parents, and in particular from the desire to promote in their offspring a spirit of manly self-reliance and exemption from the need of leading-strings. That is the American idea. American history began in the act of getting out of the cradle, kicking open the front door, and tramping all over the yard. The impulse is a superb one, and is doing a lot of work in the world, but a radical notion always eventually comes to grief unless it is tinged with a dash of conservatism.

Parents do well to foster in their children a liberty-loving spirit; but liberty is a positive matter and not a negative, and consists not in what we renounce but in what we espouse. We emancipate ourselves, not by what we tear ourselves loose from, but in what we tie ourselves up to; and the only liberty fit to be set up in the home, or anywhere else, as an object of admiration and an aim to be attained is the liberty that fulfils itself in zealous adherence to external authority, not in its rejection. Liberty is a genius for obeying, and consists, not in our successful escape from ordinance, but in the graceful facility with which we are able to execute it. It is the ability to do consciously what the flower does unconsciously when, without constraint and without revolt, it accomplishes the vegetable destiny decreed for it; what the star does unconsciously when, unhasting and unresting, it beamingly runs the road laid down for it.

Naturally enough, then, children are not punished as much as they used to be. Punishment, when intelligently administered, is for the purpose of impressing with the fact that the authority to which one is amenable is not subjective to him, but objective; and a dimin-

ished realization of this distinction on the parents' part means necessarily a diminished resort to penalty, a hesitant application of the rod. There is evident just at the present time a growing belief in the efficiency of the whipping-post as a punishment for criminals. If children were chastised more, they would stand less in need of it after they become adults. At one end of life or the other, we all need to be whipped, and by one kind of lash or another are likely to be; and one stroke while we are still tender is worth a dozen applied after we have become tough.

THE VALUE OF PUNISHMENT

This tone of suggestion is not motivated by any sanguinary desire to have the poor little things set aching; but a considerable percentage of the elements composing our nature is as definitely brutal as anything that appears in the dog or the ox, and settled brutality can be matched only by more of the same. A school teacher who is forbidden to resort to corporal punishment is already beaten on her own ground. It may not be safe to allow her that prerogative, but she is herself defeated if it is not allowed to her, for she is almost certain to have pupils into whom respect for authority can only be wrought by the discipline of physical pain. I would not myself teach in the average run of common school where a ferrule is not recognized as an essential piece of schoolroom furniture. If it is there, it may not be needed; if it is not there, it will almost certainly be needed.

Of course a teacher can get along in a way by coaxing; but submission to cajolery is not submission to authority, and the best and most fundamental lesson a child ever learns is to obey. The famous English schools have in the past presumably carried the policy of brutality to a rough extreme, and almost made whipping an established feature of the curriculum, as illustrated in the instance, at once pathetic and humorous, of the thirteen boys sent together to the study of the head-master. According to the story, the worthy pedagogue proceeded at once to the congenial task of scourging them, and had already operated upon seven when one of the re-

maining six plucked up sufficient courage to tell him that they had not been sent to be whipped, but to be examined for the confirmation class. But, even so, a measure of severity is infinitely to be preferred to the contrary extreme of invertebrate good nature, even if it does sometimes mistakenly put stick in the place of catechism.

When the matter of putting the rod back in the New York public schools was up for discussion, in 1904, a minority report favoring such step urged—in the language used conjointly by the Male Principals' Association of Manhattan and the Bronx and the Principals' Association of the City of New York—that “every child has the right to demand of us that we train him to a wholesome respect for the law.” Also that “physical pain is nature's mode of punishment, and it is unfair to state that it is an insult to the child whose only avenue of sensibility is through his integument.” It is sentimentality rather than sentiment that antagonizes the re-introduction of corporal punishment into the schools—a condition of mind not likely to infect the judgment of teachers themselves, who come face to face with the situation; and the report just quoted concludes by saying that “out of two hundred and sixty-nine principals, corporal punishment is favored by two hundred and twenty-three”—that is, by more than eighty-two per cent.

OUR STUDENT-GOVERNED COLLEGES

Failure to subdue the child to the authority of law in the home and the school comes to its legitimate issue in the attempt so often successfully made by students to govern trustees and faculty in the college and the university. There is as much college government now as there was fifty years ago, only formerly the college governed the boys and now the boys govern the college. Managing boards are afraid to employ the discipline necessary to render the students obedient to college requirements. They had rather tolerate quite a considerable amount of anarchy than suffer an impairment of student attendance.

With us everything goes by arithme-

tic. We ask how many dollars a man is worth, how many people there are in a city, how many books there are in a library, how many students there are in a university. The boys take advantage of this numerical passion. They know that the institution wants to get as many students as it can and wants to keep all it can get, and grade their conduct or their misconduct to conform to the amount of bereavement that will be visited upon the management by their suspension or expulsion. It will in several respects be to the advantage of such institutions when it becomes the vogue to put upon them a strictly qualitative rather than a quantitative estimate. At any rate, when that time comes, a questionable student will understand that to be absent does not necessarily mean to be missed, and that the subtraction of a negative quantity is really a process in addition.

FOOTBALL AND THE OPTIONAL SYSTEM

It connects naturally with the foregoing paragraph to say that the game of football, with all its brutal appurtenances of broken bones, stretchers, and attendant surgeons, was, in secret, as seriously deplored by college authorities before the recent revolt of public sentiment as it has been since; but that, unsupported by the demand of the press and the people, these same college authorities had not the courage to face the students and veto the barbarities of the young ruffians. So long as the student body has not acquired the art of obedience, and is organized in contempt of authority, the only thing left to trustees and faculty is either to disguise their humiliation under the pretense of authority, or see the college go to pieces and the students evaporate into other institutions, where they can administer the college or university with less interference from the governing body.

To a degree also it is this same undomesticated character of the average American boy that gives occasion to what in college is known as the optional system. Harvard set the pace in this policy, and the others had to follow suit as a matter of self-defense. College professors used to consider—and

presumably they do now—that there is such a thing as the science of education, and that there are certain branches of study whose pursuit will best contribute to the results properly aimed at by education. It used to be said to us: "If you come to college, you will study what you are told to study." At present it is said to the boys: "Please come to college and you can study what you like." And so it comes about that the boy, the freshman, the mere kid, with no conception of what an education is, how it is to be attained, or what it will do when attained, exercises his silly autonomy in the matter, takes orders from his unsophisticated fancy, follows the line of least resistance, and perhaps gains less real discipline by study than he does by studying how to escape study.

THE TRUE BASIS OF LAW

Once a person becomes possessed of the notion that positive authority is a slur upon inherent prerogative, and that he is competent to steer his canoe by a pocket-compass of his own construction, the demoralizing consequences of his heresy will assert themselves along any line of activity or inactivity that he may happen to enter upon. The functions of a legislator will furnish as appealing an illustration as any. There is no body of men in our American life whose acceptance or non-acceptance of the principle for which we are contending is more fruitful in blessing or disaster than that of the framers of our State and Federal laws. There has been terrific apostasy in this particular since the time when Alfred the Great posited his legislation on the Ten Commandments.

And the point of this reference to Alfred does not lie in the fact that it was a part of the Word of God that he made the basis of his legislative economy, but in the fact that he was not content to spin his enactments out of the tissue of his own individual ethics or philosophy, or to put up a system of statutes that did not rest upon positive support. What our representatives in Albany and Washington show little disposition to realize is that it is not the function of a legislator to *make* law, but to interpret already existing law into applicable re-

lation to contemporary conditions. No one can charge them with being indifferent to contemporary conditions, but with allowing those conditions to subtend the entire angle of their legislative vision—the result of which is a sort of hand-to-mouth policy of enactment, a kind of tinkering and patching that is oblivious of primary principles, and unconscious of what is basal and structural.

Exactly at that point is evinced the distinction between political and statesmanly enactment. It is the same distinction as appears between two classes of decisions rendered by the judiciary. Certain decisions have emanated from the bench, Roman, American, English, that are no more susceptible of reversal than the statutes of the Decalogue or the pronouncements of the Sermon on the Mount. They knit down into the eternal basis of things, and cannot go without tearing out some of that basis along with them.

THE POLITICAL MORALITY OF THE DAY

Now it is not conspicuously apparent that the men in general who at Albany stand in the place of Solon, Moses, and Alfred know very much about the eternal basis of things, or care very much for it. Men whose convictions are rooted into the soul of the everlasting are unmanageable, and therefore do not fit into the exigencies of our political life. They are politically as unwieldy as a vessel riding at anchor, or as a ledge of granite framed into the massiveness of the globe. A Senator or Representative who worships himself and idolizes his self-interest will get along, but the possession of unfluctuating principle is an embarrassment and argues legislative incapacity. It was once said in my hearing by a State Senator who stood well up on the rounds of political preferment:

"When a new measure is brought forward my first thought is, What effect will my attitude toward that bill have on my political future?"

The prevailing sentiment being what it is, a legislator does not expect to remain in public life unless he subordinates the requirements of absolute righteousness to the dictates of his

partisan associates. As a practical influence, fear of party counts more at Albany than fear of God.

It is the situation as thus portrayed that creates a feeling of public anxiety when a legislature convenes, and a corresponding sense of relief when it adjourns; for with all the instability that we may be aware distinguishes us individually, we do shrink from committing large responsibilities to men who are unanchored, to men whose dominating fealty is to anything less than some supereminent authority too deeply founded to be jarred by surface tremors, and carried to too distinct a height to be confused with accidental or conventional standards.

WHAT ARE OUR STATUTES WORTH?

And there is direct connection between the moral meaninglessness of a legislature and the moral impotence of the statutes it enacts. A law means only as much as its legislative author means by it. And the principle obtains, not only in the case of legislators, but in that of every man invested with any kind or degree of official authority.

A great deal of criticism is at the present time being justly pronounced upon the prevailing spirit of lawlessness. To illustrate by a notable example. There exists in New York a law against the opening of saloons on the Sabbath. The Legislature does not mean much by keeping that ordinance on the statute-books, and the mayor does not mean anything by swearing to enforce it. Now if we had Senators and Assemblymen at Albany so constituted as to apply themselves to the task of deciding what under all the circumstances is fundamentally right in the disputed matter, unaffected by considerations of ambition, bribery, or unenlightened scrupulosity, and if then we had a mayor and chief of police who would make a business of doing what they are willing enough to take oath that they will do, the moral tone of the community would immediately be sensibly lifted. Getting down to immutable foundations at Albany, City Hall, and Mulberry Street would presently issue in putting our entire communal life on a basis of solidity and stability, and would reduce existing

chaos to at least an incipient stage of order and comeliness.

But so long as we proceed upon the principle that anybody who can get the votes is qualified to interpret eternal law into forms of human statute, and that anybody who can get the votes, or is crafty enough to manufacture them, is competent, as mayor, to take over the august achievements of Albany and experiment with them in Manhattan, we shall certainly continue as we are, with just sufficient snatches of daylight scattered in at long and weary intervals to render the darkness more visible and solemnizing.

A TIME FOR SERIOUS THOUGHT

The foregoing is motivated by no impulse of pessimism, but by a desire to put the responsibility at the distinct point where it belongs. The well-being of the community is secured only by the fixity of our executives, legislators, and judiciary, and their fixity is guaranteed only by the thoroughness with which they are submitted to the behests of authority that is positive and transcendent. And the primary duty of the American citizen is to be thoroughly as-

sured, in this particular, of the character of the man he is voting for. The thing to think most about is not the wickedness of men in office, but our own carelessness, thoughtlessness, and moral slovenliness in putting them there. In erecting a building, the first thing we think of is the foundation; but in erecting an official, most of our thought about his foundation is deferred till the superstructure is all up.

But it is a pleasant thought to conclude with that it is to just this feature of civic obligation that the minds of earnest men are now turning with unprecedented seriousness. New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Missouri have just been edging back on to the Ten Commandments. The air to-day is full of the conviction that a bad man is not a safe man to tie to, that smartness unassociated with loyalty to eternal righteousness will not work out the highest order of destiny, and that although it is a far cry to Moses, nothing short of a liberal amount of original Sinai embedded in the constitution of the individual and of the State will make for stability of character and for an honorable and progressive history.

THE CALL OF THE WATER COUNTRY

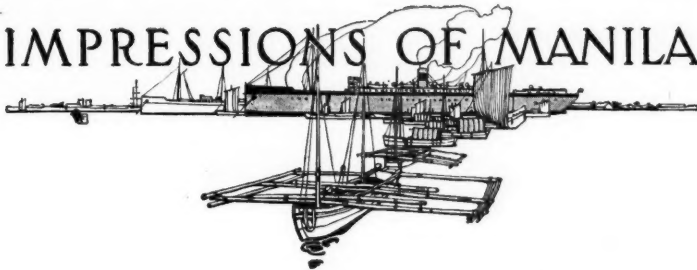
TAKE me back, ye whispering friars;
House me, oh, ye priestly pines;
Where the twanging wild-crane choirs
Thunder from the water-vines.
Heart-stained, out of sin and city
Purge me, oh, my northland air!
Breathe, ye blue nun lakes, in pity,
For your prodigal, a prayer.

To your altars, Mississippi,
In the North's wild garden-land,
Where some western-world Philippi
Strewed its arrows in the sand,
Take me home, from seas and highlands,
Give me back my brown canoe;
Let me, 'mongst your rice-fringed islands,
Build my beggared hopes anew.

Take me home from churchly palace,
Gilded priest and glittering grail;
My two oar-browned hands for chalice,
At God's first communion-rail.
Take me home across the marches;
Only there my heart can pray,
Where, beneath your forest arches,
Knelt God's warrior, Nicolle!

Chester Firkins

IMPRESSIONS OF MANILA



BY ATHERTON BROWNELL

A MEMBER OF SECRETARY TAFT'S EXPEDITION TO THE PHILIPPINES DESCRIBES THE OLD SPANISH CAPITAL OF THE ARCHIPELAGO AS IT IS UNDER THE NEW AMERICAN RÉGIME

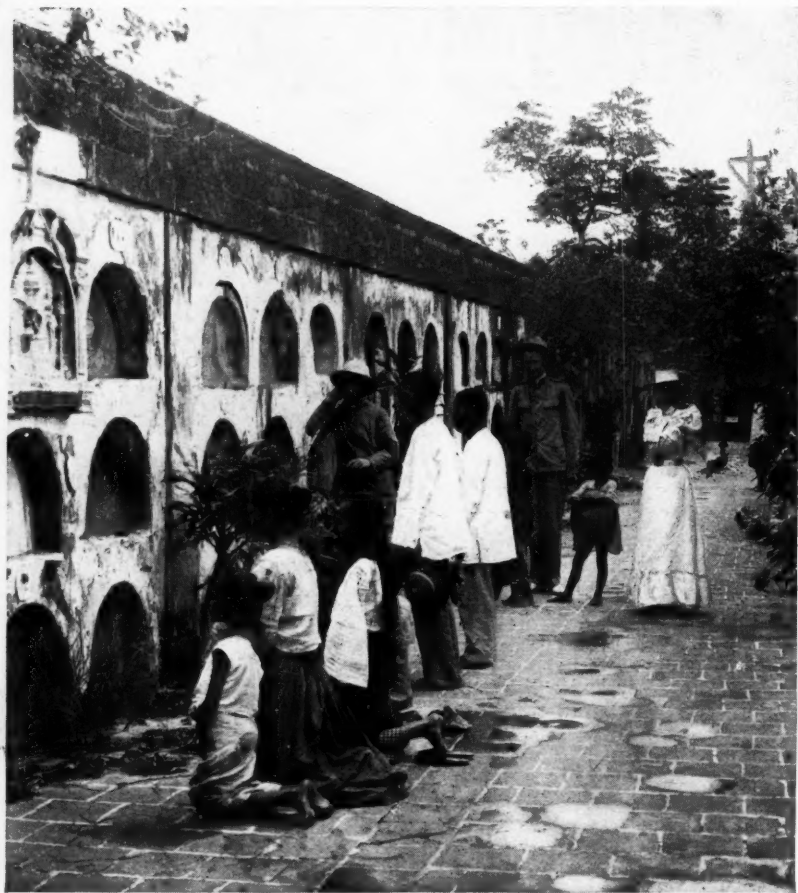
IN Manila the American occupation seems to have marked an epoch like the Civil War at home. Down South we are constantly reminded of how things were "befo' de war." Here in Manila it is "before the Americans came."

In some cases the change seems to be for the better, in others not. Before the Americans came they had a little tub of

a fire-engine brought from Spain in the fifties that apparently had about the power and capacity of a siphon of soda. Now they have a thoroughly up-to-date department organized by a former New York fire-chief, with chemical engines, hose wagons, hook-and-ladder wagons, and all the rest, so that there would not be the slightest difficulty in scaling the



THE ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF MANILA
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FILIPINOS PRAYING FOR THE SOULS OF DEPARTED RELATIVES IN THE CRUZ CEMETERY

From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

sides of the one-story nipa shacks and putting out a blaze on the thatched roofs. By and by they will probably have a water tower to carry water to the top of the two-story skyscrapers. Perhaps in the mean time they will have established an adequate water supply.

Old Manila itself stands on a small island, around which was thrown, centuries ago, the famous wall for protection from pirates. Outside of this wall was the moat across which the drawbridge used to be dropped at daybreak and raised at nightfall. Now the moat is being filled in for the purpose of driving out the mosquitoes, which are more piratical and bloodthirsty than most pirates. At the time of writing, the great

trench is mostly a mass of black mud, seared with great cracks into irregular cakes, and presenting an aspect that may be more healthful, but that certainly is not more cheerful, than that which obtained before the Americans came.

The ancient wall, too, is to be demolished—which seems almost a pity, for it is the most picturesque and unique thing in Manila. Later on, no doubt, we shall have some fine American buildings of semi-tropical architecture, the rest being bad New York. The old Spanish houses within the *intramuros*, as the walled city is called, will be left, as well as those churches which still continue to defy the earthquakes; but that old wall, pierced with its massive portals,

twenty and thirty feet through, will mostly have disappeared before our new gingerbread architecture fills the vacancy. A few parts of it will be left to

constant microbe hunt and exhausts a precious amount of brain matter upon all sorts of precautions. But the government laboratories make work for a



THE NATIVE FISH-MARKET AT MANILA

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remind the visitor of later years of what was done in the name of sanitation.

The American government in Manila has gone hygienically mad. The government laboratories are run at vast expense. The public printing plant is worked overtime, and produces for a non-reading public reports upon diseases, germs, bacilli, the plague, and cholera, until that portion of the public which can read even the titles is on a

lot of doctors, who prepare abstruse and unreadable reports; and these, in turn, give work to the government printing plant, which is teaching several hundred Filipinos to set type.

If one may judge from a few instances, the entire system of education established by the American government in the Philippines, at a cost of many millions of pesos annually, is directed mainly toward hygiene. A friend of

mine living in Manila had a major-domo who for years had been quite content with his lot, wearing a pair of trousers and a *camisa*, receiving a small wage and his "chow," until the thirst for education struck him. At first he attended night school; but still his thirst grew—incidentally, all kinds of thirst grow in Manila—and he decided to devote all his time to the acquisition of knowledge, abandoning his humble pursuit. Six months later my friend was accosted on the street by a Filipino—in Spanish. He was dressed in immaculate white and starched to a degree of stiffness proper as to form but wholly improper as to comfort. On his feet were bright patent-leather shoes, and an American straw hat was perched upon his cocoanut-oiled hair. Under his arm was a huge bundle of school books. He was hardly recognizable as Pedro, the erstwhile major-domo.

"So you are going to school, Pedro?" was the query.

"*Si, señor!*"

"Well, how much have you learned in six months?"

The answer came rather slowly at first, but after a few words the light of a happy inspiration shone in Pedro's face, and he finished off with a rush:

"I—learn—to drink distilled water and to love my teacher!"

That was the question of the moment in Manila—the water. "Is it distilled?" "Is it boiled?" Some people try to dodge the germs by indulging in the Japanese bottled Tan-San water. Others patronize the native spring and drink Isuan, heavy with iron. But a widely popular precaution is to ask perfunctorily if the water is boiled and distilled, and then, to be on the safe side, to put a little whisky in it.

Within the walled city of Manila practically all the buildings are of Spanish architecture, varied slightly, and for the better, in the houses of the best Filipinos, or *mestizos*—this latter word being the one used to represent what we would call half-breeds, what the British in India call half-castes, and the Honoluluans designate as part-Hawaiians. There are all kinds of *mestizos*, the most common being of mixed Spanish and Filipino blood. There are also many

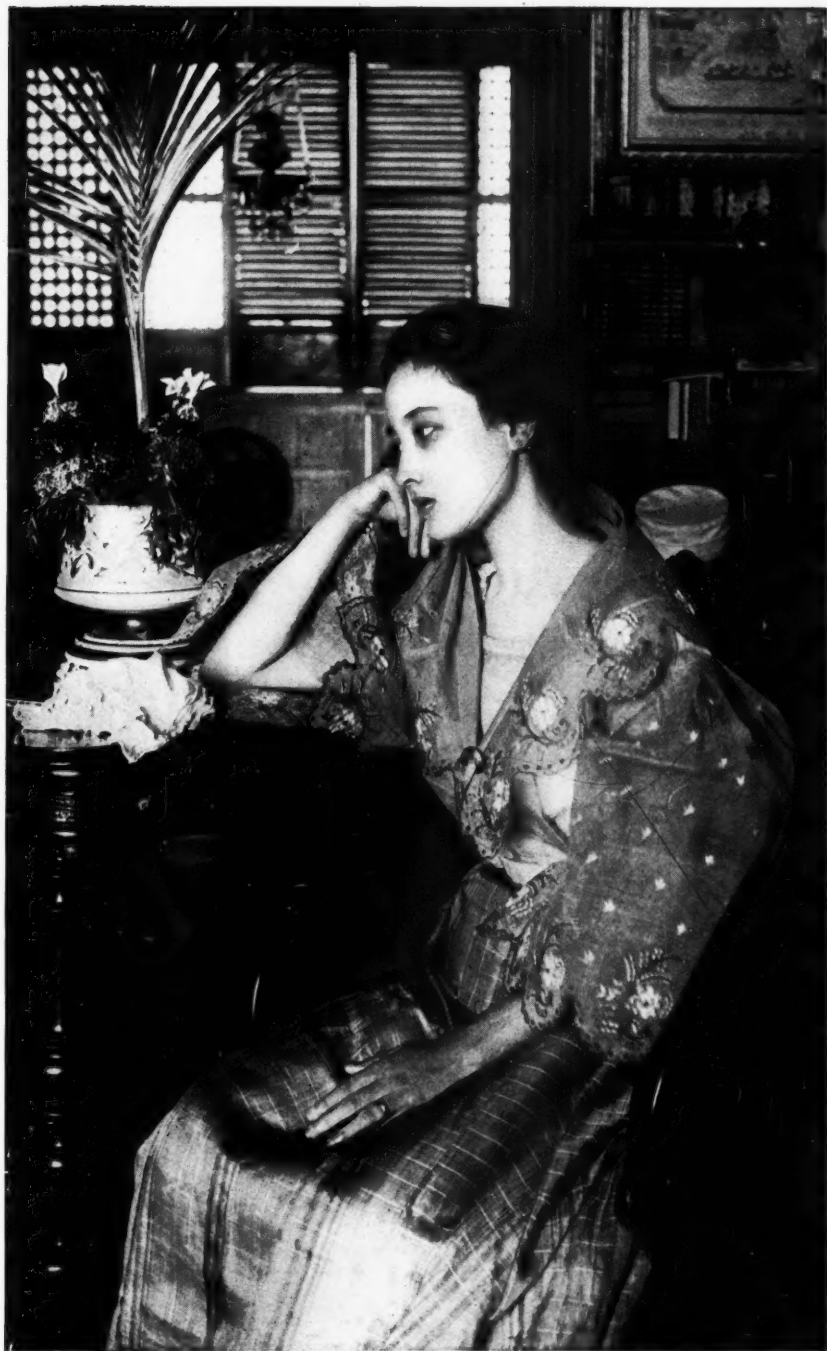
Chinese *mestizos*. The most beautiful woman I saw in Manila—outside, of course, of the American women—was an English *mestizo*. But the intermarriage of Americans and Filipinos is not likely to go far. A race feeling is gradually but surely growing up that does not promise well for our future relations with "our little brown brothers," as Secretary Taft calls them. It is hard to tell on which side the feeling is the strongest, not only in Manila, but throughout the entire archipelago.

On the outward trip of Secretary Taft's party, on the Pacific Mail steamship Manchuria, there was a little American bride who had married a Filipino law student, a son of one of the judges in the supreme court of the islands. The social ostracism begun by the party was continued after the bride's arrival at the home of the groom's parents. The American social leaders—the wives of the insular officials—were strongly incensed, and resolved not to recognize her; while, on the other side, it was freely stated that had it not been for the simultaneous arrival of Secretary Taft and his fellow officials, the bridal party would have been received with tar and feathers by the indignant Filipinos.

When you go to make a call in Manila—your first one—unless you are provided with a guide, you are very apt to think that your *cochero* has made a mistake and taken you to the stable instead of the residence you wished to reach. Except in the case of the wealthiest families, the ground floor of the house is given up to the servants, the horses, the carriages, the poultry, and the dog.

The typical Spanish house is a barrack-like structure, heavily barred as to the windows, which contain no glass. You enter through the stable-yard, while above are the living-rooms, often pretentious in their woodwork, floorings, and ceilings. They connect with one another by wide arches, and all open upon the street to permit the free circulation of air. Though as a rule they are over-furnished, being filled with chairs, tables, and ornaments of all kinds, there is, nevertheless, much of comfort to be found in a Filipino home of the better class.

The stable is an important adjunct to



A MANILA BELLE—A TYPICAL FILIPINO GIRL OF THE UPPER CLASS
From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

the house, for no one walks in Manila. The streets are too hot, the sidewalks are too narrow, and it takes too much energy. Therefore every resident, save the very poorest, keeps his *victoria* and *carromata*, one or two horses, a coachman, and often a footman. It requires at least two men to perform the work we

doubled, and the native servants refuse to work for the newcomer at the prices they were and are willing to take from the old-timers. The cook who used to be satisfied with twenty pesos a month (ten dollars in gold) now demands forty pesos; the *cochero* has risen from fifteen pesos to thirty. Beef, which formerly



A TYPICAL MANILA INTERIOR—THE DRAWING-ROOM OF A FILIPINO MILLIONAIRE'S HOUSE

From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

would expect of one. At least nine servants are necessary to keep up the most modest kind of an establishment. This does not necessarily entail a large expense, for the old residents continue the old system, paying their servants small amounts, with an allowance for "chow"—the word colloquially used throughout the entire East for food of any kind, whether for man or beast.

A GENERAL RISE IN PRICES

Since the American advent, the prices of all necessary commodities have

cost eighteen to twenty centavos (nine or ten cents), now sells for sixty centavos a pound; and other articles of food have advanced in like ratio.

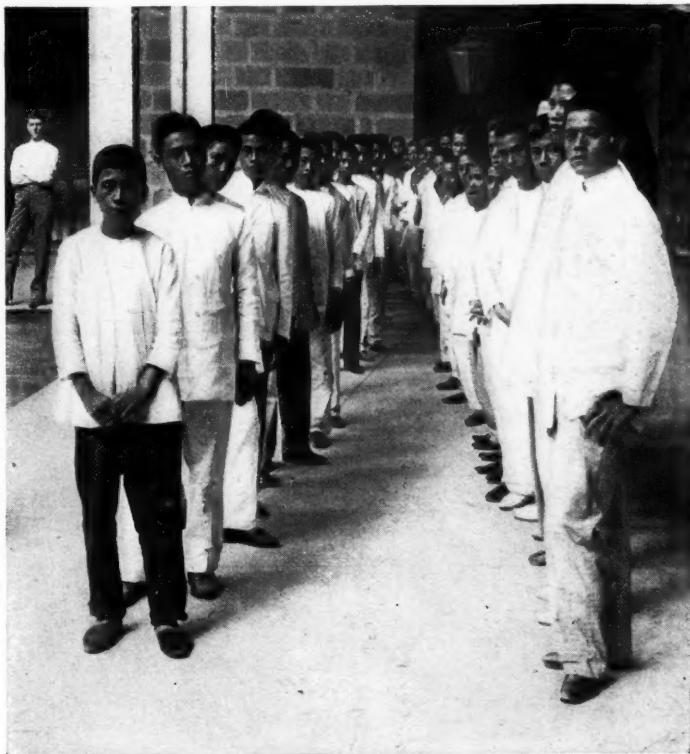
"Why is this, Sancho?" said one of the old-timers who lived in Manila under Spanish rule. "You were satisfied with your wages before. Why will you not work for the same price for Mr. So-and-So now?"

"Ah, *señor*," was the reply, "the Spanish were our superiors, but the Americans are our equals, so that we want more money."

That spirit seems to prevail on all sides. Old residents who know the ropes, and a few new ones who have learned them, insist upon keeping their servants as such, get reasonably good service, and at the old rate.

"If anything goes wrong in my home during the week," said one of these to

closely built with two-story structures, in which may be found native, American, Chinese, Japanese, and East Indian merchants selling practically everything that one wants, but at almost prohibitive prices, owing to the heavy duties imposed. When you come to take an American product at the price it commands in a



THE HOPE OF THE PHILIPPINES—A CLASS OF NATIVE BOYS IN THE NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL, MANILA

From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

me, "I line up the servants on Sunday morning and give them a clubbing. If things simply go all right, their reward is that they do not get kicked."

This principle is at total variance with that followed by the government in its dealings with the Filipinos. Chastisement of an employee subjects the master to a heavy fine under the law. And so the servants are learning little by little to do as they please.

The retail business center of Manila lies without the walls of the city, in the Escolta. This is a short thoroughfare

protected country, add to that the cost of transportation and the further tariff impost on entering the islands, the result is a scale of prices that would cause a Fifth Avenue merchant to blush.

Some day, when Manila, with its relics of old Spanish architecture, becomes known as an interesting city to visit, guide-books will be printed which will tell all about the *ayuntamiento*, or government building, with its marble hall, where public hearings are held, and with its striking statue of Magellan at the head of the broad stairs. They



ONE OF THE MOST NOTABLE MONUMENTS OF THE SPANISH RÉGIME IN MANILA—THE BINONDO CHURCH AND CONVENT

From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

will describe in detail the rich old Malacanan palace, once the residence of the Spanish governors with their armies of retainers; to-day the official home of the American governor-general. They will describe the many famous bridges which connect the walled city with the various suburbs surrounding it; but above all they will call attention to the churches—the cathedral, the church of Binondo,

and those of San Sebastian and San Francisco.

The American régime may fill up the obsolete moat and tear down the ancient wall; it may enact sanitary codes and plan new residential suburbs; but it will always respect and preserve the noble old fanes that are the most impressive monuments of the bygone era of Spanish rule at Manila.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT IN PARIS

BY VANCE THOMPSON

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL—THE MOST INTERESTING FIGURES IN PARISIAN PUBLIC LIFE, IN SOCIETY, IN ART, IN LITERATURE, AND ON THE STAGE

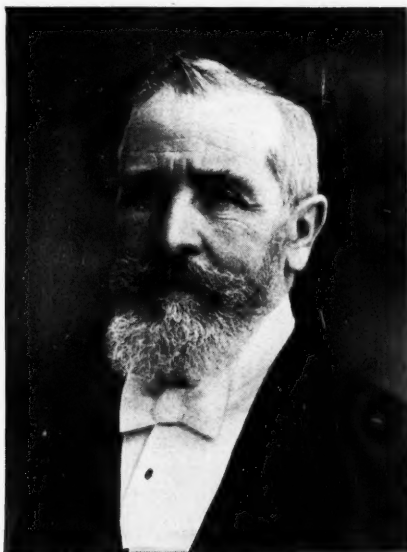
AFTER all, cities are not made of iron and stone. Paris does not consist of the thirty-one bridges and the shining boulevards and the great Champs Élysées. What is really Parisian is the intellectual life, which is perhaps the most violent that man may find to live anywhere upon the contemporary globe. And how far-flung Parisian influence is! What is thought or done in science and art and democracy at the heart of this spider-web, trembles along innumerable filaments to every spot on earth. The mere silk rag that some pretty woman twists up into a fashion takes its way across the world.

More truly than ever Rome was, Paris is cosmopolis.

Artists and scientists, players and reformers, come up to her from the four homes of the wind. And in this open land, where folk live out of doors, one has only to walk abroad or loiter in the cafés, to see, sooner or later, the people who are talked about.

Shall we stroll out and see the Parisians?

Now and then we may knock at an imposing door and have word with a statesman; or look into an artist's studio; or pause in the Parc des Princes to hear the click of dueling-swords; and



ÉMILE LOUBET, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH
REPUBLIC



ARMAND FALLIÈRES, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH
REPUBLIC



MAURICE ROUVIER, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL
AND MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, THE
REAL RULER OF FRANCE



THÉOPHILE DELCASSÉ, WHO RESIGNED THE MIN-
ISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AT THE OUTBREAK
OF THE MOROCCO CONTROVERSY

so, in one way or another, make notable acquaintances.

PRESIDENTS OF TO-DAY AND OF YESTERDAY

Armand Fallières has lately come to the Élysée Palace, and Émile Loubet has left it. You may see the new president almost any day, for no other chief of a state is more good-naturedly democratic than the head of the French Republic. He goes driving down the boulevards of his loyal city in an unostentatious equipage, behind which two detectives race on bicycles. Meanwhile Loubet toddles about the streets, peering into the shop-windows, an um-

brella under his arm. This good, gray little man—in personal appearance he is a counterpart of Andrew Carnegie—has ended his term of office no richer than he began it, and has rented a quiet

apartment over in the unfashionable Latin Quarter, where he will lead the life of any other modest citizen. A stone's throw away is the garret where he spent his student days—a pleasant memory.

There is another ex-president of whom much is said, M. Casimir-Périer. When the history of these days is written, it will tell a dark story of his flight from power. The last time I saw him was the night when the German ambassador

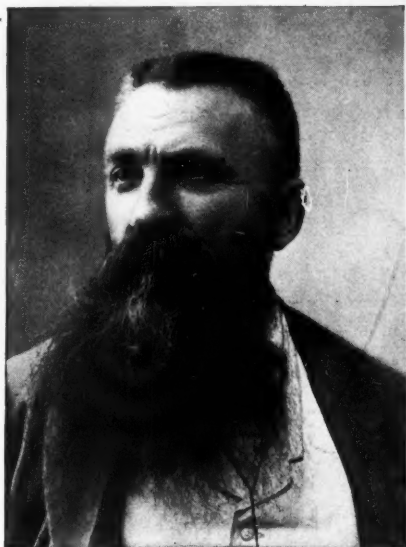


MAURICE BERTHEAUX, WHO IN NOVEMBER LAST
RESIGNED THE WAR PORTFOLIO IN
M. ROUVIER'S CABINET

opened to society his gloomy old mansion in the Rue de Lille. M. Casimir-Périer was sad and silent, as usual. Scarcely any one regarded him. Finally Zadoc Kahn, the patriarchal grand rabbi of France, joined him, and one pointed out to the other a mirror through which a bullet, fired in the days of the Commune, had drilled a clean hole. The Rothschild of the moment went up to look at it. This was the new baron, who has just inherited the two hundred million dollars of old Alphonse. He has the reddish hair that marks many of the Rothschilds; he is small, feeble—a cynical contrast to the might of his gold.

THE REAL RULER OF FRANCE

The most important man in France to-day is M. Rouvier, president of the council and minister of foreign affairs,



AUGUSTE RODIN, THE FOREMOST OF LIVING
FRENCH SCULPTORS



EMMANUEL POIRE ("CARAN D'ACHE"), THE
FAMOUS PARISIAN CARICATURIST

the veritable ruler of the republic. He is a muscular man, on whose thick torso is set the head of an amiable Mephistophiles. A clear-thinking statesman, an adroit parliamentarian, he maintains his equilibrium on the swaying tight-rope of power, in spite of nationalists and hungry socialists. Indolent rulers there are and strenuous ones; none quite so philosophically indifferent as M. Rouvier. He was talking of a ruler who is, for the present, the most talked-of man in the world; and he said:

"He who exercises authority ought never to be popular"—a phrase in which there is much disdainful wisdom.

No present member of M. Rouvier's cabinet has attracted so much popular attention as a statesman who recently left it—M. Berteaux, the former minister of war. In private life he is a stock-broker and unheroically rich; but he used to play the part of war-lord with uncommon seriousness. No one stands so straight. Heavy-jowled and pompous, he does not walk; he parades. It is in his mind that he may yet be President of France.

JAURES, THE SOCIALIST LEADER

Quite as typically French, and more picturesque, is Jean Jaurès, the great so-



FERNAND LABORI, THE DEFENDER OF DREYFUS



JEAN JAURÈS, THE SOCIALIST LEADER

cialist, the people's tribune. He is large and gross in build, with stooping shoulders, and a great mass of hair running all over his face and head. Neither a thinker nor a student, he owes his popularity to his prodigious, unceasing, torrential eloquence. If you remember how the waters came down in Southey's poem, you know exactly what a Jaurès oration is. Only in the Latin world are such prodigal talkers honored.

Jaurès comes from an old middle-class family, and entered public life as a conservative. Since he joined the radicals his rise has been extraordinary. In the war upon the church and the settled forms of government he has led the forces of the Reds. Curiously enough, while he was battering

down the convents and harring the monks, his own daughter was being educated by the nuns; so difficult is militant socialism for the married man!

DELCASSE AS A STATESMAN AND DUELIST

Do you remember—it is recent history

still—how M. Delcassé, the minister of foreign affairs, was tossed into the outer darkness by reason of the quarrel with Germany over Morocco? At one moment he was in the blaze of the limelight. The press of the world rang with his name. He had won for France the friendship of England; he had made a friend of Italy, and had virtually isolated the haughty German Empire in Europe. He was ranked with Witte and Von Bülow and



COMTE BONI DE CASTELLANE, WHOSE MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES ARE A THEME FOR PARISIAN GOSSIP

the great diplomatists. German anger threatened war, and Rouvier found nothing better to do than to throw Delcassé as a sop to the Kaiser. So he was put outside the door, and silence settled around him. In his modest flat in the Boulevard de Clichy he waits—the grim little man; and some day or other Paris will talk of him again.

I have always believed in Delcassé since I saw him fight his famous duel.

There was some trouble in finding a place for the fight. Having tried in vain the Parc des Princes, and even, I believe, the Grande Jatte, the seconds pitched upon a barn-like gymnasium in



VICTORIEN SARDOU, THE VETERAN FRENCH PLAYWRIGHT

Neuilly. It was a duel of swords. Every now and then the "director of the combat" ordered a breathing-spell, and the duelists laid by their weapons and rested. Then there was the vision, forever memorable, of Delcassé, that the time might not be wasted, swinging, by way of exercise, on a trapeze—a small, gnomish man in black trousers and a

pale silk shirt. When it was time to go on with the duel, his seconds had to pluck him off the trapeze; whereupon he snatched up his sword and went nimbly to work, like a baby *d'Artagnan*.

Another Parisian who has figured as a duelist is Comte Boni de Castellane,



EDMOND ROSTAND, AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC" AND "L'AIGLON"

whose marriage to Miss Anna Gould has turned out so unhappily. For a long while his debts and extravagances have amused Paris; yet he is not simply an idle fop and nothing more. There has been good sense in his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies. Of course he belongs to the old conservative party, which thinks that one may have a tolerable republic without burning down all the churches and hanging all the aristocrats to the lamp-post; and so, apart from his matrimonial difficulties, his political future is not extremely bright.

THE DEFENDER OF DREYFUS

In this world of statesmen and publicists there is one man—dark and fervid



CLÉO DE MÉRODE, WHO HAS THE CALM BEAUTY
OF A BEGUIN NUN



RÉJANE, WHO DRIVES A CHARIOT DRAWN BY
FOUR MULES

—whose name you will often hear. This is Fernand Labori. Half a dozen years ago he was defending Dreyfus in the great court-martial at Rennes; defending him with a vigor that amazed the Anglo-Saxon onlookers. When it was all over, he and Dreyfus quarreled. Why? Neither would tell. The most Labori ever said was:

"There were honest folk on both sides. We thought we were fighting for

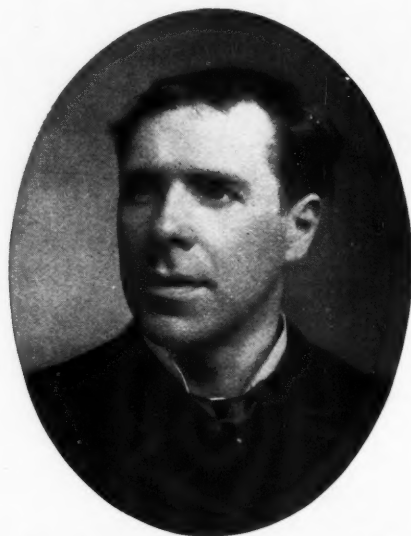
an ideal, and to-day we realize that all that has come of it is moral anarchy."

With Zola, too, and many another, Dreyfus ceased all friendly relations. It was a mystery that long interested the curious Parisians. The last time I saw Dreyfus he stood within three feet of Colonel Picquart—gentlest and least soldierly of men—who more than any one else had rescued him from Devil's Island. Neither gave the slightest sign



JEAN MOUNET-SULLY, OF THE COMÉDIE
FRANÇAISE

From a photograph



ERNEST ALEXANDRE COQUELIN (COQUELIN
CADET), OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

From a photograph by Downey, London

that he knew the other. And Dreyfus you would have hardly recognized. He has grown fat and rosy. With his looks his name has changed. The man of whom the whole world talked is no longer Alfred Dreyfus; the name he is called by—the name he signs to his letters—is Pierre Dauze.

Maître Labori was in the public eye

the old Duc de Chartres rarely stirs abroad from Chantilly. Far better known in Paris is his son, Prince Jean d'Orléans, the strapping six-foot-two guardsman who married the Princess Isabella. His sister is married to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and he served in the Danish army as private and officer. A sterling fellow, this prince of



MLLE. OTÉRO, THE SPANISH DANCER, WHO IS A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN PARIS

From a photograph by Boissonnas & Tafonier, Paris



SARAH BERNHARDT, THE MOST FAMOUS ACTRESS OF THE CONTEMPORARY FRENCH STAGE

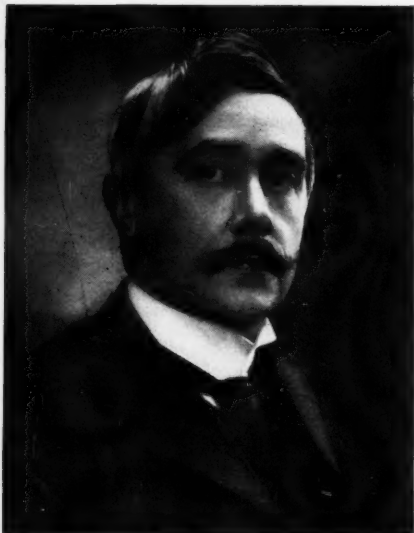
From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

for a while when he defended those droll and colossal swindlers, the Humberts. Lately he has been defending Major McBride, the Irish patriot, against Miss Maude Gonnet, also an Irish patriot—a divorce case which may be said to hinge upon incompatibility of patriotism.

FRANCE'S THRONELESS ROYALTIES

Of French royalty Paris sees little; the "pretenders" are all in exile; and

the blood. Moreover, he has a sense of humor. I heard him describe a scene at the palace in Copenhagen. We had an American minister there who had come from some backwoods region, an amiable, tobacco-chewing politician who made himself at home everywhere. He rather amused King Christian, who was a grandfatherly old democrat; but on this occasion the Czar had come on a visit, in his yacht the Polar Star.



MAURICE MAETERLINCK, THE BELGIAN-PARISIAN
PLAYWRIGHT AND POET



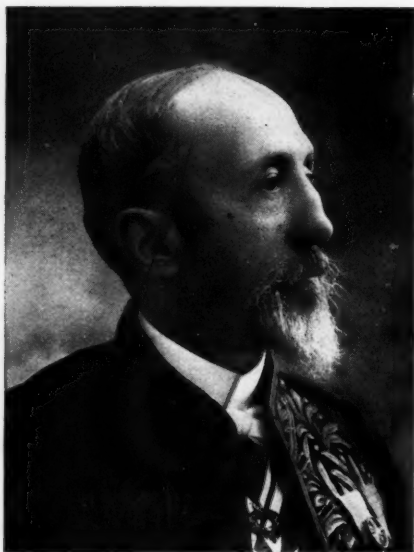
CATULLE MENDÈS, POET, NOVELIST, AND
PLAYWRIGHT

Of course, the young emperor was received with all the pomp and ceremony that the old king could devise. Only royalty was invited, together with a few high Danish functionaries. In spite of this, our good man from the backwoods arrived, his good wife on his arm. He

got past the amazed flunkies, and made his way to the Danish minister of foreign affairs.

"My wife kind o' thought she'd like to meet the Czar," he said, "so I brought her along."

"But you can't do that, you know,"



JULES CLARETIE, DIRECTOR OF THE COMÉDIE
FRANÇAISE



ANATOLE FRANCE, LITTÉRATEUR AND MEMBER
OF THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE

said the minister. "You will have to ask for an audience through the grand chamberlain."

"Git out!" said our American diplomat. "That's him now, ain't it?"

He pushed his way through the assembly, his faithful wife on his arm, to where the Czar stood.

"Czar," he said, and touched him on the shoulder, "I want to introduce my wife to you. Czar, this is Mrs. ——"

But why should I write the name? In due course of time the good man was recalled to his farm-lands. The story lives, however; it has been told in every court in Europe and always royalty laughs—finding it droll, very droll indeed.

Some time when you are walking in the Rue de Rivoli pause for a moment and glance up at the balcony of the Hôtel Continental. You may see a little, weazened old woman there, dressed in rusty black, with widow's weeds. Of her Paris talked mightily once upon a time; for that old lady is the Empress Eugénie. She stands looking out on the gardens of the Tuileries, where once her palace was—where once she reigned in greater splendor than any queen of them all; a dreary, pathetic figure; a text for a sermon on fallen greatness.

There is no one who fits so well into the gossip of the day as the old Duchesse d'Uzès. Her deer-hunts and her hounds, her contempt for democracy—she it was who created General Boulanger and almost overturned the republic—and her extravagant charities make her one of the most picturesque figures of the Old World.

WHERE MEN OF LETTERS FOREGATHER

In the Boulevard des Italiens, not very far from the Place de l'Opéra—which is the center of things—there is a café famous in its way. Others are more splendidly new; others are more historic; but the Café Napolitain, in these days, is haunted by the men of letters—those, at least, of Parisian habits. Between five o'clock and seven they gather there for the *apéritif* of absinthe or vermouth.

The fat man, overflowing a chair by the window, is Catulle Mendès. Once there was no man quite so handsome as

he—blond and slim; and he was called the "wickedest man in Paris." Perhaps it was a slander; anyhow, that day has long gone by. Fat and gray and faded, he sips his rum and water and declaims the merits of his latest play. That smart old man who stops to have a word with him is Jules Claretie, head of the Comédie Française, the national theater. Claretie is the friend of all men. In Paris, not to have an enemy is a distinction. You will notice another distinction. M. Claretie's nose is as peculiar as Thackeray's was; only his, instead of being broken, is long and formidable, and slants curiously across his face. Do you care to hear what the director of the Comédie Française is saying?

"The life of Paris is a farce without any *entr'actes*—an interminable piece that goes on forever, day and night."

He has said better things.

Paul Bourget does not come as he did in the old days. Cloistered in his home in the Rue Barbey de Jouy, he writes and writes—page after endless page of beautiful, white, gelatinous prose; or he travels for "subjects." And Rostand, too, has deserted the café, since he became an academician and acquired thus a fortieth part of immortality; but this afternoon he comes idly by for your especial benefit. An enormously long frock coat is buttoned round his lean figure; a black stock upholds his head; when he takes off his big, soft hat you observe that he is bald—not so bald as ordinary men are, but hairless on top as a porcelain cup. With all that he looks the poet—not the gay and joyous poet of "Cyrano de Bergerac," but a poet who should have written many an ode to melancholy and dyspepsia.

SARDOU, MAETERLINCK, AND FRANCE

It is a pretty sense of contrast that sends the old, old playwright Sardou creeping down the boulevard at this moment. His historic skull-cap is covered with a hat, which shades his shrewd, wrinkled face.

"*Tiens, c'est Sardou,*" the young writers say carelessly; for Sardou has outlived his glory, and fashion has forsaken his clamorous old plays.

Yonder plump man, with the blond mustache and the big shoulders, has the glory now. In his short jacket and pot hat, with his yellow gloves and glass-headed cane, he looks like a commercial traveler—perhaps for wooden tooth-picks or a patent gas-burner. It is Maurice Maeterlinck, poet of dreams and moonlight, whose plays are mystic as the gray Flanders whence he came to conquer Paris. He glances at the small men—not yet illustrious—around the little tables on the sidewalk under the awning; and turns away.

There runs up to him a vivacious old man, smartly dressed, with a silk hat on his gray head. The mustache, too, is gray, and so is the little pointed beard. He gives Maeterlinck both his hands; then he takes them away to gesticulate with. And this is Anatole Thibault, who did not find his paternal name to his liking, and assumed the splendid name of France. And how fine a name it is—Anatole France! It reminds one of a silver trumpet—or of the silver books he has written.

THREE FAMOUS PARISIAN ACTRESSES

Having paid for our coffee and tipped the waiter, we may leave the café to the little men, not yet illustrious. For Réjane passes. She sits smiling in a great yellow-bellied chariot, drawn by four mules, the harness clanking with copper. All this—a sight as familiar to Paris as the Eiffel Tower—is said to be a gift from his majesty of Portugal. More than any other actress, Réjane is capable of giving the stranger an exact idea of the *Parisienne* of the upper middle class. But then every one has seen Réjane; just as every one has seen Sarah Bernhardt.

In order really to see Sarah, however, one should take her off the stage and install her in her home, which is the apotheosis of gilt and bronze, of velvet and tapestry, in the Boulevard Péreire. And in that house there is one room into which she fits best. There are all the books she has written, all the pictures she has painted, and all the statues she has modeled, by dozens and scores. You do not wholly believe she made them all—or any of them? Cynic that you are! Did you not know she was a miracle-

worker? And as she comes running in, trailing yards of creamy lace, with outstretched hands and a laughing face, you recognize that her greatest miracle is that of being sixty and looking twenty-five. Even if it is only a miracle of henna and enamel and rouge, it is none the less notable.

But there have been bitter hours in the house of Sarah. Many of the players are decorated—Mounet-Sully and Le Bargy, for instance; and Coquelin of the Comédie Française is an officer of the Legion of Honor—but Mme. Bernhardt has not yet received her bit of red ribbon. Worse was to befall. Last summer Mme. Bartet, the first actress of the House of Molière, was made a *chevalier* of the Legion. Sarah wrote stormy letters to the newspapers, proclaiming her own right to the distinction; but no one heeded.

It is true that Mme. Bartet stands quite apart from the noisier players whose names are beaten in the public press like cymbals. Her art is fine and pure. She ranks with Mounet-Sully, that great artist, who has the force and serenity of an antique statue. Mme. Bartet has created the leading rôles in almost all the masterpieces of the modern French stage; it has been the glory of Mounet-Sully to compel Parisians to accept Shakespeare. With his *Hamlet*, the Shakespearian drama became a part of the intellectual heritage of France.

WHAT PARIS TALKS ABOUT

Long ago it was pointed out by Rabalais that the Parisians are more easily drawn together by a fiddler, or by a mule with bells, than by an evangelical preacher—a peculiarity they still retain. He who can sing a song, paint a picture, write a play or act it, is sure of as much fame as the generals who win—or lose—the country's battles. Indeed, few Parisians know General Brugère, the head of the army, or the old sea-dog, Fourrier; every one knows the artists.

Where three or four are gathered together they talk of Bouguereau's death, of Henner's death, of Gérôme's death—of the passing of all those who made illustrious the last few decades of the old century. One by one they are dropping off, the artists who were universally

known. Of that generation two only remain, Claude Monet and Rodin the sculptor. And Monet lives far from Paris. His home is at Giverny, a village in the Eure. Round him a little colony of American painters has settled, Mac-Monnies and others. There it was he painted those famous poplar trees. An old man, now, and Rodin, too, is old. Yet only yesterday some of us went to the sculptor's big studio on the heights of Meudon to see the marble bas-relief he had just made for the tomb of Rollinat, the poet.

But Paris does not talk of him, talking rather of Caran d'Ache, whose caricatures grin from the pages of the *Journal*. I dare say Paris is right. The gaiety of life is the best part of it. Caran d'Ache, when he is not distorting the

line, paints grimly marvelous pictures of the Napoleonic epic, and Forain and Abel Faivre and Veber have sent to the Salon many a work of serious merit.

Since Whistler died we have had no American painter who bulked big over the art world of Paris. Painters we have by the score—such good men as Harrison and Seymour Thomas and Lionel Walden; but Whistler was more than an artist; he was a leading actor in the human comedy.

What do they talk of in Paris?

Artists and players and Portuguese mules with copper bells; or actors and the pretty woman of the moment, be she Cléo de Mérode, who has the calm beauty of a Beguin nun, or that wild girl Otéro—of these things the Parisians talk to-day, as they did in the long ago.

WHEN SPRING COMES DOWN THE WILDWOOD WAY

WHEN Spring comes down the wildwood way,

A crocus in her ear,
Sweet in her train, returned with May,
The Love of Yesteryear
Will come, loud caroling his lay—
His lyric lay
Whose music she will hear,
Her heart will heed and hear.

The crowfoot in the grass shall glow,
And lamp his way with gold;
The snowdrop toss its bells of snow,
The bluebell's blue unfold,
To glad the path that Love shall go—
High-hearted go
As often in the days of old,
The happy days of old.

The way he went when hope was keen,
Was high in girl and boy;
Before the sad world came between
Their young hearts and their joy;
Their hearts that love has still kept clean—
Kept whole and clean
Through all the years' annoy,
The weary years' annoy.

How long it seems until the spring!
Until his heart shall speak
To hers again, and make it sing,
And with its great joy weak!
When on her hand he'll place the ring—
The wedding-ring,
And kiss her mouth and cheek,
Her red, red mouth and cheek!

Madison Cawein

SOME GREAT OLD PLAYS

III—"RIP VAN WINKLE"

BY JAMES L. FORD

THE FAMOUS DRAMA WHICH THE LATE JOSEPH JEFFERSON PLAYED ALMOST CONTINUOUSLY FOR FORTY YEARS, AND WHICH IS LIKELY TO SURVIVE ON OUR STAGE FOR GENERATIONS TO COME

NOT long ago Joseph Jefferson, generally regarded as the leading player of his country and generation, passed away, full of years and honors. Discussion of his career and professional achievements drew attention to the fact that the great fame which is universally accorded to him, and the large fortune which he left behind him, were gained entirely from one drama, in which he had appeared almost continuously during a period of forty years. It is true that from time to time he tried other plays and other parts—notably that of *Bob Acres* in "The Rivals"; but he invariably returned to "Rip Van Winkle," on which his fame as an actor will always rest.

So much has been said and written of this remarkable drama, of the "genial personality" of the actor, and of the mellow and ripened art by which he reached the hearts of his auditors, that we need not here discuss Mr. Jefferson's precise position as a player. But although much may be said in his praise, the plain truth is that the laurels that he won were due not so much to his own spontaneous efforts as to the coldly calculating skill of one of the most adroit stage craftsmen of modern times.

"The Rivals" is an infinitely better piece of work, judged as a play, than "Rip Van Winkle"; but the latter is a

far more "durable" drama, so far as modern audiences are concerned. It is a striking example of genuine "heart interest"—always an elusive and intangible quality—distilled by a purely mechanical process. It is by no means the best of the few dramas of heart interest that have made a deep impression on the present generation of playgoers; but it has lived longer than any other, and has probably more years of activity still before it. Certainly it has touched more sympathetic hearts and caused more tears to flow, than even "The Two Orphans," which was a veritable tear-duct during its long stay at the Union Square Theater. I fully believe that other successful impersonators of *Rip* will arise, and that the piece which served Joseph Jefferson so well will survive for generations to come.

THE ORIGIN OF "RIP VAN WINKLE"

To study the history of "Rip Van Winkle," we must go back to the very moment of its appearance in the form of a story; for even then it was regarded by stage folk as possessing the essentials of a good play, and many were the attempts to dramatize and stage it. Washington Irving tried to make a version of it himself; but as he was a literary man rather than a dramatist, and therefore placed a higher value on what his char-

EDITOR'S NOTE—The first article of this series, on "The Two Orphans," appeared in the October (1905) issue of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, and the second, on "The Banker's Daughter," in the November number. A fourth, on "A Celebrated Case," will be published later.

acters said than on what they did, what he wrote turned out to be merely his own story arranged in the form of a dialogue.

Other attempts, some of them more successful, followed Irving's. Among them we have record of a drama called "Rip Van Winkle," which was written by an Englishman named Bale Bernard for the elder Hackett, and was played by that actor for several seasons. Still another version used in the first half of the last century served as a vehicle for Joseph Jefferson, father of the Joseph Jefferson whose fame is so closely interwoven with that of the play. Coming down to our own time, we find the story turned into a comic opera by Planquette, and performed in every country of Europe. The late Fred Leslie, one of the most accomplished and graceful of singing comedians, made a great hit as *Rip* in London, and played the part for some years.

To theater-goers of the present generation, who know the play only through the medium of Mr. Jefferson's interpretation, "Rip Van Winkle" is, as I have said, essentially a drama of heart interest. While likely to win many laughs, it is absolutely sure of the tribute of falling tears at the moment in which *Rip* is turned out into the storm. People may be seen coming from a performance of the play with happy smiles which belie their red and watery eyes, and show plainly that they have seen a drama which struck deep into their hearts. And yet Washington Irving's story can be read without a tear. The play owes its most pathetic appeal not to the work of Irving, but to that of Dion Boucicault. It was not until that master of stagecraft took hold of it that "Rip Van Winkle" became one of the great plays of modern times.

JEFFERSON'S FIRST VERSION OF "RIP"

In his delightful book of reminiscences, Mr. Jefferson has told us how he first came to think of playing the part with which his name will always be identified. In the summer of 1859, the actor was spending his vacation in a quaint, old-fashioned Dutch farmhouse among the Pocono hills in Pennsylvania. One rainy day he took two

or three volumes of Irving's works under his arm, and went up into the hay-mow to read. While poring over the "Life and Letters" of the great writer, he was inexpressibly surprised and pleased to come across a passage in which Irving spoke of seeing him as *Goldfinch*, in "The Road to Ruin," and paid him a high compliment for his performance of the part. From this he turned with a new interest to "Rip Van Winkle," which was in one of the other volumes.

He read the familiar sketch through from beginning to end, hoping, as many and many an actor had hoped before him, to find in it a play that would suit his purpose. At the end he closed the book with a feeling of disappointment, for the tale was purely narrative and descriptive, and not in the least dramatic. He could see the silver Hudson and the quaint, gabled roofs of the old Dutch houses, but the character of *Rip* was merely a sketch with scarcely anything to say, despite the fact that the waif of Sleepy Hollow had already impressed his individuality on the whole world.

Nevertheless, in fancy he still continued to see himself, in rags and tatters, awaking from his twenty years' sleep. He determined to find out if anything could be done dramatically with Irving's fascinating but simple recital of a legend that had its origin, so far as is known, in Germany, and that may possibly be as old as the Decalogue.

Contrary to usual custom, Mr. Jefferson tells us, he put the cart before the horse, and began his work of dramatization by visiting New York and procuring a quantity of mildewed cloth and leather, with which to construct his dress for the last act. Then he procured printed copies of three existing stage versions of the book, each one of which was in two acts, and set about the task of constructing a four-act drama. In the older versions the spirits sang and talked; but he decided that in the scene in which they appear no one but *Rip* should utter a word, and the hero's part was so arranged as to consist of his own reflections and of questions which could be answered by "Yes" or "No." Mr. Jefferson's first act was constructed of commonplace domestic material, but he

realized that from the moment of *Rip's* meeting with the ghosts of Hendrik Hudson and his crew, and the consequent introduction of the supernatural element, all colloquial dialogue must cease, and the character must lift itself to a higher plane.

It was in the fall of 1859 that Mr. Jefferson's "*Rip Van Winkle*" was first acted in Philadelphia, under the management of John T. Raymond. The attempt proved at once encouraging and disappointing. To quote the actor's own words:

"The spiritual quality was there, but the human interest was wanting."

BOUCICAULT'S SHARE IN "*RIP*"

The final alterations and additions were made five years later by Dion Boucicault. Mr. Boucicault could not have devoted much time to the work of clothing *Rip* in effective dramatic form, for Mr. Jefferson arrived in London in June, 1865, and the piece was produced, practically in its present shape, in September of the same year at the Adelphi Theater, where it ran for one hundred and seventy nights. It is certain, however, that the playwright saw at a glance what was lacking in Mr. Jefferson's arrangement, for when his work was placed upon the boards it was found to contain that essential quality of heart interest which it had not possessed before.

It would be a difficult matter at this late day to determine precisely how much of the present "*Rip Van Winkle*" is due to Mr. Jefferson's work as a dramatist, apart from what he contributed as an actor, and how much credit belongs to Mr. Boucicault. But we cannot consider the play carefully without realizing the vast difference between literature and the drama—between that which is said and that which is done upon the stage; and we must inevitably reach the conclusion that without the craft of Mr. Boucicault, not even Mr. Jefferson's skill and power and tenderness as an actor could have made the piece interesting.

It is commonly believed that Mr. Jefferson made "*Rip Van Winkle*" popular by sheer force of his own personality, seconded by his histrionic abilities. The truth is that although the play can-

not be said to have made him, for he was a fine actor long before he assumed *Rip's* tattered clothes and long white beard, it certainly made his fortune and established his reputation. Other players have also enacted the part with marked success. One of them, an actor of intelligence and experience, assured me that any one who really knew his business could get as many laughs and tears as Mr. Jefferson could, though he might not give a performance as finished and powerful as that of the famous veteran.

Be this as it may, a study of the play as it stands, the completed work of Boucicault and Jefferson, is well worth the while of any one interested in the art of dramatic construction.

A VAGABOND MADE LOVABLE

The great difficulty with which every would-be adapter of Irving's story has had to contend lies in the fact that its hero is a worthless vagabond and drunkard, who hangs about the village tavern, carousing with his fellows, or spends his time in hunting and fishing, while his wife stays at home and does all the hard work. To make a character of this sort acceptable to women, many of whom may know from experience what it is to have a drunken husband, father, or son, was the most difficult part of the problem, and evidently Boucicault realized from the very first that this should be his point of attack. In fact, the entire first and second acts of the play, as he reconstructed it, are devoted to the important work of "squaring" the drunken vagabond of a hero with the feminine element in the audience, to which he must appeal for sympathy—for men are quite indulgent and forgiving when such faults as *Rip's* are in question.

It cannot be denied that in the difficult task of winning forgiveness and sympathy from hearts that would naturally be steeled against drunkenness and idleness, Mr. Jefferson's winning personality, sweet smile, and theatric skill played a most important part; but, after all, it is to the dramatist rather than to the actor that a play usually owes its power, and this one is no exception to the general rule. The "squaring" process begins almost with the rise of

the curtain, which shows the gathering-place of *Rip's* cronies, and frankly reveals the hero as an idle, good-for-nothing loafer, albeit a cheery and good-natured one. Having shown him to us at his worst, the dramatist proceeds most artfully to let us know that *Rip* is not so bad as we might think. The children come trooping about him, and he is kind to them, as well as to the dog who is never seen.

The next step in the "squaring" process brings us to *Rip's* home, and shows him married to a termagant, a character of a sort that finds favor with neither masculine nor feminine spectators. The hearts of the women in the audience have already begun to soften toward the incorrigible idler, and when they see the squalid home in which he lives, and hear the harsh, nagging voice in which he is scolded and abused by *Dame Van Winkle*, they say to themselves:

"If that man had only had a good wife, he would not have left his home to carouse in the village inn."

Even the most devout believer in temperance will now begin to blame the wife for her husband's weaknesses, not reflecting that *Mrs. Rip's* temper may possibly have been soured by living with a man who, no matter how kind he might be to the invisible dog and the stage children, is certainly not what the country folk call a "good provider."

A CLEVER APPEAL FOR SYMPATHY

This method of gaining sympathy for an undeserving object is not entirely unknown on the modern stage. A very good example of it is to be found in the American version of "*Zaza*." In this play, it will be remembered, we are taken to the home of *Zaza's* lover, where, just before *Zaza* herself appears, the wife of the man she loves is revealed to us in such a light that even the sternest moralist is certain to feel his heart soften toward the two lovers.

I have often wondered, when I have seen hard-visaged women sniveling over the well-deserved woes of *Rip Van Winkle*, what they would say if they realized how the dramatist was cheating their reasoning powers by an adroit appeal to their emotions.

It is quite obvious that such a mis-

mated couple as the *Van Winkles* cannot continue together; but how to separate them is another problem that needed a trained dramatist to solve. If *Rip* were to put his wife out of the house, he would lose every particle of the sympathy so craftily gained for him; while if she were to close her door against him, a large proportion of the audience would declare that she had served him right. Now, everybody knows that there is scarcely a woman alive who does not carry in her heart an awful fear of a thunder-storm, and it is on this fear that the dramatist artfully builded when he determined to have his hero thrust out of doors to an accompaniment of falling rain, awful crashes of thunder, and blinding flashes of lightning. This scene never fails to dispel from the feminine heart any remaining vestige of resentment toward *Rip*.

The next act, which shows us the scene in the mountains with the ghostly crew, serves to heighten our pity for the vagabond rejected by his own kind and beset by supernatural terrors. In the last act he is shown awakening from his long sleep, his clothes in tatters, his beard long, unkempt, and snow-white, his rusty and crumbling fowling-piece beside him, and the bones of his dog, Schneider, lying at his feet. With so pathetic a picture before us, how could we feel anything but sympathetic pity for poor *Rip*?

In the last scene of all, that in which *Rip* returns to his native village to find all his old cronies dead and gone, and a portrait of General Washington replacing that of George III on the inn's sign-post, the dramatist has plain sailing. His hero is by this time an object of universal compassion; and he has another strong card in the fact that while no one on the stage can understand that *Rip* has been asleep for twenty years, everybody in the audience knows all about it. And it is interesting to note that in this last act *Rip* shows no inclination to break his twenty years' thirst. The falling curtain leaves him, for aught we know to the contrary, a thoroughly reformed man, cured forever of his taste for alcohol, and prepared to pass the remainder of his days in a decent and respectable manner.

THE MALLET'S MASTERPIECE

BY EDWARD H. PEPLE

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE CHAP" AND "THE DOG AND THE UNDER DOG"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES M. RELYEA

IN Melos it was, the ancient city perched like a snow-cap on a mountain-head, its temples and peristyles a chiseled line of white against the sky. From the city's feet the terraced slopes reached down to bathe in the waters of the Aegean Sea—the sea that stretched away to a rim of nothingness, dotted with countless islands peeping from the waves, specked with colored sails, or cut by the prows of triremes, leaping to the beat of a hundred oars. Over all a midday sun hung poised, beckoning to the vanguard of a timid spring.

On a hill's crest sat the house of Philotias, a sculptor whose fame was whispered even unto Athens, whose name, in the gossip of nobles at the baths, was linked with that of Praxiteles. A low-walled garden faced the south, where warm winds lured his flowers forth and fanned their fragrance through the open halls; and from here a visitor might step within, inspect the spacious rooms, and pass beyond into the bright brown street which led to the little theater, and farther on to the palace of Memmiades, King of Melos, on the highest hill of all.

Across the sculptor's central hall ran a double row of Corinthian columns, supporting the roof with their carven capitals; and here four heavy curtains hung, in the form of a square enclosure—a room within a room, and guarded jealously, for in it a secret lay, concealed from every eye save that of Philotias alone. Above was an opening in the roof, admitting light, yet shaded by a party-colored canopy, beneath which the sculptor was wont to toil till the day grew old and darkness forced the mallet from his hand.

King Memmiades had promised a prize to him who should carve a statue worthy to hold the place of honor in the entrance-way of the tiny marble theater; and in Melos a score of sculptors vied among themselves to wear the wreath of fame. Till the king and his judges passed upon the winning work, no alien eye might look upon it; therefore each contestant wrought in secret, striving to set his cunning handicraft above the arts of other men.

Thus, in the home of Philotias, no slaves passed to and fro to distract the master's thought; the halls were silent save for echoes from the distant street and the clinking of a chisel as it bit its way to fame. Then came a trespasser.

Fair she was, a youthful maiden, with the saucy mien of one who fears not, knowing that the gates of love are open to her nod. She was clothed in a soft, white robe, its border edged with silver, while a jeweled girdle caught it at the waist. With one small hand she grasped her skirt, displaying tiny sandals which made no sound upon the tiles, and in the other she swung a full-blown rose.

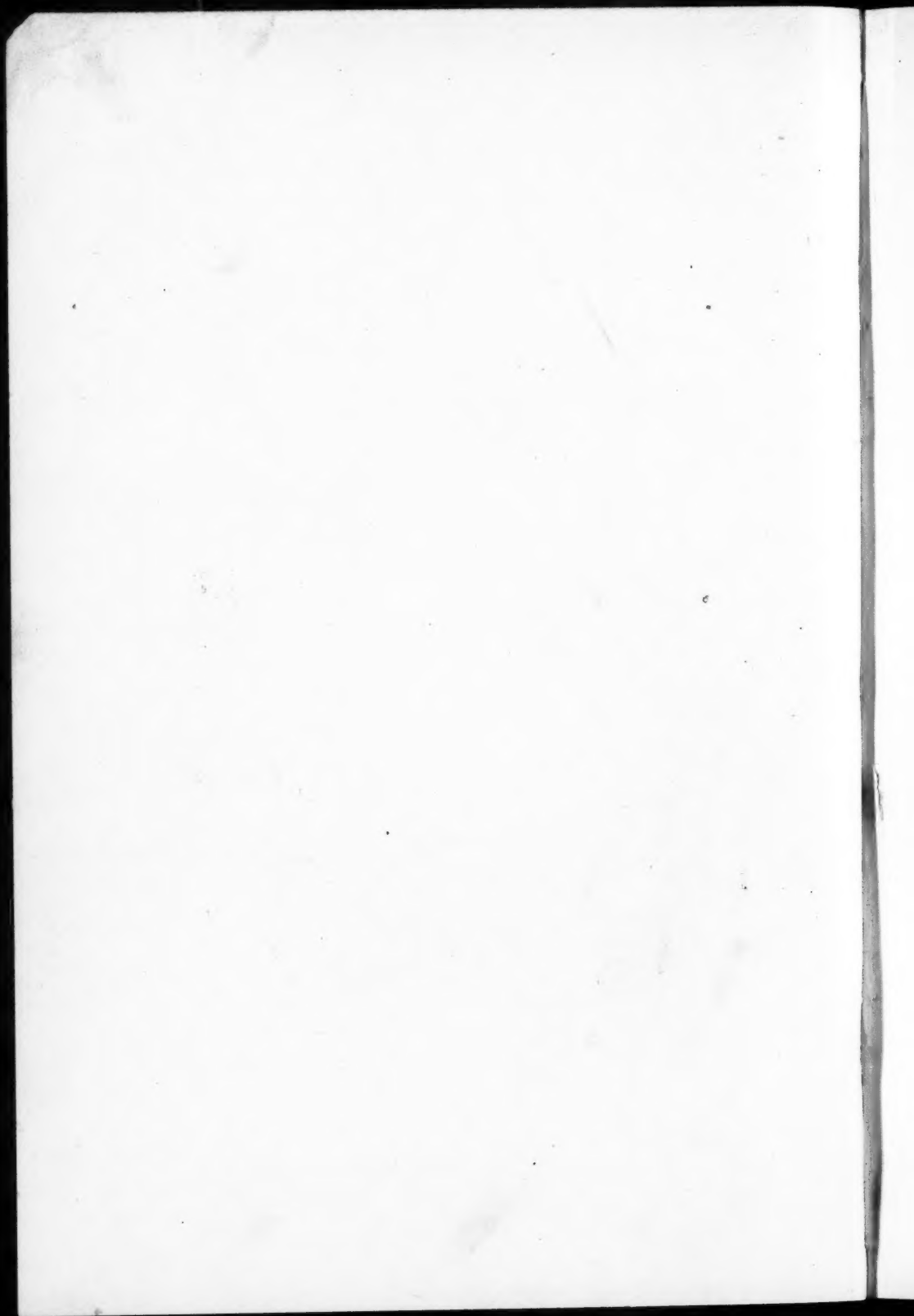
For a moment she paused in doubt, tripped to the curtain, listening; then, with merriment suppressed, she tossed her flower within, fled, and hid herself behind a fluted column.

The sound of the chisel ceased. Philotias stepped forth, a look of wonder in his boyish eyes. His short gray tunic was open at the throat; his arms were bare, his dark locks thrust away from his glistening brow. His right hand held a heavy wooden mallet, and in his left he bore the maiden's rose. He glanced from right to left, till suddenly he spied the



AS SHE FILLED HER HANDS WITH FLOWERS, ALL FEAR OF VASTA FLUTTERED
FROM ADONIA'S HEART

[See page 79]



fold of a fluttering robe; then he smiled, and began to stare at the opening in his roof.

"Zeus!" he cried. "Do flowers drop from out the skies?" At a peal of silvery laughter he wheeled about, dropping his mallet to the floor and stretching out his hands. "Adonia!"

Again she laughed as she came toward him.

"And did you think a spy had crept along your roof to peep upon this secret work?"

"Aye," he replied, in mock solemnity, "a very villain—a spy so dangerous that I would hold her prisoner here, lest another claim her in captivity."

"Yet tell me in truth," Adonia begged, as she took his hands, "what fancy came when my flower tumbled at your feet?"

"That from the finger-tips of Hera fell the petals of a rose; and each I kissed, as I kiss each finger-tip."

"Nay, silver-tongue," she chided, while she drew her hands from beneath his lips, "my rose was tossed to wake your memory of a maid who waits for three long days, yet Philotias comes not. He sleeps—to dream of a sculptor's prize—and, sleeping, forgets the maid."

There was sadness in her tone, a sadness which he sought to soothe away.

"Forget you? No, Adonia, no! In toil my chisel ever lisps your name, and with each mallet-stroke I cut away another moment from the hours that hold our lives apart. To-morrow the work is done; and then——"

"To-morrow!" she sighed. "To-morrow! And yet I came to-day."

"Ah, dear one," he sighed in turn, "then the pain of reproach is doubly hard to bear. You came alone?"

She turned upon him roguishly.

"And may the daughter of Memmiades not journey as she wills to—to greet a friend?"

"Friend!" he cried. "What? Friend?"

"Nay, lover then," she answered, as she placed her hands upon his shoulders, looking deep into his eyes. "Yet is the name of friend not sweet if one be faithful to the name? I thought to be angry, but you steal away my anger, too."

"Wherein the thief hath wisdom," the sculptor laughed. She turned away, but

he followed her, and asked: "Your slaves and maidens, where are they?"

"Yonder," she answered, pointing to the sun-lit street. "I bade them tarry in the temple's shade, for my words to-day are for you alone."

"Ah!" he smiled. "It is so I love you best of all."

"And yet," she hastened to deny, "I would not thus have come to—to swell your vanity, save for causes troublous and grave."

"Oho! And the chief of these——?"

"Is jealousy."

The sculptor's boyish merriment rang out till the birds in the garden fluttered from the shrubs and winged their way to safety beyond the wall.

"Jealousy!" he cried. "In the name of all the gods—of what?"

"Of this," she made reply, and touched his mallet with her sandal's tip; "and of her—that hidden mystery who holds you worshiper, by night, by day!"

The sculptor smiled.

"How know you that it is a marble woman, rather than a man?"

"How know it?" she scoffed. "My jeweled belt—my rings of gold—I wager on it. Aye, and 'tis a Venus, too!"

"And is Adonia jealous of a stone?" he asked. "True, I have wrought a Venus, true; yet a mother Venus, chaste and pure, who in her arms holds forth a babe in offering to Mars—a son."

"Ah!" she breathed in eagerness, forgetting all else save a woman's wish to see. "And you will show it me?"

"Nay, it is forbidden."

"And what harm," she asked, "can come of a single glance from a woman's eyes?"

"What harm?" he laughed. "More mischief than the rest of the world can serve—with Pluto for a cook."

She was silent for a space, then slowly turned away, seating herself upon the marble bench; and when he came to her she would neither speak nor raise her eyes.

"Adonia!" he murmured gently, but no answer came. "Adonia! Come, child, what troubles you?"

"No longer am I a child," she disavowed, "but a woman whom your coldness wounds. Oh, I care not what your chisel shapes! 'Tis not a maiden's whim

unwarranted, but the fear of losing you. This fame for which you strive! This wreath that crowns your hope! Your work—more dear than one who yearns for love—and yearns in vain!"

"And will you never understand?" Philotias questioned sadly, sinking beside her, looking into her troubled eyes. "What rivalry in images of stone? 'Tis not a mortal love, but love of art—a passion, if you will, yet a thing apart from love." He sighed as Adonia shook her head. "Listen, dear. Does the mother adore her lord the less because of the babe that sleeps upon her bosom? No! To the babe she gives unselfishness, a world of tender care, her ceaseless toil; yet for her lord she holds that other love grown dearer in maternity. And thus have I wrought my challenge for your father's prize—the wife—the mother—as my mortal heart yearns always for Adonia, though hand and mind are given unto images of stone."

The maiden ceased to frown, and raised her eyes impulsively.

"Forgive me," she begged. "I—I understand. My lips prove traitors to every kindly thought, for my heart is troubled, shrinking because of fear."

"Fear?" he asked, in half-amused astonishment. "Of what?"

"Aye, fear of Vasta," she answered bitterly, as she rose and clenched her hands.

The sculptor took a backward step.

"What? My good friend Vasta? Nay, surely not of him!"

"No friend is he of yours," the maid declared; and as Philotias smiled indulgently, she added, with a frown: "Ah, laugh if you will, but I have marked his scowl at the mention of your name. His eyes grow dark, and in them creeps a light of evil, and then——"

She stopped, for her lover checked her with a merry laugh.

"Moonshine, Adonia! Moonshine—nothing more! As a child he was my playmate and as brother of my blood—in youth a friend."

"Aye," agreed the maid, "but rival in all your sports, as you are rivals now in the sculptor's art."

Then she told how Vasta sought ever to pervert her father's mind, deceiving him with flatteries; how his craft had

wormed from the king a hint of what sculptured work would please him best, and had thereby gained vantage over all competitors. Now, confident of victory, Vasta had also won a pledge that, should the prize be his, then should he win Adonia, too.

Philotias was troubled, for he loved the maid with all his heart; yet he strove to laugh away her fears.

"And what matters it, this fancied fear? Shall I not win, and, winning, gain a prize more splendid still? For Adonia will then be mine—forever and a day!"

The maiden sobbed and raised her arms to him.

"Win! Win, Philotias, lest, losing you, my heart shall beat no more!"

He stroked her locks and soothed her with the thousand arts which lovers know, till her grief at last was spent.

"To-morrow," he whispered gently, "I will speak with Vasta, setting the matter right. Poor fellow! Be not harsh with him. He loves you, too." The sculptor paused to shake a finger at her, smiling merrily. "Ah, and it comes to me that twice a score of youths in Melos are the like of him—lean beggars who must starve on the husks of happiness. They love! Yet is it strange? Not so. The whole glad world should love Adonia! Come, we'll think of it no longer, but will dwell on joyous things alone. In my garden, for the rose you gave, I will give a hundred roses. Come!"

He took her hand and led her from the hall, along the graveled paths whose borders, like a painter's palette, were splashed with the colors of a master's brush. And here, as she filled her hands with flowers, all fear of Vasta fluttered from Adonia's heart, even as the song-birds winged their flight across the garden wall.

II

THE slave who kept the outer gate sat nodding in the noonday heat, his thick lips parted, his black chin sinking on his breast; and Vasta smiled as he passed this sorry sentinel, thinking to tell the master of a servant's negligence.

He had come from his perfumed bath, and, in passing, thought to speak with

his friend Philotias, and perchance remain with him for the midday meal.

The rival sculptor was clad in a flowing toga bordered as befitted his rank, while a rich blue cloak was flung across his shoulder, caught with a jeweled clasp. As he strode unchallenged through the court, he marveled to find it now untenanted, no slaves on watch, no sound of the chisel coming from the curtained place.

"Philotias!" he called. "Are you here, old friend?"

No answer came, and Vasta's keen eyes, moving carelessly, fell upon Adonia and his friend at the garden's farther end. He leaned against a column, watching, a flush of anger mounting to his cheek, while he muttered slowly, bitterly:

"In the garden—with her—alone! He crowns her with a flowered wreath; she laughs into his eyes! And I must watch, and suffer as I watch." He scowled in sullen fury, murmuring again, "She comes, no doubt, to view his masterpiece—his work which will rival mine."

Vasta started guiltily at a thought which came to him. The sight of the lovers wandering hand in hand banished his scruples, and trampled on his pride. Then his slim, pale fingers crept toward the curtain, drawing it aside. He turned and looked—looked long and silently at that calm, grand mother and her infant son. He moved not, save that his hand was trembling, while his cheek turned pale—as pale as the chiseled figures mocking him. His fingers slowly loosed their hold. He sighed and turned away.

"More beautiful than mine!" he breathed, sadly, as one to whom defeat is but a name for weak despair. Then he clenched his hands in rage.

"Philotias will wrest the prize from me! By Pluto, he will win, and, winning, he will claim Adonia for his own!"

Vasta stood long in troubled thought, his heart a prey to jealousy and hate. At his feet lay the heavy mallet, dropped by chance, and half unconsciously he pushed it with his toe.

"More beautiful than mine," he murmured once again, "more glorious—more grand! A work to bring him triumph—fame. And yet—one mallet-stroke, and——"

He stopped, to flush in shame; he fled

as from temptation, and flung himself upon a stool, where he sat with his hot face pressed within his palms. Beyond, in the garden, Adonia gathered flowers, nor gave a thought to Vasta and his hopeless love, while Philotias bent above her, smiling happily.

The rival sculptor rose, paced to and fro, battling with an evil thought which ate into his brain. One mallet-stroke! A faint breeze stirred the curtains softly, and a weapon lay beneath his hand! Once more he looked to where the lovers idled in the sun—looked, and his heart o'erflowed with bitterness. With an oath he snatched the mallet up, and disappeared behind the curtain's folds, whence came the sound of furious blows and the crash of marble falling on the tiles.

Vasta, pale and trembling, crept forth, replaced the implement upon the floor, and lingered, listening. The lovers had not heard. In stealth he began to move away, when again his cloak became unfastened, falling about his feet: He seized it hastily and flung it across his arm, yet knew not that his jeweled clasp was left behind.

With the tread of a thief, he stole from out the hall, through the court beyond, and past the drowsy warden of the gate; thence through the warm brown streets of Melos, till he came to the cliff, where a cool breeze dried the sweat upon his brow.

III

ONCE more the hall resounded with the music of a maiden's merriment, for Adonia danced from out the garden, a wreath of green upon her hair, her plump hands filled with flowers.

"And now," she said at length, "the little trespasser must run away, for well I know the sculptor's hands would be as busy as my own."

Philotias placed himself before her, a glint of mischief in his merry eye.

"Then, since your hands are occupied, which will you lose, your roses or a kiss?"

"Impertinence!" She took a backward step and let her flowers fall. "Nay, my roses, then, for kisses come high to-day."

"What price?" he laughed. "But name it, and I will give a miser's store."

Adonia cast down her eyes.

"It must be a heavy one," she mur-

mured thoughtfully, then raised her head, as a sparrow that drinks from a fountain's rim. "And in truth you will not cheat me, but will give the value asked?"

"Aye!"

"Done!" she cried. "One peep at yonder mystery!"

Philotias laughed and shook his head, promising to pay all else but this, while Adonia pouted, then strove to tempt him by a subtler art.

"There are other strugglers for the prize who would show me their work for half the price."

"No doubt!"

"There is Clytus, who chisels a bold Diana with her dog in leash. Perchance I err, yet methinks he would even give me his statue for a kiss."

"Why not?" the sculptor teased. "His work was ever bad."

Again Adonia pouted, then smiled, and tried once more.

"Vasta fashions a mighty war-god, victorious from battle, his sword aloft. I fear 'twill please the warrior spirit of my father—overmuch."

"Ah!" mused Philotias, and set to pacing to and fro. "A war-god! Dangerous—dangerous! True, my work is well-nigh perfect—pure in line and pose; and yet"—he paused to sink his voice into a troubled whisper—"and yet there is something wanting, a something hidden from my eye, a thought, elusive, wondrous!"

"Then show it me," said the maiden roguishly, "and mayhap I will tell you what this something is."

Her lover laughed, and she sought to break the last frail barrier down.

"Come, dear one; I will look but once—one little peep." She pleaded, with her arms about his neck, while again and again her warm lips pressed his own. "See, I pay! I pay! I pay!"

He held her close and looked into her upturned face.

"And who," he cried, "could refuse such lips—such eyes? By the god of love, not Philotias!"

He led her to the enclosure, first charging her to guard his secret as she loved him; then he drew aside the curtain. At the sight which met their eyes, the girl cried out and clung to him, while he stood silent, stricken with despair,

before the wreck of all his hope. At his feet lay the sculptured babe in fragments, still held in the mother's hands, which would not loose their hold. The arms of the Venus were broken at the shoulders, and the weight of the child, in falling, had marred one perfect foot.

This the sculptor saw—the ruin, not the figure still erect upon its pedestal; and his brain grew dizzy, and the room swam round and round. At last, loosening his hold upon the curtain, he turned and crossed the hall, slowly, blindly, as one who gropes his way. Then, sinking upon a stool, he stared before him into nothingness.

Adonia stood watching him, till, rent with pity, she fell upon her knees beside him, weeping bitterly.

"A dream! An ugly dream!" he muttered numbly. Then he wheeled upon her, crying out in pain: "In the name of Zeus, strike me that I wake!"

The maiden flung her arms about him, striving to soothe him as she might have soothed a child; but he paid no heed. In silence he gazed before him, feeling not the pressure of her arms, heedless even of the tender words she spoke.

"Listen, dear love," she pleaded. "'Tis not a thing to mourn as one forever lost. The mother was but a stone—a senseless thing, whose bosom never throbbed to the pulse of love, whose eyes stare out at naught through all eternity."

Philotias rose, looking down upon her in sorrow and in pain.

"Cease, child, cease! You know not what you say." He was silent for a space, and when he spoke again his voice was low and dreamy, as though he were communing with himself in solitude. "The block of marble held a living thought—the mother with her babe—a prisoner within an uncut wall. She was not a senseless stone! She lived, she breathed, she suffered! Cramped in agony, she strove to burst the shell which held her fast, and to me she was calling, always calling, for release. From winter till the spring-time came, I cut away her prison bars, slowly, deftly, lest my chisel wound her flesh. With sightless eyes she seemed to speak her gratitude, and urge me on. For a hundred days I toiled till at last each day was done. At night, when I tossed upon my couch, I could hear her

whispering in the darkness, sobbing, and praying for her liberty. And then—and then I would light my lamp, creep to her side, and work, and work, and work, till my hands were numb and my brain grew dizzy with the pain of weariness. If I slept, she came to haunt my dreams, pressing with her marble hands upon my breast and crying out in misery, 'You—you only—can loose me from my cell! Awake! Awake!'

He paused, and Adonia murmured to herself, as sadly as Philotias:

"And could he give me such a love as this, my heart would be satisfied."

As Philotias stood, of a sudden his eye was caught by a tiny point of light reflected from a corner where a sunbeam fell. Half unconsciously he strode toward it, then paused, for a fear came creeping to his brain. A jeweled clasp it was, which he had given Vasta on a feast day not a year ago. How came it here? He stooped, picked up the bauble, and, sinking upon a stool, idly turned it over and over in his palm.

Adonia, from the marble seat, had watched her lover silently, and now she watched him still, while loyalty was battling with suspicion for the mastery.

"Vasta!" she cried in triumph, springing from her seat. "'Twas he!"

"No! No!" denied Philotias. "He would not, could not do a deed so merciless!"

"And are you, then, a child?" she demanded fiercely. "'Tis he who seeks to sweep you from his path, to crush your hope, to steal from you my father's prize, to win by fraud where he may not win by art, even as he seeks my love with evil passion in his soul!"

"Cease! Cease, in pity's name!"

"'Twas he who marred your work; yet while he fled, the gods of justice tore this jewel from his cloak and flung it there. 'Twas he, I say, your boasted friend, your Vasta!" She paused, then clutched his arm, pointing between the columns to the street, where the false friend was seen, with his cloak upon his arm. "See!" she cried. "He passes your servant at the gate, your servant who sleeps as before he slept! Vasta returns to find his jewel, and leave no trace of treachery behind. Ah, now you have the villain in the hollow of your hand!"

"What mean you?"

She made no answer, but led her lover to a place behind the curtains. A cry of suffering escaped him as again the mutilation met his eyes.

"Look not upon your ruined work," the maiden called, "but on Vasta, that at last you may see and understand."

Swiftly she replaced the clasp, not where Philotias had found it, but in the center of the hall. Then she gathered up her roses, fled to the marble seat, and began to weave a garland, humming the while a happy song. Happy it was, and saucy, with a reckless lilt, as if the world were filled with joy alone, and the road to love ran smooth and fair—as fair as the rosebuds in her nimble hands.

IV

VASTA came slinking through the court with a noiseless tread, and restless, searching eyes. Marking Adonia, whose back was turned to him, he wondered that Philotias sat not beside her. From pillar to pillar he crept, watchful, listening, ready for instant flight. Adonia still sang on as she twined her flowers. Eagerly the seeker scanned the floor for his missing clasp, spied it, and advanced with a cautious tread. Trembling, he paused, then took another step, another; stooped—then gasped in pain, to feel an iron grip upon his neck.

Upright he sprang, wheeling to face Philotias, while Adonia cast the flowers from her lap, and laughed. No one spoke, till the sculptor broke the silence, demanding sternly: "Your clasp! How came it here?"

The other faltered, beating his brain for a plausible excuse.

"Four days ago I lost it, and, remembering that I was with you——"

"Stop!" came the sharp command. "If this be true, then why does a friend come creeping through my house as a thief prowls silently by night?"

Vasta wet his thin, dry lips, while again a moisture oozed out upon his brow. Once, twice, he strove to speak, then faltered weakly:

"I—I feared to disturb you at your work. Methought I heard the chisel's sound, and——"

"Liar!"

Once more came silence. Vainly Vasta

strove to look into those steady eyes, and his own, abashed, sank slowly to the floor.

"What need of a chisel now," the sculptor asked in wrath, "when my work is wrecked?"

"Wrecked?"

"Aye, wrecked!" cried Philotias, stooping for his mallet, which lay beneath his feet. "With this, in a coward's hand!"

"But it was not I, I swear!" protested Vasta, retreating slowly from his angered friend. "As Zeus hears my oath, it was not I!"

"And who accused?" Adonia asked, in quick, triumphant scorn.

"'Twas he," whined Vasta, "he—Philotias! With his lips he calls me coward, liar. With the eyes of anger he accuses me!" Adonia answered nothing, and the man, emboldened, assumed a mien of wounded innocence. "Philotias does me wrong," he declared in his smoothest tone, "and yet I forgive him because of the grief he bears."

The maiden tossed her head in withering contempt.

"Vasta forgives!" she mocked. "May heaven gaze in wonder upon this most virtuous of men!"

Philotias eyed his boyhood's friend with a silent pity harder far to bear than the lash of Adonia's tongue, till Vasta shrank before him, pleading brokenly:

"Philotias, I have done no hurt to you. In truth, I am innocent. Why do you look upon me so?"

"Because I know!" the sculptor answered harshly. "Because I read in a craven's face his terror of one who trusted him. Confess!"

"No! No! I——"

"Confess!"

His grip was on Vasta's throat. He forced him to his knees, and backward across the wooden stool, while Adonia watched and panted in her joy.

"Loose me!" the traitor gasped. "In pity loose me; it was I."

With a snarl the sculptor thrust the fellow from him, standing above the prostrate form, the mallet in his hand.

"Forgive, Philotias!" begged Vasta, crawling to his knees. "I knew not what I did. No thought of wrong had I in coming; but when I looked upon your

work and knew that you would surely win the prize——"

"Ah! And then you struck?"

"No, no, not then, I swear not then! But I saw you in the garden with her—Adonia, whom I love. To you she raised her eyes, her arms; and you crowned her with a wreath. Ah, pity me, for I was mad with jealous pain. Your mallet was there! It tempted me, broke down my courage, my honor, if you will; and in blind despair I struck."

"As I strike now!"

Again Philotias seized the wretch and swung the mallet above his head, holding it poised an instant, while Adonia hid her face in fear.

"Mercy!" screamed Vasta. "Mercy, in your mother's name!"

Then the mallet fell; but not on him who merited the blow. Slowly it sank to the sculptor's side, till at last he dropped it to the floor.

"I cannot!" he whispered sadly to himself, then turned to the cowering wretch. "Mercy for you? 'Twere well to rid the world of such a man, and yet——" He paused, to murmur slowly:

"The boy who rode upon my father's knee—the youth who shared my mother's love, and mine! Go, Vasta, go, not only from my house, but far from Melos, where my eyes may nevermore be wounded by the sight of you! You, who were my trusted friend! You, who have sunk to this! O Zeus!" he cried, while tears of sorrow rolled unheeded down his cheek. "O Zeus, the pity of it all!"

He turned on his heel and crossed to where Adonia had risen from her seat. He took her hand in his, stroking it tenderly, then raised it to his lips. Vasta rose, pale and trembling, from his knees. He lingered a moment ere he left the hall.

"Forgive, Philotias! Your mercy shames me, even more than the fear of death. Forgive me, and forget!"

Philotias turned, in his eyes a look of grief unutterable.

"Forgive you? No! Forget? I could not if I would." He pointed to the curtains which hid the ruins of his hope. "Was it not enough to mutilate my idol there, but that you should seek to rob me of this idol, too?" He placed a protecting arm about Adonia, smooth-

ing the locks upon her temples with a gentle hand; then he wheeled on Vasta, in a gust of passion. "Gods!" he cried. "Is this a man? Love? Love, in palliation for a dastard's deed—love for a shrinking maid who hates you, loathes you? What? Would you drag her to your arms, and call it love? Go! Out of my sight, lest fury tempt me, and I spare no more!"

Vasta, retreating, looked in terror on his foe; yet, ere he could leave, Philotias, springing forward, gripped his arm.

"No, wait! Yet once again shall you behold your evil work—to brand it on your memory—to keep it till you die! Look! Look!"

With a sweep of his arm he tore the curtain down, revealing the broken Venus and the fragments at her feet. Then he spoke in passion, his deep tones rolling through the hall, till they awakened the drowsy sentinel at the outer gate:

"See, Vasta, what your madness wrought! The babe that was beaten from its mother's clasp, the mother, rapt in the glory of a new-born son. They are mine, these two, the children of my brain, my soul!—and you have murdered them." He turned to the marble wreck, in fury and in pain. "Look! Look into her eyes that may not weep her grief as I weep mine! Behold, I say, a splendor now made hideous—a flower stripped of leaves—a withered stalk—a shatt—"

He stopped—stopped in the very middle of his word, while o'er him came a thrill of wondering awe. Silent he stood, his wide eyes fixed upon the marble, while one by one the moments slid away. Was this the same? This carven miracle, fairer than a mortal sculptor dared to dream? What recked it that her babe was gone, her white arms dashed to earth? She stood upon her pedestal, mutilated, but more perfect still in her matchless, grand simplicity.

As the sculptor saw, so Vasta saw and understood, knowing that his deed had come to naught, knowing that his evil had recoiled upon himself alone. Philotias, still motionless, spoke at last, in a hushed, hoarse whisper touched by reverence:

"More beautiful than before! More beautiful! The something for which I sought, and could not find!" Of a sud-

den he turned upon his rival, his voice a trumpet note of triumph and of joy: "Go forth and match your chiseled god of war against this broken stone, this splintered stump, this mallet's masterpiece. The prize? 'Twill laugh at prizes, winning where before it might have failed! And you, in jealous hate, have done this thing. You, Vasta, you! Go forth and tell it if you dare! Go shout it from the housetop for the world to hear! Before 'twas the work of man, the toil of months, the thought of years! But now 'tis a thing divine, a thing to stand when the name of Vasta is but a whisper down the wind, to live till the very stars shall die!"

He ceased, and Adonia went to him, to his open arms, where she rested, sobbing out her happiness. Then Vasta crept in shame away, to hide himself and his dishonor.

V

THE sculptor's prophecy proved true. When King Memmiades and his judges passed upon the statues set before them, with one accord they chose the Mallet's Masterpiece, and set it in the place of honor in the entrance of the marble theater.

In after days, when the glory of Melos was but a thing of dreams, the sons of another race came forth to dig in the earth for treasures of the past. They found a broken statue buried there, and, marveling, bore it unto distant lands. And now from out the wondering world came all who wrought in marble and in stone, each striving by his art to replace the figure's missing arms. But lo, their cunning failed them, for the hand of no man might undo the miracle of Vasta's mallet-stroke.

So, marveling still, they ceased to mend a masterpiece. And borrowing from the ancient city's name, they called it the Venus de Milo, and set it in the highest temple of their arts.

As once it stood in the little theater, so now it stands to-day, a perfect work, in a place of honor—"a thing to live till the very stars shall die."

This, mayhap, is an idle tale, yet for a space the sculptor wore his wreath of fame, and the still more precious wreath of Adonia's love.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE WONDERFUL RECORD OF A RACE THAT HAS BEEN STRUCTURAL IN THE MAKING OF AMERICA—ITS WORK IN PIONEER TIMES, IN THE REVOLUTION, AND IN THE OPENING UP OF THE GREAT WEST—THE PROMINENCE OF MEN OF IRISH BLOOD IN THE AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY

A CERTAIN green isle in a northerly sea is the historic home of the Irish people, but the present address of at least two-thirds of the scattered race is "United States of America." Boston, not Belfast nor Dublin, is now the greatest Irish city in the world; and the overwhelming majority of Irishmen who have risen to places of distinction have done so under the Stars and Stripes.

The historian who shall do full justice to the Irish branch of the human family has not yet appeared, either in the United States or elsewhere. Consequently, there are few races, if any, which have been so persistently misunderstood and undervalued. Even in this country, where such a mistake is least excusable, there has been a tendency in some quarters to regard the Irish as merely an element of the rank and file. The truth is that they have contributed their share of leaders and pioneers in almost every line of progress.

THE IRISH AS BUILDERS OF THE NATION

At least seven of our Presidents have had more or less of Irish blood in their veins. Jackson, Buchanan, and Arthur were the sons of Ulster parents; and the first American ancestor of Polk was an

Irish immigrant. Monroe and McKinley were more remotely related to the "fighting race." The latter, it is well known, was fond of saying "We Irish." Roosevelt, also, has several Hibernian twigs on his family tree. This, in itself, is an amazing record of Celtic leadership—to have helped to mold the character of seven American Presidents out of twenty-five.

In the making of America, the Irish have been structural. No other word represents their influence so well. In the clearing of forests, the digging of canals, the building of railroads, and the extension of commerce, our civilization owes an incalculable debt to Irish hands and Irish heads.

In the traits of our national character, too, we Americans are all more Irish than we realize. Our versatility and buoyancy, our quickness of initiative, our free and unconventional ways, and the sporting instinct that leads us to take chances and beat records, are a few of the evidences of an Irish strain in our blood.

If the handiwork of the Irish were painted green, the average American city would be splashed on all sides with emerald hues. Yet there are few who are aware of this, even among the Irish them-

OUR SERIES OF RACE ARTICLES—Great interest has been aroused by the series of articles—of which this is the fourth—dealing with the leading racial elements of the population of the United States. The first paper, on "The Jew in America," appeared in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for January, the second, on "The Sons of Old Scotland," in the February number; and the third, on "The Germans in America," in the March number.

Next month's article will be on "The English in America," and other important nationalities will be treated later in the following order—the French, the Dutch, the Canadians, the Welsh, the Scandinavians, the Spaniards, the Italians, and, finally, the Americans.

selves. A New Yorker, for example, may rise in the morning, bathe in water that comes from the Croton Dam, built by James Coleman, ex-president of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; breakfast on Cudahy bacon; then take the Subway, built by John B. McDonald, past the new College of the City of New York, built by Thomas Dwyer, to his office in a

"Yes, of course, this is an Anglo-Saxon country."

THE KELLYS, THE BURKES, AND THE
SHEAS

When J. I. C. Clarke, the genial playwright, wrote his famous poem on "Kelly and Burke and Shea," it was generally supposed to be a poetic fancy. On the



THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL

Drawn from a photograph by Palmquist, St. Paul

skyscraper built by John D. Crimmins, where he will cable to Alaska over a line laid by David Lynch, to order certain freight sent via James J. Hill's Great Northern Railroad. Then, with a cigar bought from one of George J. Whelan's three hundred cigar stores, he will read the *New York Sun*, published by William M. Laffan and delivered by the American News Company, founded by Patrick Farrelly—and remark to an English friend:

contrary, I find it to be a simple matter of American history that the Kellys, the Burkes, and the Sheas have been to the fore in every generation. They were all three in the battle of Lexington, as well as in the death-list of the Maine. When Hobson sank the Merrimac, a Kelly and a Murphy were his comrades in danger. Our first noted woman Abolitionist was Abbie Kelley. William Darrah Kelley, of Philadelphia, was a Congressman for nearly thirty years. Hall Jackson Kelley

was the founder of Oregon. The late Eugene Kelly, the New York banker, won renown as a philanthropist. Among the living members of this redoubtable family, James E. Kelly is a well-known electrical engineer. The Kelly Ax Company has a fifty-acre plant in Charleston, West Virginia. Elsewhere in this magazine you will find the wonderful story of William Kelly, whose invention has added hundreds of millions to the wealth of the steel industry.

In the Burke family, three heroic figures appear in the first chapter of our Revolutionary history—Thomas Burke,



WILLIAM HENRY MAXWELL, SUPERINTENDENT
OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK CITY

Drawn from a photograph by Stage, New York

the first Governor of North Carolina; Adamus Burke, chancellor of South Carolina; and John Daly Burk, historian, patriot, and duelist. All three were fighters with pen and sword who made an indelible mark on the Southern States a century ago. In 1872, when Froude cast some aspersions upon the Irish, it was Father Thomas Burke who took up the cudgels against him. And at the present time we have Burkes enough in the

United States to fill a "Burke's Peerage" of their own. There are two bishops who bear the famous name, at Albany and St. Joseph; one brigadier-



MILES O'BRIEN, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF
EDUCATION OF NEW YORK CITY

Drawn from a photograph by Rockwood, New York



JOSEPH DUNN, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF CELTIC
AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON

Drawn from a photograph by Bachrach, Washington

general, at Portland, Oregon; one Congressman, in South Dakota; a railroad president, at Cleveland; and a judge at Seattle.

As for the Sheas, at least four of them have buffeted their way to the front—General John Shea, who won his laurels in the Revolution; Captain Daniel Shays, who first fought at Bunker Hill

Equally immovable, in a different field, stands James J. Hill, born in Canada of Ulster parents. What this one man has done for the United States has never yet been fully told. He is the creator of the Northwest—the railway builder who has opened up a territory equal to a couple of Germanys—the steamship builder who has linked Amer-



THE MOST REV. PATRICK JOHN RYAN, ARCH-BISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA

Drawn from a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia



THE REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD, RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, 1883-1906

Drawn from a photograph by Dupont, New York

and then stirred up a little side-show rebellion on his own account; George A. Shea, an eminent chief justice of New York; and John Gilmary Shea, the historian of the Catholic Church in the United States.

IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE

In the American business world of to-day, a large proportion of the solid men—the men who stand like pillars under the heavy burdens—are of Irish blood. Most conspicuous of all stands the financier upon whom the mantle of J. Pierpont Morgan seems to have fallen—the man who is not only combining but coordinating American capital—Thomas Fortune Ryan. He is one of the greatest masters of financial statesmanship, who cuts the Gordian knots of finance and ties others of his own.

ica with the markets of the East. He has made wide pathways of commerce from Lake Superior across fifteen hundred miles of wilderness and five thousand miles of ocean to the ports of China, Russia, and Japan. Ever since he double-earned his first dollar as a Mississippi roustabout, fifty years ago, his life has been a continuous obstacle-race; and there have been few occasions when James J. Hill missed a hurdle.

Two other railway presidents are Samuel Sloan, of New York, who was born when Madison was in the White House; and Richard C. Kerens, of St. Louis. Daniel O'Day—every inch of him Irish—is one of the most important members of the imperial group of financiers who float the flag of Standard Oil. Forty years since, he was a laborer

in the oil regions, whose main problem was to find a job; to-day, as he jokingly says to his friends, his main problem is to find out how to invest his surplus. Another New Yorker of Titanic mold is Alexander E. Orr, who was nineteen years old before he had seen any other

uprightness, to preside over the immense interests of the New York Life Insurance Company.

If we speak of great Irish bankers, where is there a large American city without one? In Pittsburgh, for instance, where there are a score of banks bulging



HIS-EMINENCE JAMES GIBBONS, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Bachrach, Baltimore

country than Ireland. As a president of large commercial bodies, he has few equals. He is a director who directs. For nearly fifty years he has stood under the heaviest responsibilities, and was recently chosen, because of his ability and

with steel millions, the dean of the financial fraternity is Thomas Mellon, who, like Alexander E. Orr, was born in Tyrone. In New York there are three, at least, who are too prominent to miss—Thomas M. Mulry, the new



WILLIAM MCALEER, OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO
SERVED FOUR TERMS AS CONGRESSMAN
FROM PENNSYLVANIA

*Drawn from a photograph by Gutekunst,
Philadelphia*



THOMAS MACDONALD PATTERSON, UNITED
STATES SENATOR FROM COLORADO AND EDI-
TOR OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS

*Drawn from a photograph—copyright, 1902,
by J. E. Purdy, Boston*

president of the Emigrant Industrial
Savings Bank, which was wholly Irish
in its origin, and which holds a hundred

millions in its vaults; Miles M. O'Brien,
who was for some time the president
of the board of education; and Samuel



JOSEPH K. TOOLE, AN IRISH-AMERICAN WHO
IS NOW SERVING HIS THIRD TERM AS
GOVERNOR OF MONTANA

*Drawn from a photograph by Murillo,
St. Louis*



JOHN M. GEARIN, AN IRISH-AMERICAN WHO
SUCCEEDS THE LATE JOHN H. MITCHELL AS
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OREGON

*Drawn from a copyrighted photograph
by Clinedinst, Washington*



JAMES FITZGERALD, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Macnabb, New York



DENIS O'BRIEN, JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Puch, New York

G. Bayne, who is notable for having organized national banks in seven States. Charles J. Bell is a conspicuous figure in the national capital, as John C. Davis is in Wyoming.

And in Chicago John R. Walsh has been a notable banker and capitalist for twenty years. The recent collapse of his financial structure should not obscure the facts of his extraordinary career. To begin as a barefooted newsboy, and to struggle to a place of power in the sixth greatest city in the world, always preferring to fight big enemies rather than little ones—that was Walsh's record.

Among the cat-

tle kings of the West are Timothy Kinney, of Wyoming, and George Russell, of Nevada. Also in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Omaha are four brothers

who know something about the cattle and beef trade—four brothers whose parents left Kilkenny in the forties because black famine threatened them with starvation; who began their business life with no more chance of fortune than any day laborer in the United States, and who are to-day numbered among the few masters of the food supply of the world—Michael, Edward A., John, and Patrick Cudahy.

Other weighty business men, scat-



GEORGE C. BARRETT, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York

tered here and there, are John Flannery, the Savannah cotton king; Thomas F. Walsh, of Washington, who is the president of the Irrigation Congress; John D. Crimmins, the contractor who has added four hundred buildings to New York; Patrick F. Murphy, president of the Mark Cross Company and well known in New York as an after-dinner speaker; Edward Malley, who began with a pack on his back and has now a department store in New Haven; Ephraim Dempsie, merchant and public man of Spokane; P. B. Magrane, a well-known merchant in the shoe city of Lynn; and William P. Rend, the coal magnate of Chicago.

Among the great Irish merchants of former days, the most notable was A. T.

blood. Among the nine justices who sit supreme over all American courts, two are Irish by descent—Judge Edward D. White and Judge Joseph McKenna. As yet, no one has compiled a list of the Irish judges in the various State Supreme Courts; but to take New York as



MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Schloss, New York

Stewart, whose New York store was the largest of its kind, either in America or elsewhere. His capital was three thousand dollars when he began to sell his Belfast laces, and more than forty millions when he died.

IRISH JUDGES AND TEACHERS

In the United States, as well as in Great Britain, many of the most distinguished judges have been of Irish



JOHN W. GOFF, RECORDER OF NEW YORK
Drawn from a photograph by Pach, New York

an instance, we find five who are of unusual prominence—Martin J. Keogh, Morgan J. O'Brien, James Fitzgerald, George C. Barrett, and Victor J. Dowling. It should also be mentioned that the Chief Judge in the Philippine Islands—John T. McDonough, formerly of Albany—is Irish-born. William J. Hynes, too, a lawyer of whom Chicago is justly proud, began life in County Clare.

To answer fully the question "What have the Irish done for American education?" would need a small book in itself. Was not the late President William Rainey Harper, the father of Chicago University, of Irish descent? This extraordinary man crowded the work of several centuries into less than fifty years, sacrificed his preferences as a student that he might carry the heaviest financial responsibilities, and died poor after having gathered a dozen millions for his university.

Of our Irish-born educators, no one outranks William H. Maxwell, who has been for eight years the superintendent of New York's public schools. Under him are sixteen thousand teachers and more than half a million children, the most lively and cosmopolitan army of youngsters in the world. Superintendent Maxwell has had to fight for every inch of progress in his development of the New York school system; but like the dogged Ulsterman that he is, he has driven ahead with his far-reaching projects, no matter whether the hue-and-cry was with him or against him.

"Nothing is too good," he says, "for the taxpayer's child."

Speaking of public schools, it would be a sin of omission at this point not to mention the thousands of young women of Irish birth or parentage who are doing faithful work as school-teachers in all parts of the United States.

The number of our Irish professors is comparatively small. Some who deserve special mention are Maurice F. Egan, of the Catholic University in Washington; James McMahon, of Cornell; Robert Ellis Thompson, of the Central High School in Philadelphia; and Thomas C. Hall, of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. A Gaelic chair was established in 1896 at the Catholic University by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and is filled at the present time by Professor Joseph P. Dunn, who is of American birth. To John Tyndall, the notable Irish scientist, the United States owes a double debt, inasmuch as he not only delivered a course of lectures here in 1872, but

devoted the proceeds to the cause of scientific research in America.

IRISHMEN IN LITERATURE AND ART

It is very seldom that an Irishman lacks the gift of speech. Take away our Irish orators and journalists, and this would be a dumb and cheerless country indeed. Here, for instance, is an offhand list of Irish writers of the past and present:

Captain Mayne Reid, the idol of American boys, and a soldier in our war with Mexico; John Boyle O'Reilly, the editor and poet; FitzJames O'Brien, who wrote the famous short story, "The Diamond Lens"; Ignatius Donnelly, the most versatile and picturesque public man of his generation in Minnesota; Edwin Lawrence Godkin, of the New York *Evening Post*, a fighter in the high realm of national morality; Henry W. Grady, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*; Patrick Walsh, who was editor of the *Au-*

gusta Chronicle and represented Georgia in the United States Senate; and Joseph Medill, founder of the *Chicago Tribune*.

Among those still living are James Jeffrey Roche, now in the consular service; Joseph Fitzgerald, author and translator; William M. Laffan, proprietor of the New York *Sun*; George T. Oliver, of the *Pittsburgh Gazette*; Eugene M. O'Neill, of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*; John McLeod Keating, who won fame by his fight against yellow fever in the South; and John F. Finerty, the eloquent founder of the *Chicago Citizen*.

Three great publishers of Irish birth



EDWARD A. MOSELEY, SECRETARY OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION AND FORMERLY PRESIDENT-GENERAL OF THE AMERICAN-IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Drawn from a photograph



JOHN FRANCIS FITZGERALD, MAYOR OF BOSTON

Drawn from a photograph by Chickering, Boston



JAMES D. PHELAN, FORMERLY MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

Drawn from a photograph by Thors, San Francisco

have been Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, the friend of Lafayette; Robert Bonner, founder of the New York *Ledger*; and Patrick Donahoe, founder of

the Boston *Pilot* and *Donahoe's Magazine*. The name of William Desmond O'Brien, too, deserves to be included in this paragraph. Mr. O'Brien was a



MARK FAGAN, MAYOR OF JERSEY CITY, FAMOUS AS A "REFORM MAYOR"

Drawn from a photograph by Harrison, Jersey City



WILLIAM MCADOO, FORMERLY POLICE COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph—copyright, 1903, by Fivie MacDonald, New York



JOHN B. McDONALD, BUILDER OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAY AND THE BALTIMORE BELT LINE

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York



SAMUEL SLOAN, FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE LACKAWANNA RAILROAD

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York

wealthy contractor of New York who devoted eighteen years of his life to the preparation of an "Encyclopedia Hibernica," and who died, broken-hearted, in 1893, with his great project unfinished. Among Irish-American publishers now living, the most notable is P. F. Collier, founder of *Collier's Weekly*.

This power of expression, which is typical of the Irish race, rises frequently to the heights of art. The Goddess of Liberty, on the dome of the Capitol at Washington, was chiseled by the hands of Thomas Crawford, who was of Irish parentage, and whose son is

the well-known novelist, F. Marion Crawford. Many an American city has been enriched by the genius of Augustus

St. Gaudens, one of the best beloved and most eminent of American sculptors. The statue upon which St. Gaudens is now working, in his Vermont studio, is a heroic figure of Parnell for the city of Dublin. St. Gaudens' birthplace. Among the landscape painters, Edward Gay, of New York, has held a place for forty years; and another veteran artist of Irish birth is William Ma-grath, who painted "On the Ould Sod"—a clever study of Irish character that



EDWARD MALLEY, A LEADING MERCHANT OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, AND A PROMINENT IRISH-AMERICAN

Drawn from a photograph



JOHN D. CRIMMINS, THE WELL-KNOWN CONTRACTOR, BORN IN NEW YORK OF IRISH PARENTS

Drawn from a photograph by Rockwood, New York



THOMAS F. RYAN, THE WELL-KNOWN FINANCIER, BORN IN VIRGINIA OF IRISH PARENTS

Drawn from a photograph by Davis & Eickemeyer, New York

hangs in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

It is to Dublin, also, that we are indebted for Victor Herbert, our popular conductor and composer, and for Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the famous band-master of Civil War times. There have not been so many Irish singers of operatic rank, although the Irishman who cannot sing at all is as rare as a white blackbird. Probably the most notable was Catherine Hayes, who arrived in this country in 1851, married an American husband, and settled in California. Among the best-known dramatic stars of Irish

birth, now upon the stage, are Ada Rehan and James O'Neil, and the elder John Drew was a son of Erin. Andrew Mack

and Chauncey Olcott are the most popular of those who portray Irish life.

IRISHMEN IN AMERICAN POLITICS

That the Irish have been in politics goes without saying. In most States they have furnished more than their share, both of bosses and of reformers. Richard Croker, the Tammany Hall leader, and Charles O'Connor, who overthrew the Tweed Ring, fairly represent the two contending forces in American political life. So much has



ALEXANDER E. ORR, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Drawn from a photograph by Gessford, New York

been written indiscriminately of Irish bossism that it is nothing but fair to state that some of the present leaders of the "anti-graft" movement are Mayor Dunne, of Chicago; Mayor Fagan of Jersey City; District Attorney Moran, of Boston; and Hugh McCaffrey, a member of Mayor Weaver's cabinet, in Philadelphia. The late Patrick A. Col-

of his eloquence; and Delegate Bernard S. Rodney, of New Mexico. Senator Thomas Kearns, one of the solid pillars of the State of Utah, was born in Canada of Irish parents; and James D. Phelan, the well-known Californian, was the son of a wealthy Irish merchant of San Francisco. Three other public men of Irish birth are Thomas Taggart,



W. BOURKE COCKRAN, CONGRESSMAN FROM NEW YORK, A NOTED ORATOR
AND A PROMINENT FIGURE AMONG THE IRISH-AMERICANS

Drawn from a photograph by Davis & Eickemeyer, New York

lins, congressman, consul-general in London, and mayor of Boston, was for years the foremost Irishman in New England.

In the present Congress there are dozens of members of Irish descent, but only three of Irish birth—Senator Thomas M. Patterson, of Denver, who has been for thirty years a national figure; Representative Bourke Cockran, who is unequalled in the Celtic flow

of Indianapolis; William McAdoo, of New York; and ex-Governor James E. Boyd, of Nebraska. And no Irishman will ever allow the fact to be forgotten that James G. Blaine, one of the greatest figures in all American political history, was of Irish descent. His great-grandfather, Ephraim Blaine, bore an honorable part in the Revolutionary struggle, and far back in colonial days

the Blaines were among the hardiest pioneers of the Cumberland Valley.

FAMOUS IRISH-AMERICAN CHURCHMEN

Rising to the religious world, we find many noted Irish names, alike in the Protestant and Catholic churches. There are no fewer than twenty-three bishops and five archbishops in this country who learned their first prayers on Irish soil. This may also be said of Cardinal Gibbons, who was born in the United States, but taken to Ireland in infancy. The five archbishops are John M. Farley, John J. Glennon, John Ireland, John Joseph Keane, and Patrick John Ryan. When was there ever before such a distinguished quintet of Johns?

Like St. Gaudens and Herbert, Dr. William S. Rainsford hails from Dublin. Thirty years ago he entered New York an unknown young curate, and proceeded to establish the foremost institutional church in America, having at the present time more than five thousand members. Unfortunately, overwork has recently compelled him to resign.

Historically, there have been four Irish churchmen who have wielded a great influence in American affairs—Father



RICHARD C. KERENS, OF ST. LOUIS, WHO IS
 PROMINENT IN MISSOURI POLITICS AND
 IN WESTERN RAILROAD AFFAIRS

Drawn from a photograph by Prince, Washington

Mathew, the apostle of temperance who persuaded six hundred thousand Americans to sign the pledge; Archbishop Hughes, of New York, who was sent to England by President Lincoln during the Civil War; Father Ryan, the poet of the South; and the Rev. John Hall, the pulpit orator of New York.

IRISH PIONEERS IN THE NEW WORLD

Nothing can be more absurd than to speak of the Irish as newcomers in America. No one but a resurrected mound-builder would be entitled to do that. For the last thousand years or more, wherever there has been any great enterprise on foot, in the thick of things there have always been men with the shamrock in their hearts. The ship that carried Columbus from the known continent to the unknown had a Galway man aboard—so we are told on good authority. And one of the maps which cheered Columbus forward showed a country across the ocean which was called "Great Ireland." This far western land had been discovered, it was reported, by St. Brendan, an Irish monk, eight or nine centuries before.

There were a few Irish on the May-



GEORGE T. OLIVER, PUBLISHER OF THE
 PITTSBURGH GAZETTE

Drawn from a photograph by Rosser, Pittsburgh



ADA REHAN, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS
*Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Dupont,
New York*

flower, but the first large body arrived about twenty years later. There were five or six hundred of them—a forlorn and pitiful mob, forcibly transported from their native land: Those were the black days of Cromwell, when twenty-five dollars was paid for the head of a wolf and fifty dollars for the head of a patriot Irishman. In ten years probably a hundred thousand were driven out, and many of them came to the American colonies.

The first big Irishman in our colonial history was Governor Thomas Dongan, who gave New York its earliest charter, and who deserves to be called one of the pioneer champions of popular rights in America. The second was the distinguished philosopher, Bishop Berkeley, who came from Derry to Rhode Island in 1728, lured by a missionary enterprise that failed. All through the eighteenth century came a steady stream of the exiled Irish—men and women who had been toughened in a terrible school, and who were fit and ready for the perils of the American wilderness. Most of them were from the north of Ireland—from little Ulster, that giant-breeding province whose sons have made history in almost every country

of the earth. They were the first across the Alleghanies. They settled Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, and the coal and iron regions of Pennsylvania. Such men as Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and Matthew Lyon were their leaders. It was they who colonized Ulster County in New York and Londonderry in New Hampshire. The colonial hero of the Catskills was Timothy Murphy—so wrote Jay Gould in his famous "History of Delaware County," published fifty years ago.

IRISHMEN IN THE REVOLUTION

When the War of Independence began there were Irish on the firing-line everywhere. They had a personal as well as a colonial grievance against Great Britain; and here was a chance, at last, to even up old scores. A writer of those times describes them as "a hardy, brave, hot-headed race; excitable in temper; unrestrainable in passion; invincible in prejudice. They are impatient of restraint, and rebellious against anything that in their eyes bears the resemblance of injustice. They were the readiest of the ready on the battlefields of the Revolution." These were not parlor virtues, but they were



JAMES O'NEIL, THE VETERAN IRISH-AMERICAN
ACTOR

Drawn from a photograph by Ryder, Cleveland



AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR

*Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Ward,
New York*



VICTOR HERBERT, COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR

*Drawn from a photograph by Rosser,
New York*

the kind that founded the American republic. "You lost America by the Irish," declared Lord Mountjoy in the British Parliament.

In those critical days, while thousands were dilly-dallying, the Irish were hot for action. It was John Sullivan who struck the first blow, four months before



FINLEY PETER DUNNE, AUTHOR OF "MR. DOOLEY," AND A PROMINENT IRISH-AMERICAN

Drawn from a photograph by Hollinger, New York



EDWARD GAY, ASSOCIATE OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY, A VETERAN LAND-SCAPE-PAINTER

Drawn from a photograph



JOHN P. HOLLAND, INVENTOR AND BUILDER
OF SUBMARINE BOATS

Drawn from a photograph by Rockwood, New York

the historic skirmish at Lexington, by capturing military stores at Portsmouth. The Sullivan family, of which he was a member, furnished three governors for the young republic. Their mother, in her old age, used to say that she had often worked in the fields carrying the Governor of Massachusetts, while the Governors of New Hampshire and Vermont tagged at her skirts. The first British war-ship was captured by an O'Brien; and John Barry became the official Father of the American Navy by receiving the earliest commission as captain. The first American general to fall was the brilliant Richard Montgomery, whose virtues compelled even Lord North to lament his death. It is an interesting fact, and one of which few are aware, that the three monuments in front of New York's oldest church—St. Paul's—on lower Broadway, are in memory of three famous Irishmen—General Montgomery, Thomas Addis Emmet, and Dr. William MacNevin, the first scientific chemist of New York.

In 1776 three of the Signers were of Irish birth—Matthew Thornton, James Smith, and George Taylor. Five others, at least, were of Irish blood—Edward Rutledge, Thomas Lynch, Thomas Mc-

Kean, George Reed, and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. The secretary of the assemblage, who read aloud the Declaration on the birth-morning of our republic, was Charles Thomson, Irish-born and the son of an evicted farmer. And one of the first societies to back George Washington with men and money was the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia, who raised half a million dollars and swung into line with a cheer. Only one of their members objected, and his name was struck from the society's rolls. Washington was a frequent guest at their banquets, and an honorary member, as President Roosevelt is of the same society in New York.

No history of the Revolution is complete without its Irish chapter. What with the dashing work of the Irish Brigade under Count Dillon; with the exploits of Mad Anthony Wayne and General Moylan, the Murat of the Revolutionary cavalry; and with the powerful aid of Burke and Sheridan in England, King George the Third found himself beset by Irishmen from all quarters. There were whole companies of Irishmen who fought for American inde-



JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE, AUTHOR OF "KELLY
AND BURKE AND SHEA," AND PRESIDENT
OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK

Drawn from a photograph

pendence under their own green flag, as loyal to their adopted country as to the land of their birth.

ANDREW JACKSON AND JAMES SHIELDS

The most typical Irishman of pioneer times was Andrew Jackson, our seventh President. One secret of his greatness lay in the fact that there were men of his mold and nationality in every American community. It is a fact that should cause every Irish heart to beat with pride that the first American President who rose from the rank and file, without the prestige of aristocratic birth or the polish of education, was the son of a rack-rented exile from Ulster. It may even be true that he was the first in the world's history to climb so high, not by force of arms, but by the free choice of a free people.

"Old Hickory," as his soldiers called him, has had no superiors as a popular leader. None of his enemies, and he made many of them, could question his honesty, his sincerity, his courage. He believed that the duty of a government was to protect the weak, curb the strong, and obey public opinion. During his Presidency the United States bounded into industrial greatness and international prestige.

Overlapping Jackson came another typical Irishman, equally great in peace and war—General James Shields. This remarkable man climbed to fame by half a dozen various paths. He was the hero of two wars, a judge of the Illinois Supreme Court, a Governor of Oregon, and the only American who has had the honor of representing three States in the United States Senate. Like Jackson, he was gentle and chivalrous in private life, and an incarnate fury on the field of battle. His whole career was one of romantic knight-errantry and adventure. He was a wit and a maker of epigrams. One of his happiest replies was on one occasion when he was asked to name his greatest victory.

"My greatest victory," he answered quickly, "was won on the day when my sweetheart, Mary Carr, said 'Yes.'"

FOUR MILLION IRISH IMMIGRANTS

After the terrible famine caused by the failure of the potato crop in 1845

and the following years, the Irish poured into America in mighty hosts. Since that time more than four millions have arrived here, ready with Celtic buoyancy for the battle of life in a new land, and yet almost heart-broken to leave the green fields of their fathers.

"Is it hard to die, Barney?" asked a friend of a dying Irishman.

"It is," replied Barney; "but not so hard as it was to leave Ireland."

But they went to work with a laugh and an "Irish hurrah." Whether they knew it or not, they had arrived just when they were most needed. The era of railroads and steamships had begun. Great cities were being built and being rebuilt. The factory system was being established in New England. The iron and steel trade had secured a solid foothold. And so, while the Irish had nothing to offer at first but labor, labor was what the United States was most urgently in need of, at that stage of its development.

When the Civil War put American manhood to the test the Irish were everywhere—in the thickets of the Wilderness, at the Bloody Angle of Gettysburg, on the crimsoned field of Chancellorsville. Standing for State rights—the rights of which John C. Calhoun had been the great exponent—were General Patrick R. Cleburne, Senator Regan, the Texan, and others. Standing for the Union were Sheridan, Meade, and Meagher, whose dashing valor is one of our national boasts. Unquestionably "Little Phil" Sheridan deserves a high place, not only among American generals, but among the foremost military commanders of the world. To-day, among the retired veterans of the United States Army there are three brigadier-generals of Irish birth—Richard Comba, John J. Coppinger, and William Quinton. There is also one rear-admiral—Joseph Trilley.

THE GREAT WEST'S DEBT TO THE IRISH

For more than two hundred years the sons of Ireland have been among the pathfinders who prepared the way for the American nation in its mighty sweep from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No region has ever been too remote or perilous to daunt the Irish pioneer.

Whoever discovers the North Pole will no doubt find a Kelly or an O'Brien already on the spot. It was Captain John J. Healy, for instance, who was the commercial discoverer of Alaska; and when the United States first took possession of that frozen country, four of the sixteen white men in its largest settlement were found to be subscribers to the *Irish World*. General Patrick E. Connor was a trail-maker in Utah, as Philip Nolan and Sam Houston were in Texas. Henry W. Oliver, the late steel king of Pittsburgh, who had the most dramatic career of ups and downs that western Pennsylvania has ever known, was the first Pittsburgher to realize fully the value of the Lake Superior iron ore. In consequence, he piled up a forty-million fortune. Missouri had Brian Mullanphy, who left a fortune for the assistance of poor immigrants. In fact, when the history of any Western State is written, it will be found that among the army that cleared the way there was always an Irish brigade.

The plain, straight truth about the Western Irish is more wonderful than any fanciful tale woven in the loom of Arabian imagination. Talk about *Monte Cristo* or *Sindbad the Sailor*! They were paltry adventurers compared with men like John W. Mackay or Marcus Daly. With his three partners, also Irish—James C. Flood, James G. Fair, and William S. O'Brien—John W. Mackay changed the silver markets of the world. Within a comparatively few years these four men took a treasure of a hundred and fifty million dollars from one hole in the side of a Nevada mountain—the famous Comstock lode. Always ready for big enterprises, Mackay put his millions behind James Gordon Bennett's dream to link America and Europe together by an Atlantic cable, and drove the scheme ahead to complete success. What Marcus Daly did in Montana was different only in detail. He, too, "grasped the skirts of happy chance" with a grip that landed him and his friends among the most powerful money kings of his generation.

All five of these Irishmen began at

the lowest rung of the ladder. They made themselves the leaders in a country of strong and daring men, by being the strongest and most daring of all. And to-day their children have linked their fathers' names by marriage with some of the proudest families in the older States—the Oelrichses, Vanderbilts, Duers, and Girards, as well as to the princely Colonnas of Italy.

Whether it is the versatile genius of the Emmets of New York; or the fighting pluck of "Bucky" O'Neil, who was killed with the Rough Riders at Santiago; or the sagacity of John Mitchell, who is the leader of a hundred and fifty thousand miners—whether it is the sheer brain-force and inventiveness of a Fulton, a Morse, or a McCormick, or the quaint and witty wisdom of "Mr. Dooley," there have always been qualities of the Irish head and the Irish heart that brought honor to the little homeland of the Celt.

"There is nothing negative about the Irish," said Patrick Ford—which is exactly what any one who knows the rugged old journalist would have expected him to say. They may be on the wrong side of the quarrel, but one thing is always certain—they are never on the fence. They care little or nothing for obstacles and adverse circumstances. They are the best of friends and the best of enemies—the quickest with either the open hand or the fist—the most loyal to a cause and the most rebellious against a tyranny. They live closest to hope and farthest from despair.

"Why," said Maurice Healy, an Alaskan fur-trader, "I'm only seven hundred miles from a bank!"

You can bend and twist an Irishman, but you can seldom break him—the records of insanity and suicide prove this. He "works hard in time of peace and fights hard in time of war," as President Roosevelt has said. Impulsive, daring, constructive, indomitable, the Irishman has done indispensable work in this land of his choice.

"May his shadow never grow less!"—so say we all.

"THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA"—Next month's article in this series will deal with the Americans of English birth or of English blood, describing their contribution to our history and our national life.

OLEANDER

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE WITH MANY DOORS," "THE LAW OF LIFE," ETC.

THE communication began abruptly:

At the ball on the night of the 14th of January, to which we understand you are invited, you are to deliver the enclosed note to a lady whom you will recognize by the perfume of oleander. We can give you no more definite clue, because, though a revolutionist and a member of our society, she is of high rank, and neither her name nor a record of her personal appearance can be safely put upon paper.

Paul Trouboff gave a gesture of dismay.

"What was Stefan thinking of to entrust me with such a commission? I don't know rose from violet—and he is in Moscow, and to-morrow is the 14th!"

Paul began to pace the floor of his room. His apprehension of failure amounted to terror. What was the odor of oleander, and how was he to recognize it in a crowded ballroom banked with flowers of heavy scent?

Every woman wears a different perfume—rose, lilac, stephanotis, gardenia—and I do not know one from the other. Well, it is impossible, but it must be done!

Unconsciously Paul had quoted the motto of his organization, which had never hesitated to assign to its members labors that seemed to call for the powers of the alchemist or the magician. They were asked to pass through walls like spirits, and to hear the whispers of courtiers a thousand miles away. Now in the petals of a flower must be found a state secret.

His search that afternoon for the extract of oleander proved fruitless. At the shops they told him that they did not keep the perfume in stock, as it was not a favorite. Should they send to Paris for it?

On the night of the ball, his bewilderment became despair. For two hours he had gone in and out among the

throng in the ballroom, enveloped in a tantalizing atmosphere of sweetness. From the laces, from the fans, from the ribbons of the women floated subtle suggestions of a great garden of flowers, a fairy place where all the blossoms of the world were gathered together.

Suddenly he had an inspiration—the conservatories! He knew that they were famous for their collection of flowers and plants, the grand duke's passion being to imprison the flora of all zones under the glass roofs over which swept the wild snows of the north.

"And you are sure—you say this is oleander?"

The gardener, in whose hand a gold piece glittered, looked with some curiosity at the young noble whose interest in plants had led him up and down the dim, warm avenues of the great glass houses in a remote wing of the palace.

"Oleander, or rose-laurel—yes, sir. Will you not put a blossom in your buttonhole, sir? Do you like the perfume?"

"Exceedingly. It is sweet, yet bitter. It suggests the Orient. Thank you, my man, for your trouble."

He made his way back to the ballroom, bending his head from time to time to catch the sweet, sharp, subtle odor of the flower. He thought it best to wear the blossom boldly.

His gallantries were widely distributed. Young, good-looking, and universally known, he had little difficulty in meeting whom he would; but he found that the flower which he wore was, after all, of little use to him. He could not distinguish its perfume from the mingled scents about him.

He withdrew at last a little from the throng, careful that his anxiety should not appear in his face.

As he stood in a doorway, perplexed,

irresolute, a woman came towards him, whom he recognized as one of the ladies-in-waiting of the court. Though he knew her but slightly, he had always been conscious of a kindness and sincerity in her manner which inspired his trust.

"Why are you not dancing, count?"

"Ah, *madame*, I am here as a spectator."

"Have you graver work to do?"

She spoke lightly, but in her beautiful eyes was an earnest, searching look. At that moment it seemed to him that he became conscious of the perfume of oleander. He hesitated, then with a quick gesture slipped the note into her hand.

Trained as she had been in courts, she gave no sign of surprise, but opened the note at once. As she read it her expression changed. For an instant her fear showed in her eyes, and in that instant Trouboff knew that he had made a blunder.

Folding the little note carefully, she handed it to him, saying:

"Do you not know, count, that oleander is the favorite perfume of the Princess Marie?"

The Princess Marie! The color left his face, and for a moment the brilliant scene was blotted out by a tender vision. The woman he adored, the woman who had rejected his suit, was then a fellow-conspirator!

But this thought was followed at once by another that wrung his heart. He had placed Marie and himself in the power of this woman who stood before him, gazing at him with a little smile on her lips and a question in her eyes. Would she betray them both to the emperor? Prison and exile for himself he could bear, but for Marie! He must avert this with his death if necessary.

"You can trust me, count."

The sweet voice that came in direct answer to his tumultuous questioning almost unnerved him. He bowed low to hide the sudden tears in his eyes.

"*Madame*, command me at any time and for anything. I would come to you from the ends of the earth."

"You exaggerate a mere act of courtesy. One does not reveal the contents of a letter one has opened accidentally.

It was addressed to the lady wearing oleander. Did you think you perceived that odor about me? I am wearing jasmine. Only one woman in our circle favors oleander. Why did you not know it?"

A note of delicate raillery was in her voice. Paul Trouboff's passion for the Princess Marie was an open secret.

"I am chagrined, *madame*."

"They say love is blind. Is it possible that the poor little god has lost his other four senses?"

"It would seem so, *madame*."

"But I must not detain you. I wish you both great happiness."

She dismissed him with a smile. Trouboff, now seeking to keep the joy from his face, as before he had sought to conceal his anxiety, made his way lightly through the throng. How should he approach her? Suddenly timidity and doubt chilled him. She had not answered his last letter. She had rebuffed him just when she had seemed about to bestow her hand upon him—rebuffed him without explanation. How could he approach her?

But if the courage of the lover failed him, the courage of the patriot was still his. In the name of the great cause for which he was daily imperiling his life, he would deliver the note into her hands.

When he caught sight of her, she was conversing with her host. How fair and young she looked, as if meant only for love and joy! How little must the gay assemblage suspect that her hand was on the pulse of her distracted country, that under the girlish brow deep ideas were maturing!

Paul waited until the grand duke had passed to another guest; then, approaching her, he said:

"I am commissioned, princess, to give this note into your hands."

She took it from him, at the same time inclining her head. Her manner, cold and impersonal, put him at once at an incalculable distance from her. He turned away that she might not see the suffering in his face. Even through his misery, the thought came to him that it was better for her protection that he should appear what he really was, a dejected lover. So he stood apart, looking

on at the dancers, and seeing nothing but her lovely face with its mask of a bitter strangeness. What destiny had led her to join a society whose members ran such deadly risks? Ah, could they but work together, would they not remove mountains?

Just then a hand touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Pardon, count, but may I ask you to withdraw with me to a near-by room?"

He turned, and with a dreadful sinking of the heart recognized the narrow face and peering eyes of a member of the secret police force—a man who climbed to his goal on the shoulders of his victims—a man who had more victims to his murky credit than any other official in the empire.

"I do not know why I am indebted to you for this attention," Trouboff replied, "but I will gladly accompany you."

He followed his guide to a door, which opened mysteriously at their approach. In the center of a small room stood the Princess Marie, pale as a marble image. Beside her was a man whom Trouboff knew as active in tracking the members of secret societies. When the door was closed, there was a moment of deep silence; then the chief official spoke.

"If, as we suspect, Count Trouboff, you are carrying on a plot against the government, you have been most indiscreet this evening. In these troublous times a man does not give a gold piece for an oleander, and then slip a note into the hands of the lady whose favorite flower it is, without coming under suspicion."

Trouboff was silent.

"Have you nothing to say for yourself?"

Still he made no reply.

"If you do not tell us the contents of this note, we shall be obliged to ask the princess to deliver it into our hands."

"As you will probably force the princess to give it up in any case, any information that I could furnish would be superfluous," Paul replied, coolly.

For a moment there was silence. Then the chief official turned to the woman, whose eyes were fixed in an inscrutable gaze upon Trouboff.

"*Mademoiselle*, I must appeal to you."

She raised her head haughtily.

"Will you oblige me to disclose my private affairs in order to quiet your insulting suspicions? *Monsieur le comte* does me the honor of desiring to be betrothed to me. Is it not conceivable that he might send me some message through the medium of this note?"

The official smiled.

"It is hardly conceivable when he had the opportunity of conversing with you."

"You oblige me to speak more intimately. It may perhaps be known to you, however, that I had rejected the count's suit, having been prejudiced against him by a story which only this evening I learned to be false—an invention of his enemies. Being a brave man, he is not without enemies," she added, while a delicate flush overspread her face.

Trouboff turned to the official.

"Have you not insulted the princess sufficiently? I beg that she be not detained. Do what you will with me."

"You are gallant, count, but the princess holds the note, not you. I fear that only the document itself can bear trustworthy witness in this matter. *Mademoiselle*, we have already delayed too long. I must ask you for the note."

She hesitated, looked at Paul with a strange expression of mingled tenderness and pride, then drew a note from her corsage and handed it to the official. Standing just behind him, Trouboff saw with amazement, with a sudden wild joy, that it was not the missive from the society, but his own last love-letter to the princess.

The official glanced over it; then an expression of dismay and disappointment replaced his late exultant look.

"You see that it is possible even for a spy to be mistaken," the princess said quietly. "This blunder may lose you your place!"

"*Mademoiselle*, I crave your clemency—the times are troubled—I obey orders—I beg a thousand—"

"Ten thousand pardons would not suffice. Go now. Your intrusion has lasted all too long."

Pale, stammering, discomfited, the

man retired, followed by his underling. Trouboff and the princess were left alone. She put a warning finger to her lips; then, drawing the other note from her bodice she held it in the flame of one of the candles until it was consumed.

"Now," she said, with a little smile, "there remains only your letter!"

He could not trust himself to speak. From his coat he took the oleander flower and handed it to her. She pinned it above her heart

THE ART OF COURTESY

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

IS IT TRUE THAT MANNERS HAVE DECAYED AND FINE BREEDING
HAS DISAPPEARED SINCE THE PASSING OF THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY?

COURTESY—true courtesy in its perfection—is something which every human being recognizes and admires, but which only a comparatively few attain. For courtesy is in reality an art. Like every other art it requires natural aptitude—the inner gift—and it requires also cultivation; while each without the other is imperfect.

The inner gift lies in a correct feeling for what is due to others and to one's self as well. It is a blending of kindness, deference, and self-respect. One may possess the instinctive attributes of courtesy without a mastery of the means for its expression; or one may be trained to the expression of a courtesy which is not felt. The untrained courtesy is often awkward; the unfelt courtesy is always insincere. Only when the instinctive feeling and the external grace are united does courtesy become an art.

Ours is a bold-eyed generation, seeking its own ends, and hurried overmuch; not very reverent or reticent, and cultivating in its manners, as in its literature and conversation, the sort of intimacy which does not make for decorous reserve. Many look back with a real regret to that elaborate and formal courtesy which was known and practised before an easy-fitting modern garb displaced the lace and ruffles, the powdered wig, the knee-breeches, and the small sword, and when

the minuet was danced and the two-step was unknown. But so, no doubt, did the gentry feel when the knight in armor became obsolete, when the courts of love were no longer held, and when the formal usages of chivalry were laid aside to be forgotten. Some hold that manners have grown worse with every age, that fine breeding is less often seen, and that it is only in romances and old pictures, and upon the stage, that one can now enjoy the gracious courtesy which is reminiscent of what seems a nobler past.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

A good deal might be said in support of this thesis, but it is, on the whole, too sweeping. Of course, the whole structure of ceremonial courtesy in the past centuries was infinitely more complicated than in later years. Our remote ancestors had a genius for display, for pomp, for stateliness, which modern Englishmen have well-nigh lost and which Americans have never yet acquired. But two points are to be noted here. The first is this—that the class which possessed the gifts and graces of manner was an extremely small one. Beyond its pale—beyond the immediate influence of the court—there were practically no manners whatsoever; the country gentlemen were of the boorish type of *Squire Western* or *Sir Pitt Crawley*.

A second point is the circumstance that the exquisite courtesy which we ascribe to the Elizabethan nobles, or to the cavaliers of the Restoration, was after all a thing to be put off and on, to be used for ceremonious occasions, and at times to alternate with frank brutality. Elizabeth herself may have been a fascinating figure as she moved amid the pageantry of Kenilworth or Hampton. Her subjects thus viewed her as the gracious lady of the realm, the fountain of honor, the pearl of chivalry, a mirror of dignity and charm. But in the council-room her ministers saw another side of this paragon, when she swore at them like a fishwife, and with foul words cuffed the ears of Burleigh.

No queen of our time could manifest the supreme grace and stateliness of Elizabeth in the moments of her sovereign apotheosis; yet, on the other hand, she could very well descend to vulgarity and violence. Read the comedies of the Restoration and find how purely superficial was the breeding of the time.

The time of Queen Anne—most artificial of all periods—was one when mere manner was exalted to a cult. And yet, if we turn to Swift's biting satire on "The Mode of Polite Conversation as Used in the Best Companies of England," it is plain that all the charges brought against the tone of twentieth-century life are the same charges that Swift brought against the society of his time—flippancy, rudeness, and an underlying note of indecorous suggestion.

A century ago, and the Prince Regent, as "the first gentleman of Europe," was imitating the sublimated refinements of Beau Brummel, while at the same time he was himself making drunkenness and gluttony the fashion, consorting with grooms, jockeys, and prize-fighters. It is always so. An exaggeration of refinement leads inevitably to a reaction of brutality. Therefore, in the past, the courtesy which we now so much admire was too often the courtesy of external form, the acquired courtesy, the courtesy that belongs to artifice and not to art.

FAMOUS TALES OF CHIVALRY

A great impression is made upon modern minds by those spectacular and memorable instances of chivalric courtesy

which have become historic. They seem typical of an exalted standard, more nobly generous than that of life to-day. One reads of the Admirable Crichton, for example, attacked at night by three masked swordsmen. Crichton, by his own superb sword-play, slays two of his assailants and disarms the third, to find that it is the son of the Duke of Mantua, who has been Crichton's patron. Thereupon Crichton drops upon one knee and presents his sword to the young prince. There is the story of Sir Philip Sidney, about to lead his troops into the battle of Zutphen. At that moment he hears that the opposing commander wears no armor, and at once he divests himself of his own. And there is the story of Fontenoy, where the British guards advance in battle line upon the royal guards of France, and the French officer calls out, removing his laced hat:

"Messieurs des gardes, tirez les premiers!"

These incidents, and many like them, lead one, perhaps, to think that the whole tone of life in other days was finer, and the breeding higher, than in the generation that we know.

And yet it is the very rarity and fancifulness of these incidents which have caused them to be remembered. They were as exceptional in their time as they would be in ours. Nor, when they are analyzed, do they justify the conclusion which has been drawn from them. Crichton, to be sure, knelt and gave his weapon to the young nobleman. This was a fine instance of chivalrous devotion, the acme of courtesy. But the duke's son took the sword, so magnanimously offered, and with it ran Crichton through the heart. The one example offsets the other as a commentary on the manners of the age. Sir Philip Sidney's putting off of his armor may have been an instance of fine courtesy, but it was beyond question a bit of very clever leadership; for his soldiers would be nerved by his display of daring to fight all the harder. And as for Fontenoy, military critics have shown that if the English fired first, it would give the French a very real tactical advantage.

And so in many ways what one may call the mechanics of courtesy were doubtless more conspicuous in other

days, and played a part in the life of a small class; but it cannot be truly said that the art of courtesy was better known, or known to half so many. Contrary to what many think, the atmosphere of aristocracy is inimical to the finest manners, because it restricts those manners to a class, and gives that class the sole enjoyment of them. But courtesy, if it be supreme, is neither the possession of a class nor to be manifested to a class. It is of the essence of democracy—not the democracy which jostles and elbows, and of which the formula is the strident assertion, "I'm as good as you!" but the true democracy, which gladly says, "You are as good as I."

THE TRUE ESSENCE OF COURTESY

The soul of courtesy lies in three things—simplicity, sincerity, and self-control. The defect of the old courtesy lay in the fact that it was not simple; that it needed, so to speak, the apparatus of externals. It was not sincere, because it was too often put aside, and was, therefore, not a part of the very nature of those who practised it. To-day, when we criticize the multitude for its bad manners, we are paying quite unconsciously a tribute to the growth of courtesy among us. For, only a century ago, who would have expected the multitude to have any manners whatsoever? But now, that which before was nearly universal jars on our nerves when we find it other than exceptional.

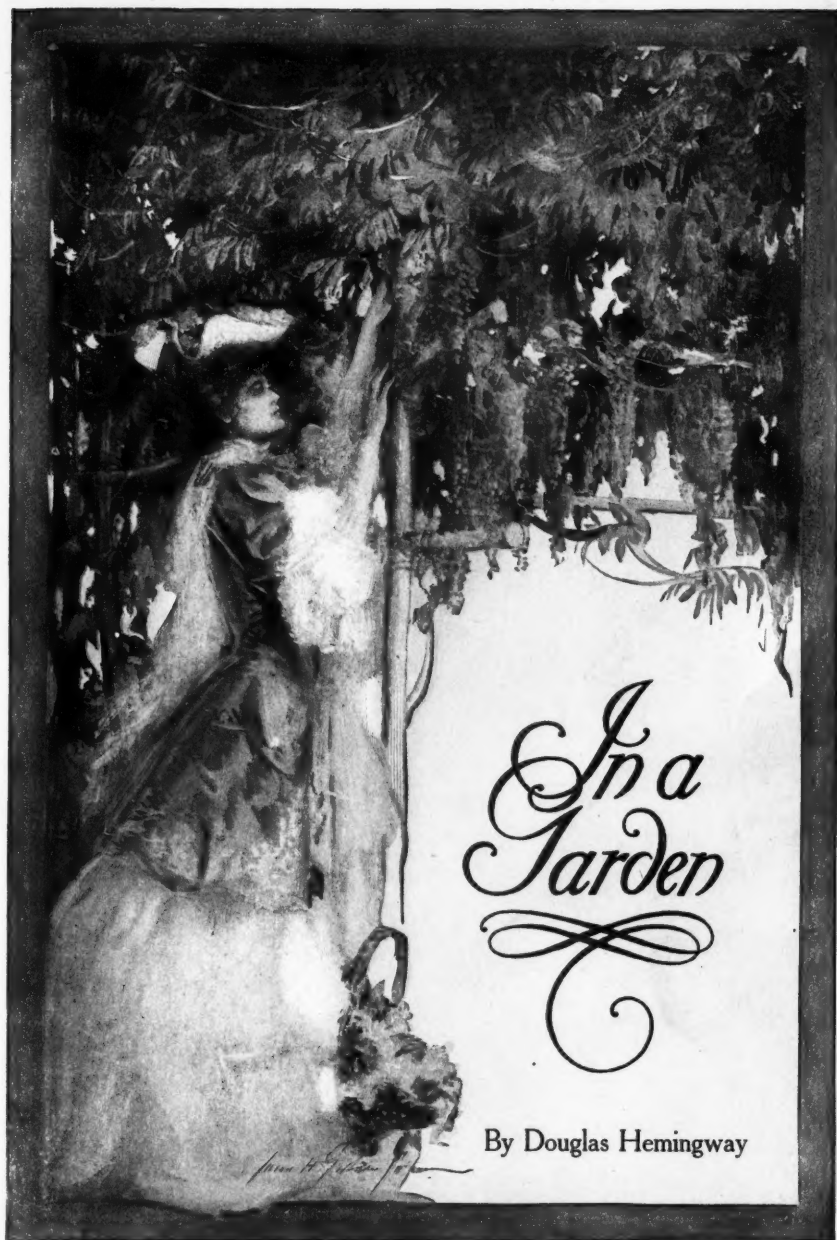
In no age can the very finest and most exquisite courtesy be anything but rare—since the union of heart and mind and sensitive feeling which makes it perfect is itself so rare. Yet the slowly broaching recognition of the rights of all humanity, the sympathy of man for man, which are the fruits of democratic teaching, diffuse the spirit which fosters courtesy and makes men reckon it among the virtues. Without the pomp and trappings which accompanied it in days gone by, it is, if anything, more real; and there are few of us who have not given spontaneous homage to some of our own acquaintances whose breeding would do honor to a Sidney, as their gracious bearing would become a Bayard.

Courtesy, because it has in it the element of self-control, is akin to courage, and it sometimes excites the admiration

which is given to courage. When Charles II in his last hour apologized to the gentlemen about his bedside for being so unconscionably long in dying, this was not, as some regard it, a whimsical or flippant speech. It was the saying of a brave man and of a high-bred man—one who had so mastered his elemental instincts as to be able, even in the face of death, to remember what was due to others. And in literature, the more fascinating heroes are not those who by sheer force and with monstrous physical strivings subdue and conquer; but rather those who meet danger calmly and with a smile upon their lips; who are imperturbable and always self-possessed; and who, even when they cross swords with a foe, do so with polished words of easy courtesy. This is the type of *Beaucaire* and *Rudolph Rassendyll*, and it is the type that wins an intellectual admiration such as is never given to him who depends on force alone.

The courtesy that knows no flaw is, indeed, alike a weapon and a sure protection. Whoever weaves about him this magical defense is impervious, invulnerable. Meeting all men with a tranquillity that cannot be ruffled, keeping one's self above the level of bluster, impatience, and ill-nature, one's adversary is always in the wrong. Insults cannot pierce the shield of courtesy, but fly back upon those who hurl them. Unfairness, meanness, spite, malice, and brutality are all disarmed and made to seem contemptible when they are met by the quiet look, the impersonal tone, the graceful indifference, and the high-bred air of perfect courtesy, which disdains to stoop to the level of what is low. And in the end, courtesy breeds courtesy; for often, when it meets boorishness, the subtle influence prevails, until unconsciously the loud, harsh voice is lowered, the whole mental attitude is slowly changed, and at last the one who has thus felt the charm of courtesy departs with something of its spell still working in his veins.

And so not merely as one of the graces of our life is courtesy to be cherished. It is that which dowers its full possessor with a gift that makes him at once a gracious figure among his friends, and among his foes a knight without fear and without reproach.



In a Garden

By Douglas Hemingway



KNOW a nook of trellised blooms,
Where from the vine-clad arbor's glooms
Wistaria hangs its purple plumes—
That is the place I love!



KNOW an hour when morning smiles
Adown the garden's flowery aisles,
When springtime joy the heart beguiles—
That is the hour I love!



KNOW a maiden tall and fair,
Who walks among the blossoms there—
Fain would I tell her, did I dare,
She is the maid I love!



LOOKING NORTHWARD FROM THE ROOF OF THE NEW YORK PRODUCE EXCHANGE, WITH THE SKYSCRAPERS OF LOWER BROADWAY ON THE LEFT AND THOSE OF BROAD AND WALL STREETS ON THE RIGHT

THE MOST VALUABLE TEN-ACRE LOT IN THE WORLD

BY EUGENE SANDS WILLARD

THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT, OF NEW YORK, PART OF THE TRACT WHICH PETER MINUIT BOUGHT FOR TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS THREE CENTURIES AGO—THE TREMENDOUS PRICES NOW PAID FOR LAND IN THIS REGION OF COSTLY SKYSCRAPERS

PROBABLY the best real estate investment on record was made by Peter Minuit in 1626, when that sturdy Dutch burgher bought the whole of Manhattan Island—estimated to contain some twenty-two thousand acres—for a few beads, baubles, and some rum, to the value of twenty-four dollars. Minuit has often been criticized for driving a sharp bargain, but we must remember that in his day the purchasing power of

gold was five times as great as it is now, so that he really gave the equivalent of one hundred and twenty dollars. He could hardly have been expected to pay the present valuation of the island, and no doubt the Indians were better satisfied with the toys and the firewater than they would have been with money. At the present time, just two hundred and eighty years after Minuit's purchase, the island is worth, as real estate, at least

four billion dollars—which may be called a nice profit for a shrewd investor.

It has been calculated that this same

time, would now amount to about fifteen million dollars. It seems safe to infer

that it is more profitable, on the whole,



LOOKING DOWN WALL STREET FROM BROADWAY—THE PROPERTY AT THE CORNER, NOW OCCUPIED BY A ONE-STORY CIGAR-STORE, RECENTLY CHANGED HANDS AT A PRICE EQUAL TO NEARLY SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS PER SQUARE FOOT

twenty-four dollars, put out at compound interest at the various rates prevailing between 1626 and the present

to invest money in New York land than to put it into a savings-bank.

To-day, twenty-four dollars would

buy only one twenty-fifth of a square foot—less than six square inches—of land at the southeast corner of Wall Street and Broadway, at the rate of six hundred dollars a square foot, which was the published price of the recent sale of the property. The building that stood there, an old four-story structure numbered as 86 Broadway, was not counted as of any value, and was promptly torn down. Plans have been completed for a tall building to go on the site, and the ground floor is offered for rent, in advance, for thirty-five thousand dollars a year.

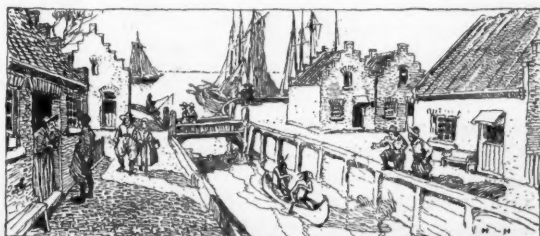
We publish with this article a sketch map of the district where real estate has soared higher than anywhere else in the world. Whatever its future may be, its record of advancement in value will probably never be surpassed, in America or Europe. Three centuries ago it lay in the outskirts of an isolated trading-post; to-day it is the financial center of America. It will, beyond peradventure, remain for generations the commercial barometer of a vast, teeming land whose terrific, restless energy it but reflects.

Let us glance at the various buildings which challenge attention here, and pay some slight attention to their history.

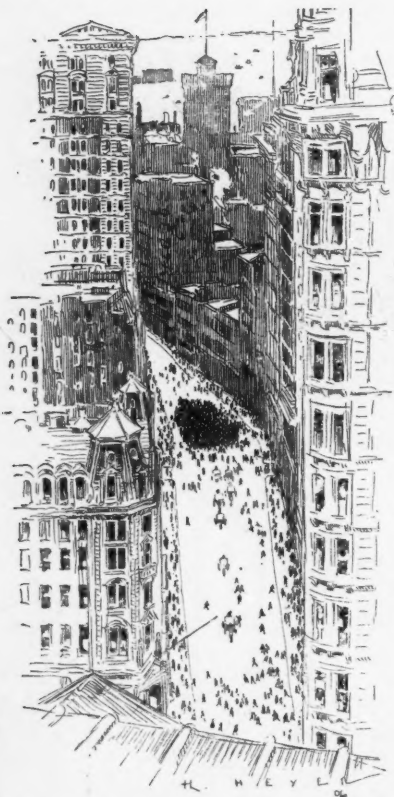
The most valuable single holding in America, of its size, is undoubtedly the Equitable Life Building, comprising the block bounded by Broadway, Nassau, Pine, and Cedar Streets. In 1721, two lots on this part of Broadway, measuring fifty by a hundred and sixty feet, brought a little less than three hundred dollars. The latest assessed value of the



BROAD STREET, FROM THE CORNER OF WALL, WITH THE MAIN FRONT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE ON THE RIGHT AND THE OFFICE OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN & COMPANY ON THE LEFT



BROAD STREET TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO



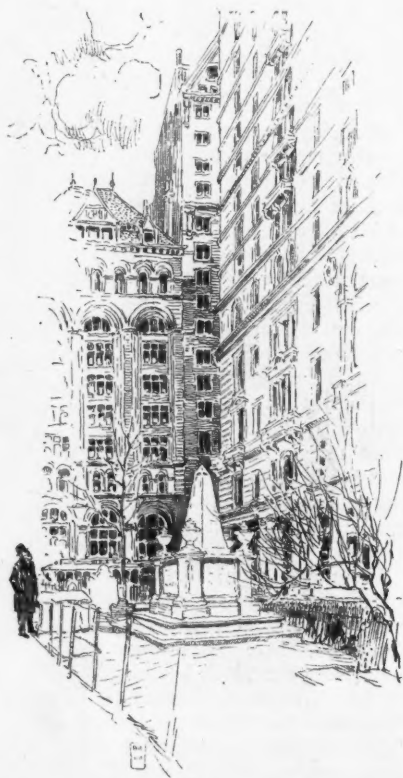
LOOKING DOWN BROAD STREET FROM THE
ROOF OF THE SUB-TREASURY—THE DARK
MASS IN THE STREET IS THE CROWD
OF CURBSTONE BROKERS

Equitable Building is eleven millions, the land alone being worth more than eight millions. The most interesting of its historical associations is the fact that Aaron Burr's law-office was on the Nassau Street side, where is now the entrance to the famous Belmont banking-house.

Across Broadway stands the Trinity Building, with its twenty-two stories, the topmost of which is higher than Old Trinity's spire. Adjoining, on the north, a large site has recently been cleared of its "encumbrance"—a good eight-story structure, taxed by the city at three hundred thousand dollars, but mowed down to make way for a huge addition to the Trinity Building. The land for this addition was bought by the first John Jacob Astor in 1828 for about one hundred and

twenty thousand dollars, and given by him to his daughter as a marriage-portion in 1842. Its last transfer was in 1902, at the rate of two hundred dollars a square foot.

Next to this is Trinity Church—the grand old Gothic edifice which has done so much to uplift and ennoble New York, both architecturally and morally. Its steeple rises to-day amidst all the noise and bustle, like a finger pointing to things above money and stocks and mere commercial enterprise. Its quiet church-yard is worth many millions to-day, though its first seven years' lease was for the nominal rental of fifty bushels of wheat a year. Later, under good Queen Anne, Trinity succeeded to the ownership of the King's Farm, which made it the wealthiest parish in America.



THE TWENTY-STORY EMPIRE BUILDING TOWER-
ING ABOVE THE GRAVE OF ALEXANDER
HAMILTON, THE FATHER OF
AMERICAN FINANCE

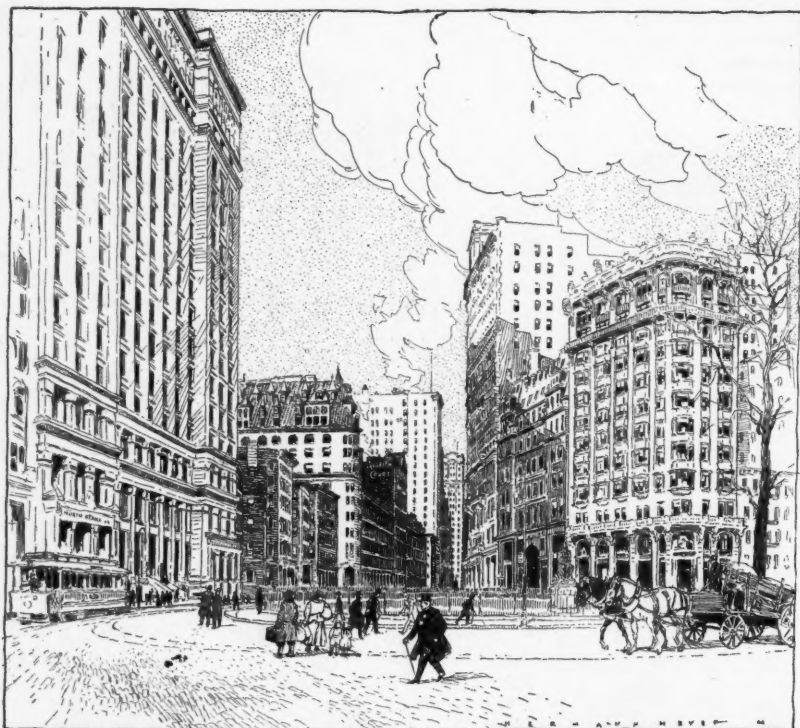


TRINITY CHURCHYARD, WITH THE TRINITY BUILDING ON THE LEFT AND THE AMERICAN SURETY BUILDING ON THE RIGHT—THE COMPARATIVELY LOW STRUCTURE BETWEEN THE TWO SKYSCRAPERS IS THE EQUITABLE BUILDING

The big Empire Building, twin sister to the Trinity, and sharing its watch over the old graveyard, houses the executive offices of the United States Steel Corporation and other interests with estimated assets of four billions of dollars. The

land it covers is valued at more than two million dollars.

Let us stop a moment to look at that ridiculous little lane called at different times by all sorts of names, from Flatten Barrick Alley to Tin Pot Alley and its



LOOKING UP BROADWAY FROM THE BOWLING GREEN—ON THE LEFT IS THE BOWLING GREEN BUILDING, THE THIRD LARGEST OFFICE-BUILDING IN NEW YORK

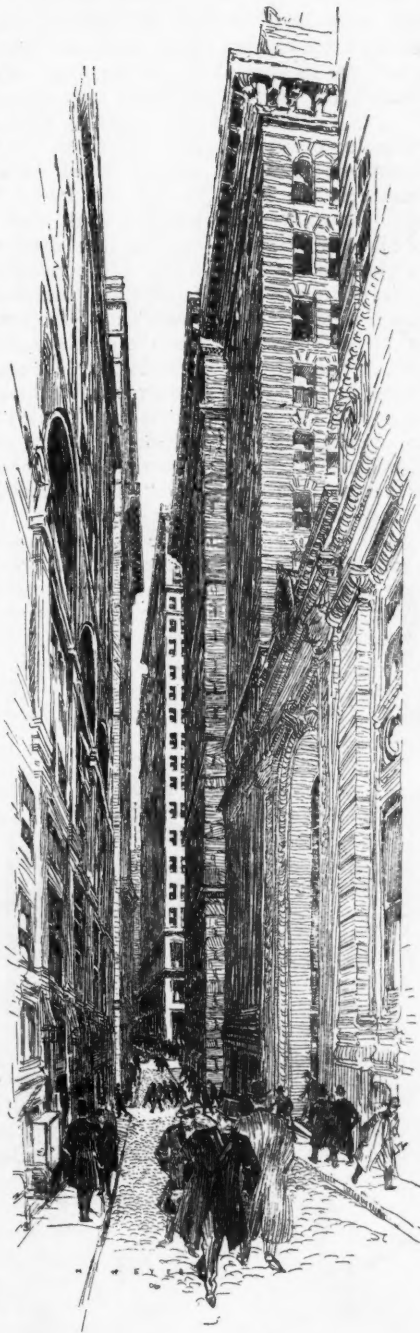
present title of Exchange Alley. It had its origin in a little path leading to the old Dutch battery on the bank of the North River. On the north side of it is the home of the famous Pinkerton Detective Agency, while across the way is the fine Astor Court Building. Property here is now worth a hundred and fifty dollars a square foot, while in 1737 a lot on this same corner brought eighteen cents a square foot.

Below, on the west side of Broadway, is Aldrich Court. Four little huts, the first habitations of white men on Manhattan Island, were built on this spot by Adriaen Block, the Dutch navigator, who stopped here in 1612. On the other side of the famous street towers the enormous cliff dwelling at 42 Broadway. This is New York's second largest office-building, with more than a quarter of a million square feet of floor space.

A few doors farther down Broadway—passing No. 34, where Commodore Vanderbilt had his steamboat office—we reach the home of the Standard Oil Company and its multitude of affiliated enterprises, at No. 26. It stands upon the site of an old burying-ground, and the remains of the old Dutch burghers were relentlessly dug up to make way for the headquarters of the modern financial magnates. Next, on our way southward, we pass by the old Stevens House, and the crouching lions of stone which still mark the site of Delmonico's original restaurant and of Daniel Webster's one-time residence. The last two structures on Broadway are the massive Bowling Green Building, the third largest office-building in New York, and the Washington Building, built by the late Cyrus Field of Atlantic cable fame.

These overlook the Bowling Green, the drill-ground, battle-ground, playground, and business-ground of Dutch, English, and American colonists. On the other side of the tiny open space is the great red-brick Produce Exchange, which covers an area of forty-six thousand feet, and which cost more than three million dollars to build, in 1884. Its elevators carry nearly thirty thousand passengers a day, or more than three times the city's population two centuries ago.

Here let us turn and find our way northward to the Broad Exchange Building, at the southeast corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place. The former thoroughfare owes its width, and consequently its name, to the canal—the Heere Graft, or chief channel—which in Dutch days extended along its middle and ended at this same corner. The great office-building that stands there now is the largest in New York, with a total floor space of nearly five hundred thousand square feet, or ten acres. Its assessed value today is five and a quarter millions. A



A STEEL-RIBBED NEW YORK CAÑON—LOOKING DOWN EXCHANGE PLACE FROM BROADWAY

little farther north, on the other side of Broad Street, is the imposing white marble façade of the Stock Exchange, the institution that rules supreme in the world of American finance.

Wall Street took its name from the early stockade—the chief landward defense of the little Dutch settlement—which ran along its length. In 1653, when the wall was built, it was but a common pasture; later, the north side became Abraham De Peyster's garden. In 1718 De Peyster and a citizen named Bayard divided the whole of the street into lots, and sold them. The former gave to the city the site of the present Sub-Treasury, facing Broad Street. This building has been the scene of many stirring events in New York's history, including the reading of the Declaration of Independence and Washington's inaugural and farewell addresses. To-day it stands the solid guardian of the Federal government's gold, while Washington's statue on the steps reminds us of its early association with the First President.

The visitor, after strolling through this teeming and

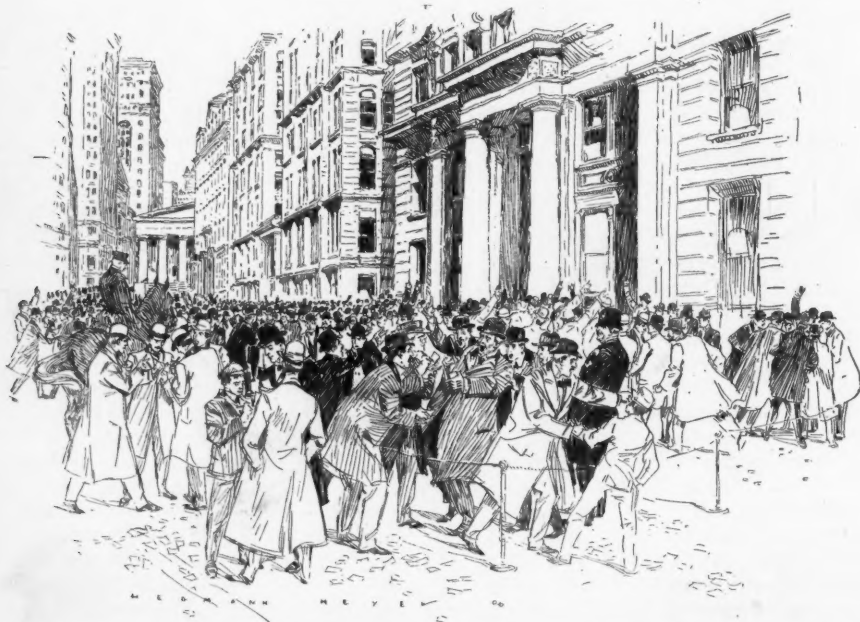
wonderful district, may very well be struck by two extraordinary facts in connection with it. First, why are its values and rents so high? Second, why are its buildings so tall?

The first phenomenon is due to various causes, the principal reason being that the center of American finance is the New York Stock Exchange. Bankers and financial institutions of all sorts do their utmost to secure offices close to the Exchange and the Clearing-House, and competition among these wealthy bidders has driven prices up to enormous figures. The skyscraper is a natural consequence. If land is exceedingly costly, a landlord who erects a building must figure on receiving a correspondingly large return for his money. With a limited floor space or rental area—let us say four or five stories—it would be impossible for him to do this, unless he charged a rate so exorbitant that few people would care to rent from him. If, however, he puts up a twenty-story building, his floor space is at once quadrupled or quintupled.

Such structures, however, have only recently become possible. Fifty years

ago the average height of buildings in New York was three or four stories, with six as the practical limit. The city authorities required that the thickness of the sustaining walls should be in proportion to their height; so that if a building was to be of more than half a dozen stories the lower floors would be obstructed with vast masses of masonry, limiting the floor space, restricting the light, and rendering the question of a foundation increasingly difficult. The invention of the steel frame construction and the development of the swift passenger elevator changed all this; and now the practicable height of an office-building is only limited by the question of a sufficient elevator service. If the structure rises much above twenty-five floors, the "lifts" needed by its tenants and their visitors use up as much valuable space as was formerly occupied by the heavy sustaining walls.

The Broad Exchange Building, for instance, with twenty floors, has eighteen elevators, each of which is calculated to "feed" twenty-six thousand square feet of floor area. In the Park Row Building each elevator feeds thirty-one thousand



THE CURBSTONE BROKERS IN BROAD STREET—ON THE RIGHT IS THE BROAD EXCHANGE BUILDING, THE LARGEST OFFICE-BUILDING IN THE WORLD

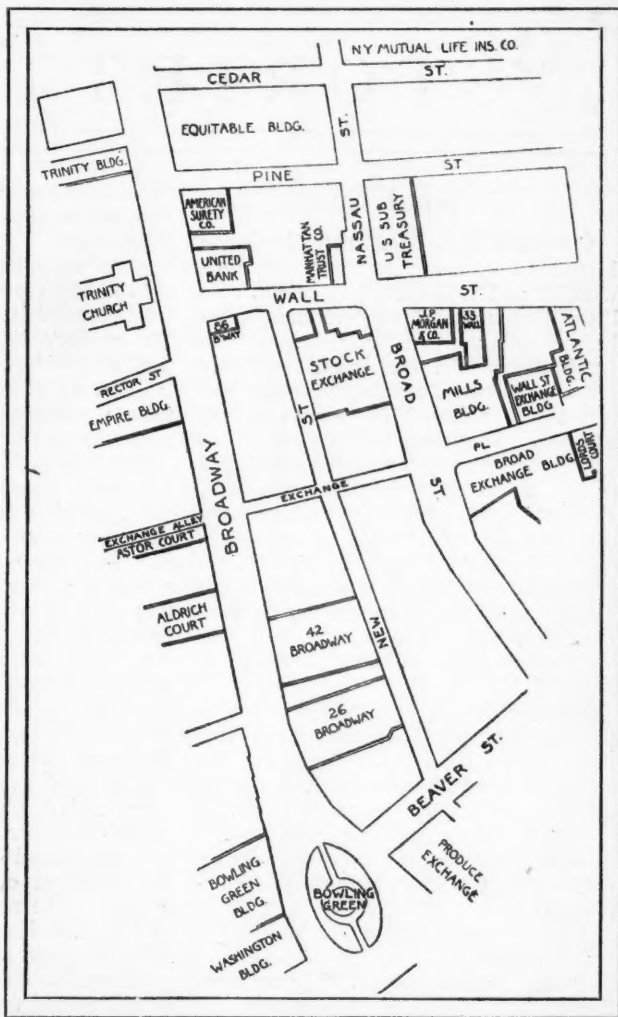
square feet. As the service is now no more than sufficient, it is obvious that if the buildings were twice as tall, twice as many elevators would be needed; so that the added area of the top floors would be offset by the wasted space given to extra elevators.

Notwithstanding this, the Singer Company is about to build on Broadway an office tower taller than the Washington Monument, and the tallest building in America. The plans are already filed, and soon New York will boast of a business structure five hundred and eighty feet high.

It seems hard to believe that the high steel building is only twenty years old. In spite of its critics, it is now a demonstrated success, and has come to stay. In the upper portions the offices are light; they are cool in summer and easily heated in winter; they usually command fresh, pure air and a fine view; there is little dust or dirt, and practically no noise from the street.

In Boston and Chicago, where the height of buildings has been limited, the values in the financial districts are greatest at about eighty or ninety dollars per square foot. If we wish to find any real estate as valuable as that of the Wall Street district of New York, we must turn to London, where land at certain points fetches almost as much as in New York. In one instance the Bank of England paid three hundred and seventy-five

dollars a square foot for a small parcel of land—the highest recorded price for land in England. On the whole, however, New York leads the world in real estate values, and this is all the more surprising when we remember that the present year rounds out just three centuries since a white man's eye first beheld Manhattan Island, while London has two thousand years of history to back her prestige as the metropolis of the British Empire and the largest city in the world.



A SKETCH MAP OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT OF NEW YORK, WHICH MAY BE CALLED THE MOST VALUABLE TEN-ACRE LOT IN THE WORLD

STORIETTES

Corporal Bob

CORPORAL BOB MARSTON, Northwest Mounted Police, shuffled the greasy cards wearily, and laid them perfunctorily in little piles on the table before him. Then he swept them petulantly into a confused heap. He had played solitaire for two weeks, and the diversion had lost its attraction. The strain of the situation was getting on his nerves.

He pushed back his chair and walked to the single window that the hut boasted. From the lean-to behind the little shanty came the mournful whine of the sledge dogs. He gazed drearily out on the endless plain of white. As far as his eye could reach there was nothing to vary the monotonous miles of snow, save here and there a cluster of gaunt, naked trees.

"Bob!"

Marston turned from the window to the corner where Jack Evans lay tossing restlessly on his bunk. He raised the sufferer's head awkwardly, and poured a few drops between the parched lips.

"Well, old chap?" he asked.

Evans' eyes opened to rest curiously for a moment on Bob's face, then he whispered feebly:

"Been pretty bad, ain't I?"

Bob nodded.

"Yep," he said tersely. "Better now, though."

Evans closed his eyes an instant; the light hurt them.

"How's the grub?" he asked suddenly.

"Grub? Grub's all right—lots of it," replied Bob shortly, turning his back to Evans under pretense of lighting his pipe. Conscious that the sick man's eyes were on him, Bob crossed the room and began to poke the pitifully inadequate fire into a cheerier blaze.

"That," said Evans, slowly and deliberately, "is a darned lie!"

The stick in Bob's hand dropped with a crash to the floor.

"It ain't no use," continued Evans,

"tryin' ter bluff me. Ye're a good feller, Bob, an' white clean through; but I ain't been so sick but what I know it's two week er more I been on this here bunk, an' the day afore I was taken down we was plannin' ter strike fer the fort. 'Cause why? 'Cause thar warn't only a week's grub left. That's why!"

Corporal Marston squinted at him a minute through the immense puffs of smoke he was emitting.

"You know too blamed much for your own good, you do," he growled.

"Thet ain't all neither," resumed the sick man, nervously plucking the fluffs of the coarse blanket. "The heavy storms air a-comin' on, wuss'n the one thet ketched us. 'Twouldn't hev been no easy job ter make the fort a week ago. Every day makes it wuss, dogs gettin' weaker an' weaker, an'——"

"Shut up!" snarled Bob. Every nerve in his body seemed to jangle discordantly. He passed his hands over his eyes in an effort to still the violent throbbing in his head. Desperately he pulled himself together, knocked the ashes from his pipe, placed it carefully in his pocket, and marched over to the bed. "You shut up!" he repeated peremptorily, his hands stuck deep in his trousers pockets. "I'm in command of this expedition. All you've got to do is obey orders."

A little red flush of resentment tingled the pale, drawn features.

"I'm no chicken at this business," said Evans querulously. "Ten years I've been on duty in this God-forsaken country. Yer talk's jest baby talk, so it is. Don't ye think I know," he cried, his voice rising stronger in emotion, "thet it's sure death ter stay anuther day? I can't go, so I got ter cash in; but yer stayin' don't help none. You hike out fer the fort while you got the strength left. What's the use uv yer goin' down an' out jest 'cause I hev ter?"

Bob's lips twitched nervously.

"I ought to feel like smashing you for that," he said with painful slowness,

"only you're sick—and—somehow, I guess I'm kind of out of sorts."

Neither of the men spoke for a time that seemed ages to them both. Finally, Evans raised himself painfully on his elbow.

"I'm in dead earnest, Bob, an' I'm goin' ter hev my say. I seen you kiss thet photergraph last night when you thought I was asleep. I ain't got a soul in all the world what cares a cuss about me. I ain't sayin' but it's my own fault; thet's neither 'ere ner thar. 'Tain't fittin' fer you ter stay. It's murder, thet's what it is—jest murder! An' I ain't a-goin' ter hev it on my conscience. An', so help me God," he finished solemnly, "ye're a-goin' ter make tracks!"

Bob moistened his lips with his tongue as he leaned over the bunk.

"There'll be a search party after us in a day or so," he said thickly.

"Search party nothin'——"

But Bob's hand closed over the other's mouth. He turned Evans over with his face to the wall, and drew the coverings up around him.

"Go to sleep," he commanded sharply. "Maybe I'll go out by and by and try for a shot."

He took his gun from the corner, drew the chair up to the table, and began to polish an already spotless barrel. After a time his exertions relaxed, and the gun was allowed to slip gradually to the ground. He leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, his chin resting in his hands, his eyes staring hard before him.

Once or twice he moved, shifting his position restlessly. He groaned aloud in anguish, then started with a guilty glance toward the corner. The figure on the bed was motionless.

Bob hitched his chair around until he faced the door with his back to the bunk. His hand stole into his pocket. He took out a photograph and laid it reverently on his knee. The eyes that looked into his seemed pleading with him to come back. He shook his head sadly as he lifted the picture to his lips.

"Oh, Mary!" The words welled up from the heart of the man with its immensity of yearning; the lips that scarcely moved to form them trembled piteously. His head sank down again between bowed shoulders. "My Mary!"

Suddenly he straightened up, his hands clenched tight in fierce resentment. What was this sick thing on the bed that it should stand between them? What claim had it to interpose? What jibing mockery was this that held him back from the craving that racked his very soul? Duty! The thought loomed up unbidden. What was duty to him? A morbid sentiment—and how chimerical! Everything was chimerical!

He drew his hand peevishly over his face; the photograph fell unheeded to the floor. His bloodshot eyes fastened themselves on the fur mat that hung before the little doorway leading to the dogs' quarters. Slowly he rose to his feet, and on tiptoe began to cross the room toward it, his hands stretched out before him like one groping in the dark. His face, sullenly averted from the sick man's corner, was drawn and haggard, ashy white with the workings of his reeling brain. Trembling as with the ague, he pushed aside the mat and let it fall behind him; then he paused to wipe the great beads of sweat from his forehead.

"What's wrong with me?" he muttered plaintively. "It's a square deal. The fool suggested it himself; I'd never have thought of it if he hadn't. Lie down, confound you!" he snarled, with a vicious kick at the dogs that whined around him.

They huddled back into the corner, crouching in fear before this new master whom they did not know. Bob stooped and hauled the sled into the middle of the shed. He began to fumble with the gear.

"There's more harness than I want," he babbled, with a curious chuckle. "Didn't bring any spare ones either; there must be more dogs somewhere." He commenced to count them. "One—two—three—four; where's the others? Dead. Of course they're dead! Knew it before, only I must have forgotten."

He sat down on the sled and began to tell off the details on his fingers.

"Four dogs—two hundred miles—no rations—Mary?"

There was a note of interrogation in the last word. Who was Mary? Yes, he remembered now—there had been a picture, hadn't there? He felt in his pockets. Well, it didn't matter, he must have lost

it. Nothing mattered! He was going away from this hell of torment, away from—

He bounded to his feet, shivering in every limb. What was that? Stealthily he edged toward the doorway, and cautiously lifted a corner of the rug to peer through into the room beyond. His eyes mechanically followed Evans' movements, as from the floor, where he had fallen in an effort to leave his bunk, the sick man slowly and painfully pulled himself to his knees, swaying to and fro as he clutched desperately for support.

There was a moment's quiet as Evans steadied himself; then Bob started nervously. The slow, faltering words seemed to reach him from some great distance.

"I ain't never prayed afore, God," was the piteous confession, "an' I ain't no kind uv right ter now; but seems 's if I'd orter. You know how 'tis, God, an' how on account uv me Bob's figurin' ter stick it out. 'Taint't fit ner proper fer me what has nary chick ner child ter stand atween him an' her. Oh, God! I don't know how ter pray, but thar ain't no call fer Bob ter die!"

Evans' voice broke with a half sob as he fumbled for his words. Bob stirred uneasily. A faint glimmer of reason had come to him, and he understood that Evans was praying—praying that he, Bob, shouldn't die. Well, he wasn't going to die. He was going away. He'd almost forgotten that. He was going away.

Evans' voice was firmer as he continued:

"An' so, God, thar ain't no other thing fer me ter do." His hand groped beneath the blanket. "Jest make me man enough ter—"

Like a flash Bob's awakening came in all its bitterness. With a cry he dashed across the room and knocked up Evans' hand. The bullet buried itself harmlessly in the rafters above their heads.

Evans staggered slowly to his feet. Between them, on the floor, lay the still smoking revolver. The sick man's glance, half defiant, half wistful, rested for an instant on Bob's face; then he pitched forward in a deathlike swoon.

Bob caught him as he fell, and lifted him tenderly back into the bunk. The room seemed stifling hot. He staggered

blindly to the door, wrenched it open, and sank bareheaded upon his knees in the snow.

For a moment he stayed there motionless; then, sobbing like a little child, he poured forth the bitter weight of shame that bowed him down. And as he prayed, in the distance, faintly borne to him by the wind, came the yelping of a pack of dogs—the crack of whips—the sound of a human voice.

Frank L. Packard

Von Blumer Invests

"I WAS talking with Whittler to-day," said Von Blumer, "and he told me he had just made ten thousand in Wall Street."

"You never do anything like that," said Mrs. Von Blumer.

Von Blumer elevated his eyebrows, and leaned back in his chair with an expression of supreme disdain.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "If that isn't just like a woman! Just because I grub along in my slow, industrious, painstaking way; just because I'm not a gambler, a spendthrift, and am not taking the bread out of the mouths of widows and orphans, why, you turn on me—you chide me with my incompetence!"

"Nonsense! I haven't said anything of the sort. I don't know anything about it. What did you mention the matter for?"

Von Blumer ignored her question. He was absorbed in a philosophic reflection. Suddenly he turned to his wife, his face shining with the beatitude felt by a man who is suddenly elevated to the sermon level.

"Perhaps," he said, "you don't realize what this Wall Street business means. Well, it's death and destruction! It's sapping the life blood of the nation. A whole gang of desirable young men, the bulwark of our country, are going to ruin. I see it about me all the time. It's fearful!"

"Mr. Whittler evidently doesn't feel that way about it," said Mrs. Von Blumer. "He's a church-member, too, isn't he?"

"Whittler," said Von Blumer earnestly, "is exceptionally situated. You see he is on the inside. He never does

anything big; but he knows some of the big ones. He is right next to them. He simply takes advantage of a few things he hears. Besides, he is old enough not to have his head turned. Then, he never mentions the matter—that is, except to his intimate friends."

"Why don't you try your hand at it?" asked Mrs. Von Blumer. "You are as old as he is. There's no chance of losing, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, not in Whittler's case. You see, you buy when they are low. Then the boys get together and give things a boost. Oh, it's dead easy—a sure thing. Perhaps I will. I don't know that there would be any harm—in my case. I'm too level-headed to get caught. All you need in the game is a little judgment, a little nerve."

The next day, when Von Blumer came home, his step was a trifle more elastic than usual. There was a subdued gleam in his eye as he kissed his wife. He had not been so good-natured for months.

After dinner was over he took her into the library and closed the door carefully. He patted her confidentially on the shoulder.

"Can you keep a secret?"

Mrs. Von Blumer looked at him reproachfully. As if she—being the woman he knew her to be—couldn't keep a secret!

"My dear girl, prepare yourself for a shock. I'm making a fortune!"

"A fortune?"

"Well, of course, in a limited way. I'm conservative. I'm not rushing into a thing with my eyes shut. But when you have a dead sure thing, play it hard! That's my motto."

Mrs. Von Blumer looked at him suspiciously.

"My dear, you haven't been—speculating?"

In reply her husband slapped his hand on his knee. He laughed heartily.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "that's good! Me speculating! At my time of life! I say nay. Not much!"

"What have you been doing?"

"Now, my pet, just sit down and listen. And above all things, don't jump to any conclusions. Yesterday I went in with the boys on a little—investment."

"I hope it wasn't a gold mine. I'm

afraid of gold mines. You know father——"

"Ha! That shows how little you know. Perhaps you don't know it, but there's been more good solid hard cash made in gold mines than in anything else. But never mind. You wouldn't understand the details if I talked for a century."

Mrs. Von Blumer's face blanched.

"Have you bought a gold mine?" she faltered.

"Certainly not. All you've got to do is to remember the word 'Acacia'—that's all. Yesterday it was selling at twenty-four. To-day it has moved up to thirty; and there's absolutely no telling where it will stop. Whittler put me on. There's just a few of us, but we are 'way, 'way inside.'"

"Acacia!" said Mrs. Von Blumer. "Why, I heard some men talking about it on the train. One of them said it was good for something—par, I think he said."

"Exactly."

"How did they know about it?"

Von Blumer leaned forward mysteriously.

"It's known," he whispered, "to a few, a select few. Of course in a week or so—when it's too late, everybody will know it. Nothing like getting in on the ground floor, eh?"

"But suppose it should go down?"

Von Blumer chuckled.

"Acacia go down—with me and the rest of the insides back of it? Huh!"

"Have you bought much of it?"

Von Blumer's voice lowered.

"No," he whispered. "Don't mention it. I'm almost ashamed to say how little I've got. A mere nothing—a couple of hundred shares. Oh, if I had only had my nerve with me yesterday!"

Mrs. Von Blumer looked at him keenly.

"I don't know anything about it," she said anxiously. "I suppose it's all right, if you say so. But what do they mean by margin? Buying on a margin— isn't that it? They say it's wrong to do it—I hope you didn't."

Von Blumer's face grew solemn and earnest.

"Nothing worse!" he cried. "That's what ruins 'em. There's only one safe thing to do, as Whittler says—buy it out-

right, put it away in your pill-box, and forget it. Then you can't lose. A little cool judgment, and steady nerve, a clear head in buying, and—well, maybe millions will result."

"And you did that, did you?"

"In my case it wasn't necessary. You must remember, my dear, that I am strictly on the inside. We don't wait for a thing to happen—we create it. It's a terrible thing for these poor duffers who don't know, isn't it? But for us—well, we play the cards. I can't wait until tomorrow."

The next day Von Blumer slipped into the house so noiselessly that his wife scarcely heard him come up to her. He was calm—unnaturally calm. He was also pleasant—unnaturally pleasant. They talked of many things.

"I thought," said Mrs. Von Blumer, at last, "that I would get a new hat."

Her husband's face burst into a smile.

"That's great!" he cried. "A hat—I like that! But I don't believe it."

"What do you mean?"

"The idea of your getting a new hat is a great joke. It amuses me immensely. I don't believe it. You'd rather wear your old one. I know you. When you get new things you don't wear 'em. You stick to the old until I'm positively ashamed of you."

"But—"

"All I can say is that I hope you will get a good hat. And for heaven's sake, get a decent one. Get two or three. Every well-dressed woman ought to have at least half a dozen hats. And I want you to buy some clothes. Go to a half respectable place. Have something that looks well. It's your duty to be well dressed. I demand it of you." He put his hand on her shoulder. "My dear girl, we've been living in a rut. Now, let's broaden out. I've been looking at autos all the afternoon—ever since three o'clock. I suppose I'll have to come to a French car. I understand they are the best. And we must go to Europe—a leisurely stroll, mind you—no hurried trips for me!" He turned and looked around. "Do you know, my dear," he observed critically, "that everything in this house looks shabby? It's positively disreputable."

Mrs. Von Blumer understood. She

looked at him beseechingly. There was a strange glint in his eye that she didn't like.

"Don't you think, dear," she said, "that you'd better sell out?"

"Sell out? Why, what do you mean?"

said Von Blumer, as if the subject she had broached was the last thing in the world he was thinking of. "Oh, you refer to Acacia?" He waved his arm. "Oh, that little matter! I think not. *I think not!* You see I know more about those things than you. I don't think I shall sell out quite yet—not while I'm making a thousand a day. Of course, that isn't much; still, it's better than nothing. If I hadn't been such an infernal ass I'd have gotten more. It makes me sick when I think of it. I might have known. But I might as well be philosophical."

During the next few days Mrs. Von Blumer learned to gage the stock-market by her husband's actions. When he was sentimental, verging on peevishness, it was going down. When he was haughty and distant, it was going up. His spirits soared and dropped with Acacia.

Little by little, however, he seemed to grow more serious. One day he spoke of "those devilish crop reports"; on another of "tight" money, and on another of "distant war rumors" which for some unknown reason appeared to be doing damage to home industries. On the seventh afternoon, as she was engaged in a little shopping, she heard a boy calling an extra. She caught the word Wall Street, and hastily bought the paper. Her worst fears were confirmed as she read the fatal head-line: "A Crash in the Street."

She waited to learn no more—indeed, the most intimate perusal of the financial column would have left her no wiser—but hurried homeward. It was growing dark as she entered the house and made her way up-stairs. Suddenly she heard her husband's voice at the telephone. She waited outside the door until he had finished, and then entered the room.

"You did it!" he cried.

"Did what?"

"Never mind! You're responsible for it all right. I might have known, when I took your advice, that I'd be wiped out. I knew some time or other that you'd get me in a box like this!"

"What have I done?"

"You've done everything. You enticed me into Wall Street, didn't you, with its bloodthirsty gang of thieves and cut-throats? Didn't you persuade me a week or so ago, against my better judgment, to go in and gamble?"

"But, my dear, I didn't want you to—I begged you not to."

"Begged nothing! Didn't you taunt me with the fact that I never made any money? What would any decent man do under such circumstances? It's the same old story—ruined by a woman! And I'll bet you've been throwing away money shopping all day."

Mrs. Von Blumer's love for her erring husband rose in a mighty wave. She went over and put her arms about him.

"Don't you care a bit, dear," she whispered. "It doesn't make any difference if you've lost every cent. We can get along."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that," said Von Blumer, slightly recovering under the dynamics of her caresses. "It's only a couple of thousand. I suppose I can stand it. But I wouldn't have believed it possible the thing could have dropped like that. I was so sure!"

"Well, I'm glad it happened. Money gained in that way never does any good, and it will teach us both a lesson. But Mr. Whittler, didn't he really know?"

Von Blumer turned around angrily.

"Know!" he exclaimed. "Why, the scoundrel just told me over the telephone that he sold out the day after I bought. But I'll be hanged if I don't believe that he lied!"

Tom Masson

Author and Editor

THE author straightened up with a long sigh of relief. The neatly typed manuscript, with the regulation stamped envelope for return, was slipped into another envelope addressed to "The Editor of *The Planet*, Astor Building, City," and marked in the upper left-hand corner, "Return to H. E. Langley, 128 Porter Street."

Sealing and stamping the package—with a thud of the fist for each act, as if that would insure acceptance—the author carried it away down to the letter-box in the lower hall of the boarding-

house, to climb up again to the third-floor hall bedroom to wait—wait—wait.

It isn't at all essential to the progress of this brief tale to describe how the author passed the ensuing days until the self-addressed envelope was found in the letter-box. That spelled failure, even before its insultingly fat sides came into view. Fingers that shook with writer's chill drew out the familiar sheets and opened the editor's letter, which was an aggressively big white sheet to contain so little:

H. E. LANGLEY, 128 Porter Street, City:
Too long.

Very truly yours,

EDITOR.

After staring for a long time at the curt message, which was typewritten in a bold character, the author seized a pen and wrote beneath it, in script as bold and insolent:

Editor of THE PLANET:
Shorter.

Yours very truly,

H. E. LANGLEY.

The editor's note had not said "Rejected" and H. E. Langley was desperate. "Click, click, clickity-click!" went the old second-hand typewriter for several hours. Then the author enclosed the diminished bulk, with the editor's letter-head and another return envelope, and again toiled down several flights of stairs to the letter-box—to be headed off on the first landing and dunned by a determined-looking landlady, and to creep back to the hall bedroom feeling like a thief.

Like a cat or a homesick boy, the addressed envelope came back again without undue waste of time. The second day after its departure, it was found reposing, contented and unabashed, in the letter-box.

The author's gray eyes flashed at the editor's second reply. In plain terms, the author was mad. A dash of the pen on the big white letter-head—there was still room and to spare—a furious clickity-clicking for more tiresome hours, then another trip, swift and stealthy, to the lower hall. The landlady had sharp ears, and was becoming offensively rude in her references to unpaid bills.

The manuscript came back—clickity-click—and went out again. If that edi-

tor thought to have a little sport at the author's expense, the author would see him through with it! That manuscript should return to the *Planet* office until the editor was man enough to write "Unavailable," even if H. E. Langley had to pawn the—well, the typewriter was the only pawnable article left—for stamps.

Once more it came back—clickity-click—and once more it went out. At the end of two weeks its final out-going found it shockingly attenuated from its strenuous courses of antifat, while on the big white sheet, besides the two first inscriptions, the following appeared, alternately typewritten and in the author's script:

H. E. LANGLEY:
Still too long.
Truly yours, EDITOR.

Editor THE PLANET:
Still shorter.
Yours truly,
H. E. LANGLEY.

H. E. LANGLEY:
Boil it down.
Yours, etc., EDITOR.

(OVER)
Editor PLANET:
Boiled.
Yours, etc.,
H. E. LANGLEY.

H. E. LANGLEY:
Cut it.
Yours, EDITOR.

Ed. PLANET:
Cut.
Yours, H. E. L.

To H. E. L.:

At last! And here's the golden egg—if not a goose's. Come up and have a smoke!

Very truly yours,
EDITOR.

The author, who really had a keen sense of humor, though so far there had been no indication of it, laughed and laughed, and for a moment forgot to look at the golden egg, which proved to be a check for fifteen dollars. Then the author frowned. What? Only fifteen dollars for all that work? Not even enough to pay the back rent.

Melancholy brooded for ten minutes, at the end of which the author took a fresh sheet of paper—that letter-head

was too precious, or too valuable, rather, as it turned out—and this is what the editor read a few hours later:

Editor THE PLANET, Astor Building, City:

DEAR SIR: Many thanks for the check—and the invitation; but propriety and personal habits forbid.

Yours very truly,
HELEN ELOISE LANGLEY.

The editor's chagrin gave way to a hearty laugh, just as the author's scowl at the smallness of the check gave way to a smile that ended in a gurgle of delight.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" she exclaimed.

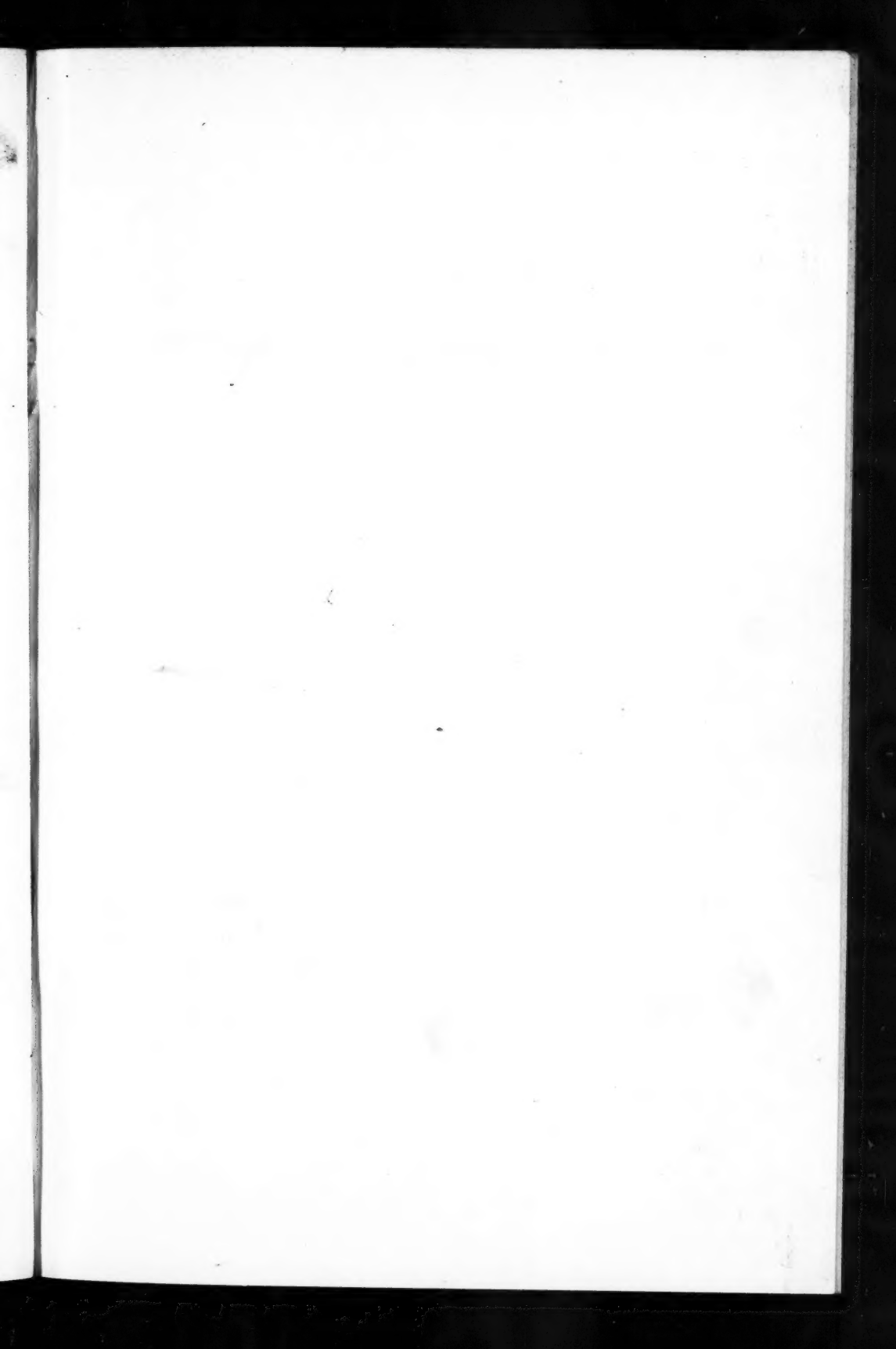
A few strokes of the pen, a thin disguise of names, and the much-bewritten letter-head, with a copy of her last letter, went to the editor of *Hope*, the leading humorous publication of the city. All is grist that comes to the author's mill.

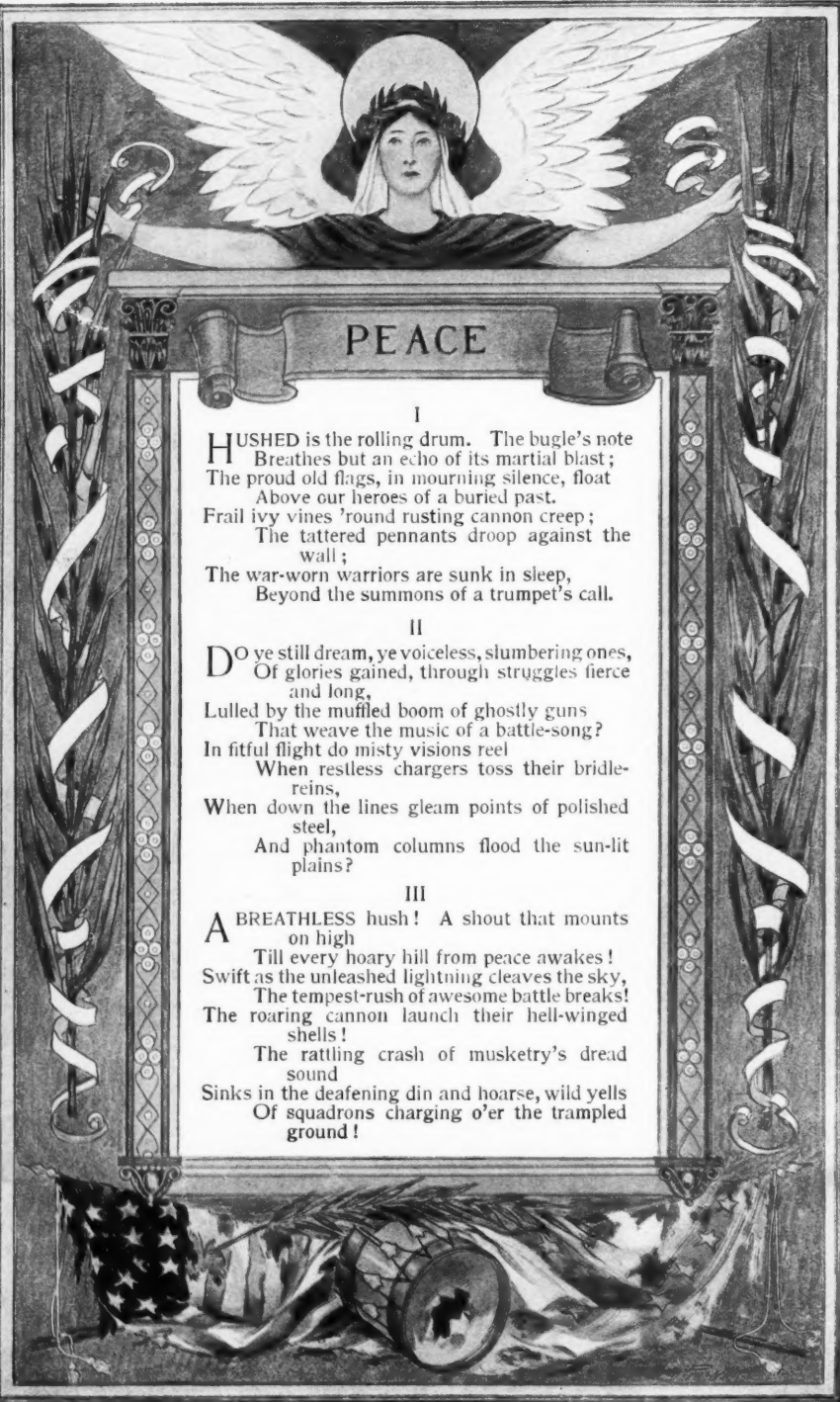
A few days later, Helen Eloise Langley received a check for twenty-five dollars from the editor of *Hope*, with a request for more "stuff." The author donned her hat and jacket and sailed down those long flights of stairs, down the front steps, and down the street to a bank where she cashed her check. Once more she proudly faced the world and her landlady.

Not many days thereafter—in fact, the next day after the next issue of *Hope*—the author was called down-stairs to the shabby reception-room. There she had to face a tall, broad-shouldered man with a pair of humorous brown eyes—or eyes that would have been humorous had they not been so angry just then—and a shock of brown hair with a touch of gray in it. Her cheeks flushed as she glanced at his card; then, to her dismay, she began to laugh. The more her caller reddened and scowled, the wilder grew her mirth.

Philip Arlington Reeves, editor of the *Planet*, fought for his dignity for a few moments, then joined in. After that—but this is the story of the author's story, not the story of the author; so I will merely record the fact that H. E. Langley became a satellite of the *Planet* and the editor a satellite of H. E. Langley.

Laura Alton Payne





PEACE

I

HUSHED is the rolling drum. The bugle's note
Breathes but an echo of its martial blast;
The proud old flags, in mourning silence, float
Above our heroes of a buried past.
Frail ivy vines 'round rusting cannon creep;
The tattered pennants droop against the
wall;
The war-worn warriors are sunk in sleep,
Beyond the summons of a trumpet's call.

II

DO ye still dream, ye voiceless, slumbering ones,
Of glories gained, through struggles fierce
and long,
Lulled by the muffled boom of ghostly guns
That weave the music of a battle-song?
In fitful flight do misty visions reel
When restless chargers toss their bridle-
reins,
When down the lines gleam points of polished
steel,
And phantom columns flood the sun-lit
plains?

III

ABREATHLESS hush! A shout that mounts
on high
Till every hoary hill from peace awakes!
Swift as the unleashed lightning cleaves the sky,
The tempest-rush of awesome battle breaks!
The roaring cannon launch their hell-winged
shells!
The rattling crash of musketry's dread
sound
Sinks in the deafening din and hoarse, wild yells
Of squadrons charging o'er the trampled
ground!

IV

DOWN, down they rush—the cursing
riders reel
'Neath tearing shot and savage bayo-
net-thrust;
The plunging charger stamps with iron
heel
His dying master in the battle's
dust.
The shrill-tongued notes of victory
awake;
The black guns thunder back the shout
again;

In crimson-crested waves the columns break,
Like shattered foam, across the shell-
swept plain.

V

A COLD form lies upon the death-crowned
hill,
With sightless eyes, gray lips that may
not speak;
His dead hand clasps his shot-torn banner
still—
Its proud folds pressed against his blood-
stained cheek.





VI

OH, slumbering heroes, cease to dream of war!
 Old hatreds die behind the march of years.
 Forget the past, like some long-vanished scar
 Whose smart is healed by drops of falling tears.
 Keep, keep your glory, but forget the strife!
 Roll up your battle-flags so stained and torn!
 Teach, teach our hearts, that still dream on in life,
 To let the dead past sleep with those we mourn!

VII

FROM pitying Heaven a radiant angel came;
 Smiling, she bade all sounds of conflict cease.
 Her wide wings fanned away the smoke and flame;
 Hushed the red battle's roar—God called her Peace.
 She sheathed the dripping sword; her soft hands pressed
 Grim foes apart, who scowled in anger deep.
 She laid two grand old standards down to rest,
 And on her breast rocked weary War to sleep.

VIII

FROM land and sea she swept mad passion's glow,
 Yet left a laurel for the hero's fame;
 She whispered hope to hearts in grief bowed low,
 And taught our lips, in love, to shape her name.
 Peace spreads her pinions wide from South to North;
 Black enmity within the grave is laid.
 The church-towers chime their holy anthems forth,
 To still the thunders of the cannonade!

Edward Peple

